

SCREENLAND

AUGUST
25¢



PHYLLIS HAVER

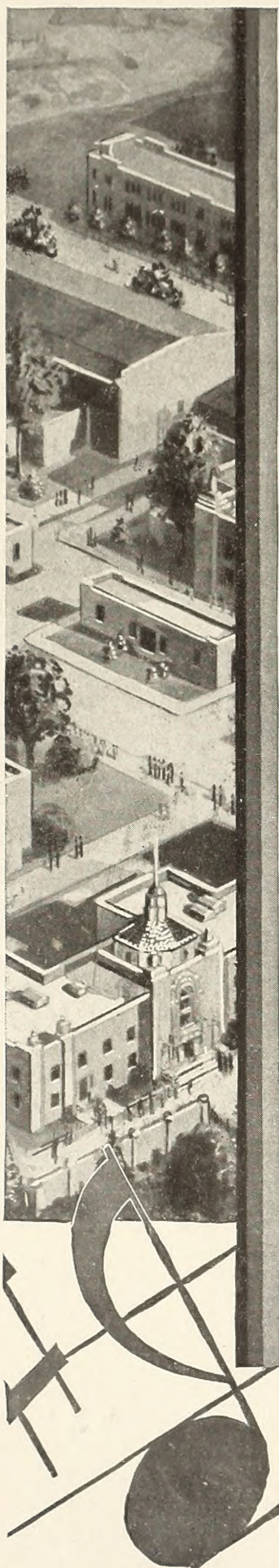
A GIFT
FROM
RONALD COLMAN

CONSTANCE
BENNETT
*Tells why
She returns to the screen*

BESSIE LOVE'S Summer Sports Wardrobe **FREE!**

Our Changing

now



NOT SO LONG AGO, perhaps within the memory of the reader, horseless carriages whizzed by at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and innocent bystanders declared that "wonders would never cease". Only yesterday, it seems, the talking motion picture was an illusive hope—something for inventors to dream about. Today it is an actuality, universally known and already regarded by a public, accustomed to marvels, as an accepted and established form of entertainment. In a surprisingly brief period of time the miraculous has become a commonplace.

A Glance Backward

Since Movietone is now the accepted method of talking picture production, it may be well to trace the growth of this new form of dramatic expression.

In 1911, Theodore W. Case started to experiment with a process of *photographing* sound on film. In 1916, Earl I. Sponable joined him and they worked together.

Early in 1926, they presented their idea to William Fox as a workable basis for perfectly synchronized reproduction of sound and action. With characteristic keenness of judgment and foresight, Mr. Fox recognized the potential value of the idea and agreed to finance further experiments in his own laboratories.

In January, 1927, Fox Movietone was first introduced to the public at the Sam Harris Theater in New York. In October, the first all-Movietone newsreel was shown at the Roxy Theater in New York.

Developments came swiftly. June of 1928 saw the first all-dialog comedy in two reels—the Fox Movietone production "The Family Picnic." Six months later, the talking picture emerged as a distinct, full-fledged entertainment with the presentation of "In Old Arizona," the first feature-length, all-dialog talking picture ever made *almost wholly out of doors*. "In Old Arizona" not only broke all box office records—it definitely established the talking picture as a separate, distinct medium of expression—neither screen, nor stage, nor yet a hybrid combination of both, but a unique, different form, requiring a new technique and offering new possibilities for artistic development.

His judgment in the future of Movietone so completely vindicated, William Fox spared no energy in the development of this new medium.

Fox Movietone News quickly became a three-issue-a-week feature, revealing the vocal images of such famous personages as Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Colonel Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Premier Mussolini, King George Fifth of England, King Alfonso of Spain—preserving not only their likenesses, but also their living voices, their very personalities, for posterity. Today fifty special Fox Movietone News trucks are in service the world over—reporting in sight and sound what happens *when it happens* in England, France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Italy, India, China and Japan. One unit has actually circled the globe!

At Fox Hills, California, a new \$10,000,000 studio has been especially created for the production of talking pictures. This gigantic plant, occupying 180 acres, is actually a city in itself—Fox Movietone City. Here alone, twenty-five complete recording units are now in operation.

World

turns to *MOVIE* TONE!

Many of the products of Fox Movietone City have already scored phenomenal successes throughout the United States—"The Black Watch", "Thru Different Eyes", "The Valiant" and "Fox Movietone Follies".

A Pledge for the Future

The tremendous provision of physical facilities for the creation of Fox Movietone productions is impressive. But more wonderful still is the assurance of the future of Movietone.

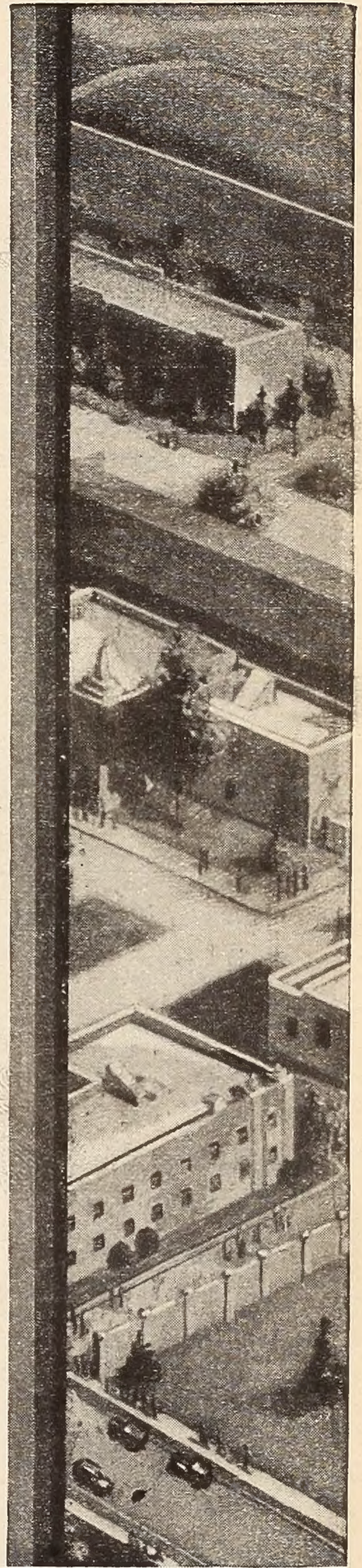
From the ranks of concert singers and stage players Mr. Fox has recruited some of the most brilliant stars of this generation—John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, William Collier, Will Rogers, George Jessel, Walter Catlett, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Duncan, to name only a few.

To provide the vehicles in which these stars will be presented to the public, Mr. Fox has assembled a veritable host of outstanding dramatists, composers and playwrights. Oscar Straus, the famous Viennese composer, has composed the first operetta for Fox Movietone, "Married in Hollywood." DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, famous as popular song writers, have written a musical comedy, "Sunny Side Up," in which Janet Gaynor is to be heard. Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of "What Price Glory" have written "The Cock Eyed World" in which Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe will appear under the direction of Raoul Walsh.

Never before in the history of motion pictures has there been marshalled in its service so varied, so magnificent an array of talent! Never before has the theater-loving public been able to look forward to such a feast of rare and excellent entertainment as is now in the making in Movietone City!

And under the intelligent, resourceful and courageous leadership of William Fox, Movietone will live up to the high promise it holds. It will take the place it justly deserves in the realm of theatre art—a place unique and distinct.

This is a pledge to the great entertainment loving public of America. And the entire Fox organization is united in a determination to keep that pledge!



Now Victor McLaglen as Flagg and Edmund Lowe as Quirt
talk in **THE COCK EYED WORLD**, directed by Raoul Walsh

Janet Gaynor

sings in an original musical comedy

SUNNY SIDE UP

composed by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson

Will Rogers

talks straight from the screen in Homer Croy's story

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

directed by Frank Borzage with dialog by Owen Davis

Lenore Ulric

in her talking screen debut

FROZEN JUSTICE

with Louis Wolheim

ELINOR GLYNN'S

first talking picture

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS

enacted by Warner Baxter and Mary Duncan

Norma Terris & J. Harold Murray singing

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

*an original operetta composed for Fox Movietone
by Oscar Straus*

Warner Baxter

as

THE CISCO KID

in a colorful outdoor talking picture

JUL -6 1929

© Cl B 33769

Phyllis Haver, whose portrait graces our cover, will next be seen with Lon Chaney in "Thunder"—with sound!



SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

SCREENLAND

August, 1929

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Delight Evans, Editor

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... THE NEW SHOW WORLD



Broadway and Hollywood united!

Stage and Screen are one!

THESE changing times have seen nothing so miraculous as the fusion of all forms of amusement—screen, stage, music, radio—into one.

Now, in the talking, singing motion picture you get all that the screen has ever given you—and the living voices of the stars themselves. You get all that the stage has ever offered you—and scenes and action not possible without the far reaching eye of the camera. It's a New Show World and all the arts and sciences are enriching the screen. *It's a New Show World; a famous name is leading it!* Paramount—with eighteen years of quality leadership. Paramount with the largest and choicest array of talent from all the amusement fields. Paramount, the greatest name in motion pictures, now presents its greatest entertainments—the Super Shows of the New Show World. See and hear them all! *"If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town."* TRADE MARK



SUPER-SHOWS of the NEW SHOW WORLD

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"
"DR. FU MANCHU"
"THE COCOANUTS"
"GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL"
"THE VAGABOND KING"
"THE DANCE OF LIFE"
"THE LOVE PARADE"
"WELCOME DANGER" *
and more

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HAROLD LLOYD *
MORAN AND MACK
CLARA BOW
MAURICE CHEVALIER
GEORGE BANCROFT
THE MARX BROTHERS
GARY COOPER
DENNIS KING
JEANNE EAGLES
CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS
RUTH CHATTERTON
NANCY CARROLL
WILLIAM POWELL
and more

Seen and Heard in Short Features

EDDIE CANTOR
TITO SCHIPA
RUDY VALLEE
JAMES BARTON
and more

PARAMOUNT SOUND NEWS

"Eyes and Ears of the World"

* Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp.,
Paramount release.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

LOT TALK

News and Views from the Sound Studios

JIMMY GLEASON has taken the slang center west with him. New York will now have to limp along without this originator of Americanisms. Jimmy wrote the play, "Is Zat So?" and the English language has never been quite the same since. But that was just warming up. Now he charms the technical staff at the Pathé studio in Culver City with his lingo. The funny thing is that they have no difficulty in understanding him.

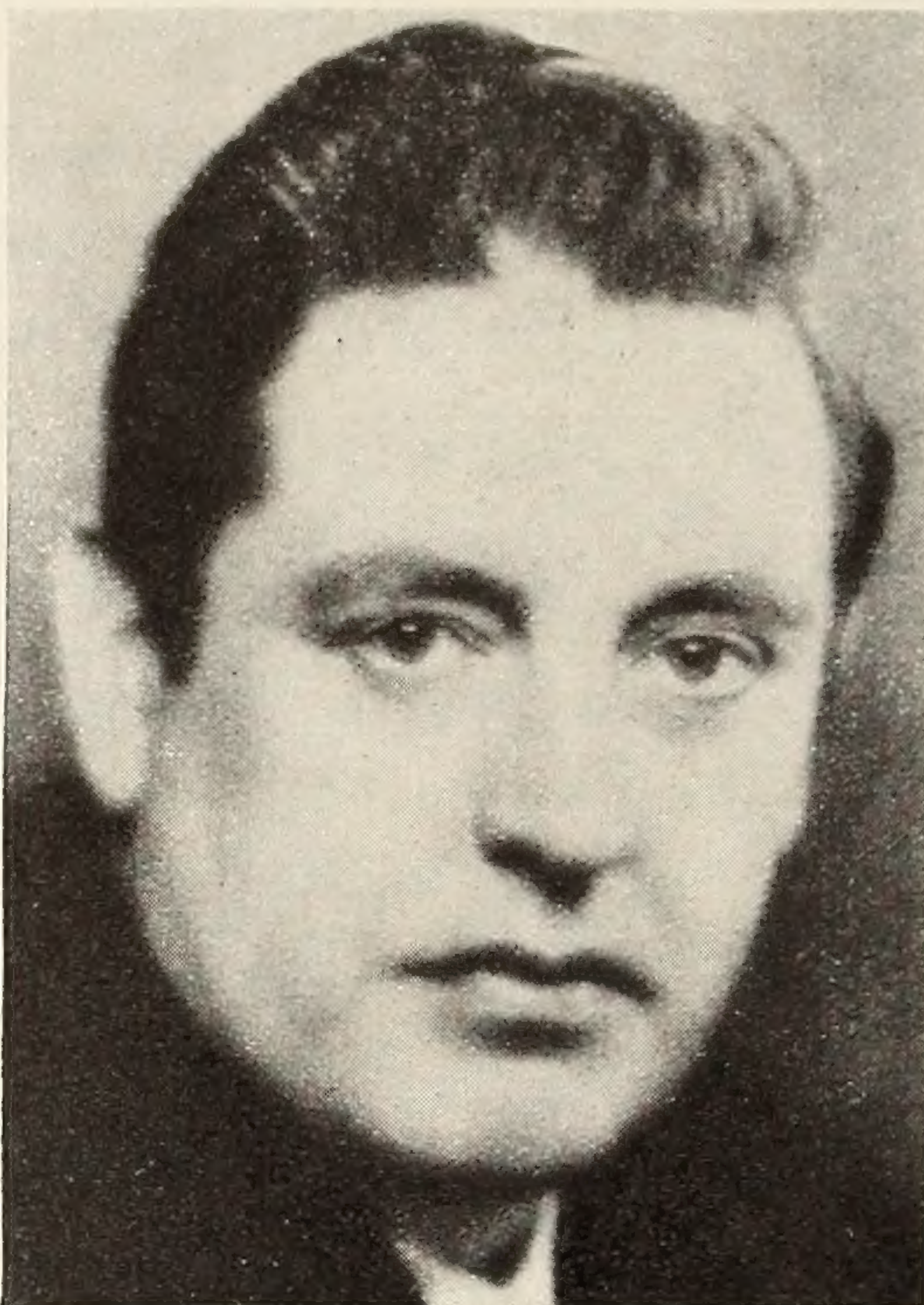
The other day Gleason was explaining a bit of 'business' to one of his cast in "The Garden of Eatin'," a comedy in which he is featured with his wife, Lucille Webster Gleason, and which he directed.

"Now get this straight," said Jimmy, as he tried for the third time to give the actor a word picture of what he was expected to do. "We open on a long shot. You ankle in with a nifty benny on and I take it big when I lay my lamps on it. What we've got to get over is that the benny has knocked me for a row."

A lady visitor looked bewildered and asked her guide for a translation. "Mr. Gleason is explaining that the person addressed is to enter the scene wearing a handsome overcoat, which Gleason so admires that he wishes he had one like it. 'Take it big' means that he is strongly moved on seeing it and gasps in admiration."

Taking a long breath Jimmy again turned on the talk-spigot.

"I'm bearing the traps in this scene and I've gotta gag where a fly lands on the



John McCormack, world-famous concert star, has at last been lured into motion pictures. William Fox has signed the tenor to a long-term contract at one of the highest salaries ever paid an artist. The first McCormack all-talking feature will be filmed partly on the singer's estate in Ireland.

Brenon's ingenious scheme of concealing lead weights in the skirt hem, collar, sleeves and shoes. The fictional "Lummox" has big feet, so specially built shoes, with fifteen pounds of lead in the soles, are worn by the screen character.

Miss Westover's normal weight is 120 pounds. When she stepped on the scales recently she registered 195 pounds. She plans a rigid diet and intensive exercise to get rid of the excess as soon as she completes the picture.

Evelyn Brent believes in a short while the tables will be turned and film plays will be made into theater productions.

"There has been much transferring of successful stage plays into the films, particularly so since the talkies have come into vogue," says Miss Brent. "There is every reason to believe that a new writingcraft, that of writing directly for the talkie screen, will come into being. That being the case, why shouldn't the stories emanating from this in turn be transcribed to the stage?"

Miss Brent has made three talking pictures.

Does the extra girl in motion pictures have ambitions to become a star, or is she working for daily bread and necessities?

William J. Cowen, directing "Half Marriage," a Radio Picture, made an investigation this week while 100 of the prettiest extras in Hollywood were working on his set. This is what he found to be



Helen Morgan plays a burlesque queen in Beth Brown's "Applause."

button of the pumphorn player and I sock him with a fly swatter. Get me? Well, then they truck the box back for a long shot and I've got a little gag with the ball-and-chain, but you don't need to bother about that. Don't get your pan so close to the mike this time."

"Hey, Mr. Gleason!" called one of the electricians, "would you mind fudgin' over till I get this nigger set so's to kill that highlight on your knob? There, that's jake. Now I can shoot you just where you're standing."

The lady visitor was led away, muttering.

The strangest sacrifice ever made for screen realism has just been brought to light in filmdom. Winifred Westover, ex-wife of Bill Hart, who recently emerged from eight years' professional retirement, has added seventy-five pounds to her weight within a few weeks time in order to play the title rôle in Herbert Brenon's all talking production of "Lummox."

Forty pounds excess was acquired by eating fat-producing foods, and the additional thirty-five pounds needed to give her the posture of the servant girl heroine of Fannie Hurst's novel are the result of



Fay Compton from England is Adolphe Menjou's new leading lady.

SINGING TALKING ACTING

*Prima Donna of Pep
... "The greatest box-
office star in pictures"
... Flirting—diverting—
hurting your funny-
bone in forty famous
hits! Just her shadow
self has wrecked hun-
dreds of theatre rec-
ords. But—*

Now—

Presented by
JOHN McCORMICK
A WM. A. SEITER
production

COLLEEN MOORE

Listen!—

*"If I had a great treasure—if I had a great
prize,
Gladly I'd trade it for—your smiling Irish
eyes.
There are stars in the heavens—but who'd
ever surmise
That they were created for your smiling
Irish eyes."*

—that's Colleen Moore singing in "Smiling Irish Eyes"... Singing not one, but THREE songs—and Talking for the first time on the screen! Here's the one thrill you've been waiting for Vitaphone to bring you. Think of all the years you've known and loved her... And now you're going to know her twice as well!... Just double the entertainment... As exciting as your first airplane ride!

Is
3
STARS-
IN-ONE

Come back to Erin!—See Colleen as a "Colleen"... Never a part so made for her! Hitch on behind her funny two-wheel cart and come down to the county fair. Make a wish at the Wishing Well—it can't help but come true. See how the same crooning melody can bring two young hearts together—and then part them ocean-wide. "Smiling Irish Eyes" is chock-full of romance from the Land of Romance—packed with comedy from the home of wit. And when Colleen bursts into song in three lilting new hit-ballads, "Smiling Irish Eyes," "A Wee Bit O' Love," and "Then I Can Ride Home With You," she'll "bust" all entertainment records!

IN "SMILING IRISH EYES"

A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE

*Make a memo
in your date-
book—*

*See Colleen's
First Talking
Picture—
100% Talking*





☞ *They're married! Joan Crawford became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. at the Church of St. Malachi in New York City, June 3. They came east to be married because Doug's mother, Mrs. Beth Fairbanks, lives in Manhattan. Bless you, my children!*

the present situation in filmdom:

85 would rather be married than have a career.
7 would refuse to marry a millionaire.
1 has a desire to become a grand opera singer.
50 want a home and children of their own.
12 are taking singing lessons to help them along in sound pictures; 20 study dancing.
1 is working in pictures to earn enough to study medicine in college.
2 are studying law and hope to practice it.
6 are studying stenography at night.
94 are not married. 4 left college to work in pictures. 16 were winners of beauty contests. 22 have had stage experience. 55 have had some picture experi-

ence. 36 are professional dancers. 8 are good swimmers. 43 of the girls live with their families in Hollywood. Only 2 receive a remittance from home regularly.

"Some of the favorites came up through the extra ranks," says director Cowen. "I would rather help a girl who had worked hard for her start than those who have many advantages. Olive Borden, my leading lady, was an extra. Morgan Farley, my leading man, worked for many years on the stage. He had a hard struggle for his success."

Richard Dix has been signed by Radio Pictures. Like Rod La Rocque, also recently signed by Radio, he is to be starred in romantic rôles. His last screen appearance on Broadway was made in "Redskin." In Dix RKO have acquired a star ad-

mirably equipped for talking productions. He was leading man for the Morosco Stock Company of Los Angeles before entering pictures.

* * *

Mal St. Clair, ace director, has been signed on the dotted line to transmit "The Night Parade," an all-talking, all musical feature, to the audible screen. It will follow "Side Street," which he is directing for Radio with Owen, Tom and Matt Moore playing together for the first time, and in the rôles they play in life—brothers. Kathryn Perry, who is Mrs. Owen Moore in private life, has the leading feminine rôle.

"The Night Parade" looms as one of Radio's foremost contributions to the screen this year.



Conquering NEW WORLDS

And now—the achievement de luxe—all-talking VITAPHONE Pictures in full natural COLOR!

Warner Bros. VITAPHONE—soaring to new triumphs daily—brings to you—wherever you are—the great galaxy of world-renowned entertainers.

Vitaphone takes Broadway to the Main Streets of the nation. Metropolitan stage successes — dramas — romances — the golden voices of the world's great singers. Vitaphone has made such famous successes as "The Singing Fool"—"Noah's Ark"—"The Desert Song"—and now that all-talking, *natural color* triumph "On with the Show."

Bear in mind always—*only* Vitaphone has the *life-like* Vitaphone Voice. Watch for local announcements of genuine Vitaphone Talking Pictures.

You see and hear Vitaphone only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

girls!

DON'T
GO ON YOUR
VACATION

Until You Read
the girls Men Marry

By Jane Johns

*A Girl Who Did
an Unusual Thing!*

Whether you go to the mountains or the seashore you are sure to meet new attractive young men—new friendships and acquaintances are sure to spring up. That is one of the main joys of vacation—the romance, the thrill of making new friends.

Naturally, you want to be as attractive as a girl can possibly be. If you should meet Him, you would want to show Him that you are more attractive and full of pep than any girl he knows. You can easily do this if you know how.

A Book of Priceless Advice

In this little book, Jane Johns treats a very difficult subject in such a dignified, clear, fascinating and helpful manner that the book promises to be the most important book in your library. It contains some of the very finest advice ever given to girls—advice which is based on patient, keen observation of the girls and men whom you would want most for your best friends. You will learn just what a girl's attitude towards men should be. *You will discover certain things about the men you know for which you would pay many times the price of the book to find out.* No other book like it has ever been published and certainly no other book has ever been and will continue to be as helpful to girls who want to be popular.

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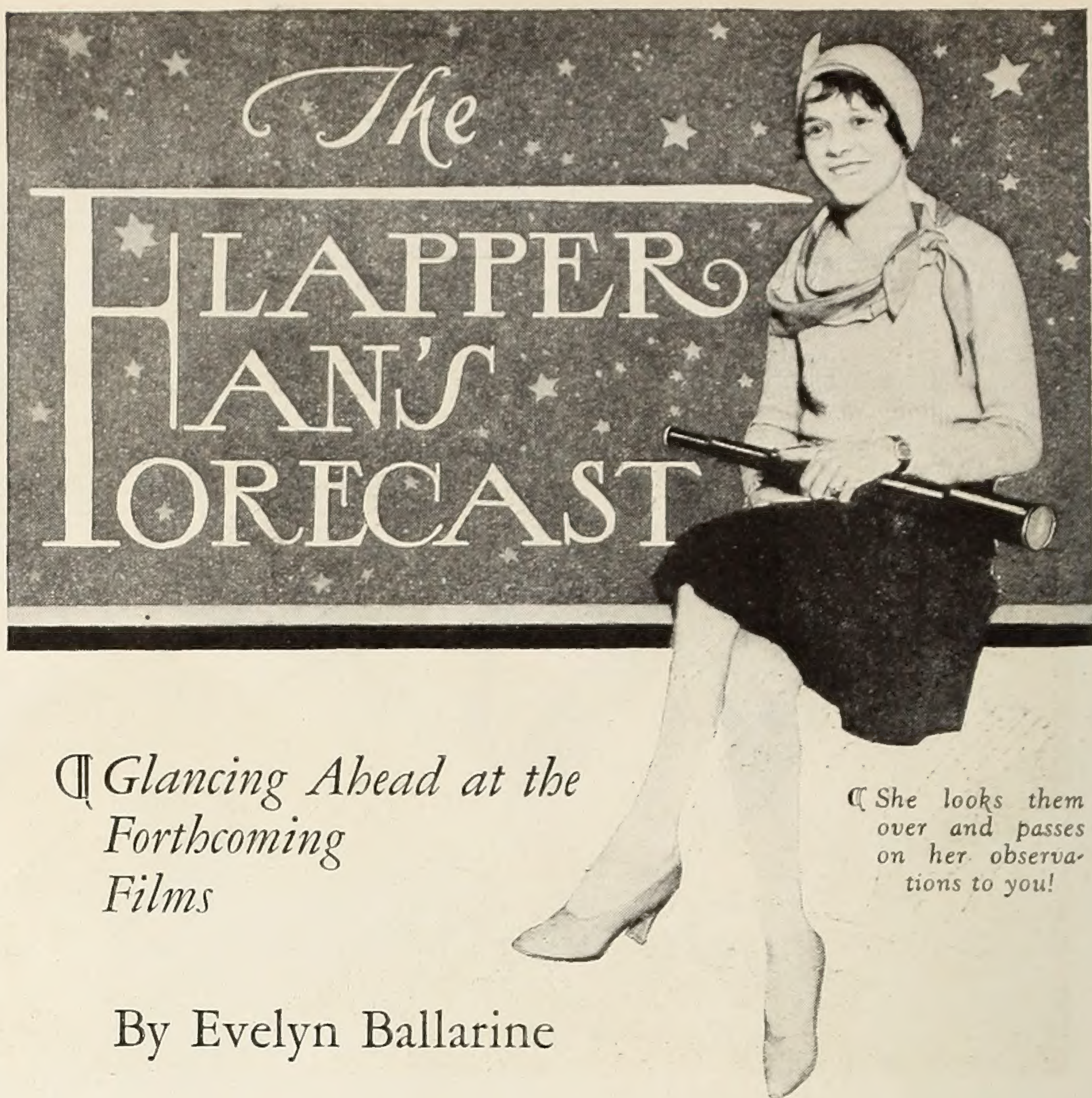
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*Glancing Ahead at the
Forthcoming
Films*

By Evelyn Ballarine

*She looks them
over and passes
on her observa-
tions to you!*

HOLLYWOOD or Hollerwood, as you prefer, is acquiring more importance with each trainload of stagees. And it wouldn't be out of tune to call the Twentieth Century a stage coach. John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, Helen Morgan, Marilyn Miller, Fay Compton, the English actress, and Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) are the headliners this month.

John McCormack is going to give us a bit o' Ireland in his first picture, the exteriors of which are to be made in Ireland. John wanted Janet Gaynor, his favorite motion picture actress, for his heroine, but Janet is too busy.

Lenore Ulric has been signed by Fox Films. Miss Ulric's first talkie will be a drama of the far north called "Frozen Justice." Br-rr! button up your overcoat, Lenore. Miss Ulric knows movie technique, having played in silent pictures some years ago. Remember her in "Tiger Rose?" Robert Frazer will have the male lead opposite her. Louis Wolheim and Lina Basquette will be featured.

Helen Morgan, the *Julia* of Ziegfeld's "Show Boat," also in the talkie prologue of the screen "Show Boat," and Broadway night-club hostess, has been signed by Paramount for the rôle of a burlesque queen in Beth Brown's novel, "Applause."

Fay Compton, a hit in London, came to New York and Broadway succumbed. Now she is in Hollywood playing opposite Adolphe Menjou in his first talkie, "Fashions of Love." Oh, you'll like her all right!

Cliff Edwards, better known as Ukelele Ike, is in Metro-Goldwyn's "Hollywood Revue of 1929." And that's not all. John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Nils Asther, Anita Page, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Charles King, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are also among those present.

Better add this film to your list of *Musts*.

Marilyn Miller's colorful personality will have a background to match it in "Sally." It is to be done in Technicolor. Joe E. Brown is going to play the comedy rôle which Leon Erroll created in both the stage play and the silent screen version and Alexander Gray, of the stage, plays the male lead.

Among the musical comedies destined to reach the screen are "Rio Rita," "The Vagabond King," and "Honeymoon Lane." Our own Bebe Daniels has the lead in "Rio Rita." It is said that Bebe has passed her singing tests with flying colors. Bert Wheeler and Robert Wolsey will play their original stage rôles in the talkie version. John Boles plays *Rita's* boy friend. Dennis King gives us "The Vagabond King." Eddie Dowling is making "Honeymoon Lane." "No, No, Nannette" has Louise Fazenda as the comedienne.

Jack Buchanan, the popular young English star, plays opposite Irene Bordoni in "Paris." Mr. Buchanan came over from London a few years ago with "Charlot's Revue" with Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence. And now all three have been offered movie contracts.

Mary Eaton is being featured in "Glorifying the American Girl" which Paramount is producing. Olive Shea, a newcomer, also has an important rôle. Miss Shea has youth, beauty, and ability besides.

Those of you who have been wondering what happened to the Moore boys will be glad to know that Matt, Owen and Tom are to be together in "Side Street." And what's more, they are to play brothers. The story is an original by George O'Hara whom you must remember as a movie hero and is directed by O'Hara's best pal, Mal St. Clair. It should be a good picture with such a chummy atmosphere.

Constance Bennett is in the picture racket



Radio comes to the Screen



RICHARD DIX

A screen favorite who occupies a distinct place in the hearts of all picture-goers... Radio Pictures' newest star.

RADIO... colossus of modern art and science... now takes its place in the world of motion pictures.

With the release of the first two of its super attractions, "Rio Rita," and "Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures inaugurates an era of new entertainment standards. This new era is the result of the union of great *amusement* and *industrial* interests.

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Commanding the cream of the world's talent, and scientific facilities, Radio Pictures will disclose for the first time the true potentialities of electrical entertainment on the screen.

Watch for Radio Pictures' first productions. Be prepared for revelations in investiture, in tonal qualities and in entertainment values generally.

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A subsidiary of the
Radio Corporation of America



ROD LA ROCQUE

The "always welcome" star, who will appear in two special productions, with all dialogue and music, for Radio Pictures.



BEBE DANIELS

To be featured in the title role of "Rio Rita," and starred in three other all dialogue and music dramas for Radio Pictures.



THE GOLDEN VOICE OF THE SILVER SCREEN



RUDY VALLEE

The voice that lures... a personality that has won the world... To be starred, with his "Connecticut Yankees," in "The Vagabond Lover."

Radio Pictures' Coming Dialogue Attractions

"Rio Rita"... Florenz Ziegfeld's greatest stage hit.

"Hit the Deck"... Vincent Youman's nautical musical comedy.

"Night Parade"... From the stage play, "Ringside."

"The Vagabond Lover"... Starring Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees.

"High River"... A Herbert Brenon production, from the play, "High River House."

"Radio Revels of 1929."... The first annual screen review to be released yearly by Radio Pictures.



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Her little secret!

(Would you care to share it?)

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**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

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Color of my hair _____

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Walter Catlett, Broadway comedian, stepped off the train in Hollywood and was handed a summons for speeding. Just a friendly gag!

again and her come-back picture is called "The Racketeer." Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard support her in it.

Speaking of come-backs—Harry Langdon completed a successful vaudeville tour and is back in Hollywood 'rarin' to go.' Harry has signed up with Hal Roach on a five-year contract. He is to make two-reel talkies. More power to you, Harry! Nazimova, Mae Murray and William S. Hart are on their way back, too.

Catherine Dale Owen, beautiful blonde beauty from the New York stage, and not Greta Garbo, is to be John Gilbert's leading lady in "Olympia." This is to be Jack's first talkie.

Ina Claire Gilbert is busy at the Pathé studio making "The Awful Truth."

Walter Catlett, the Harold Lloyd of the stage, is at the Fox studios making "Why Leave Home" with Sue Carol, Charles Eaton and Helen Twelvetrees. If Mr. Catlett is as funny in pictures as he is on the stage we are in for high hilarity.

If you enjoyed William Powell in "The Canary Murder Case" you're in for a treat because Bill, now a full-fledged star, is making "The Greene Murder Case." In this film, he again plays Philo Vance, the clever amateur society detective.

At last the vast army of fans are going to get their wish. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are making preparations for their first picture together. "The Taming of the Shrew" has been selected and it will probably be presented in modern dress. This will be the first Shakesperian play to be made into a talkie. Perhaps it may inspire Charlie Chaplin to do "Hamlet." He has often expressed a desire to do it. Come on, Charlie, you're next!

Clarence Brown, the director, has become Clarence Brown the actor, temporarily. Mr. Brown plays an interesting rôle in his production, "Wonders of Women." He appears as one of a group of enthusiastic admirers of the celebrated opera singer played by Leila Hyams. Clarence Brown has made it a custom to appear in a bit in all of his pictures. Al Santell is another director who always plays a bit in his pictures. Not superstitious exactly, but—

Renee Adoree and her French accent and Nils Asther and his Swedish accent are going to play together in a talkie called "The Ordeal." Don't know whether the title is symbolic or not. However, this is more proof that we are going to keep our foreign favorites.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan will make as their first talkie "Cotton and Silk." Bet Rosetta, the Topsy of "Topsy and Eva," will be the 'Cotton' part of the picture. That's all right, Rosetta, clothes may make the woman but they don't make a comedienne. It's a gift, and you have it.

Marion 'Peanuts' Byron, the tiniest girl in pictures, and Charlotte Greenwood, undoubtedly the tallest, are to be together in "So Long Letty." Both are fine comedienettes.

"The Cohens and the Kellys" are going to make their next picture in Scotland. The story will be probably be the one about a pair of tights. (Joke.) George Sidney is Cohen and Charles Murray is Kelly.

Mary Philbin isn't leaving Universal as was rumored, and to prove it the title of her next picture for that company is "She Belongs to Me."

Antonio Moreno will be the lead in "Light Fingers." Is it necessary to tell you that this is a crook melodrama? Dorothy Revier and Carroll Nye are to be his partners in screen crime.

Will Rogers' first talkie is "They Had to See Paris," the story of a rich man who takes his family to Europe. His wife is played by Elizabeth Patterson, stage character actress; and Owen Davis, Jr. and Marguerite Churchill, both of the stage, supply the love interest.

Alice White is glorifying Woolworth's. In "The Girl From Woolworth's" she plays a salesgirl who 'tumbles' for a subway guard. Can you blame her—with Charles Delaney as the handsome guard? Wonder if she gets paid in nickles so that she may ride in the subway with the b.f.?

John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores Costello Barrymore, are busy at work at the same studio but not in the same picture. Dolores is making "Second Choice" with Chester Morris and John is making

his first talkie, "General Crack," with Marian Nixon as the femme lead.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, are busy at work at different studios. Doug is making "Spring is Here," from the current musical comedy, for First National, and Joan is making "Jungle" for Metro-Goldwyn.

Ernst Lubitsch is to direct the next Maurice Chevalier film, "The Love Parade." Lupino Lane has been chosen for an important rôle in this picture.

Lee Tracy, of the stage, with "Broadway" and "The Front Page" to his credit, is at the Fox studios making "Big Time," a story of vaudeville life. William Collier, Sr., and Lola Lane are part of the program.

Billie Dove is going to play a night club hostess in "Give the Little Girl a Hand," written by Fannie Hurst. It is said to be based on the life of Texas Guinan.

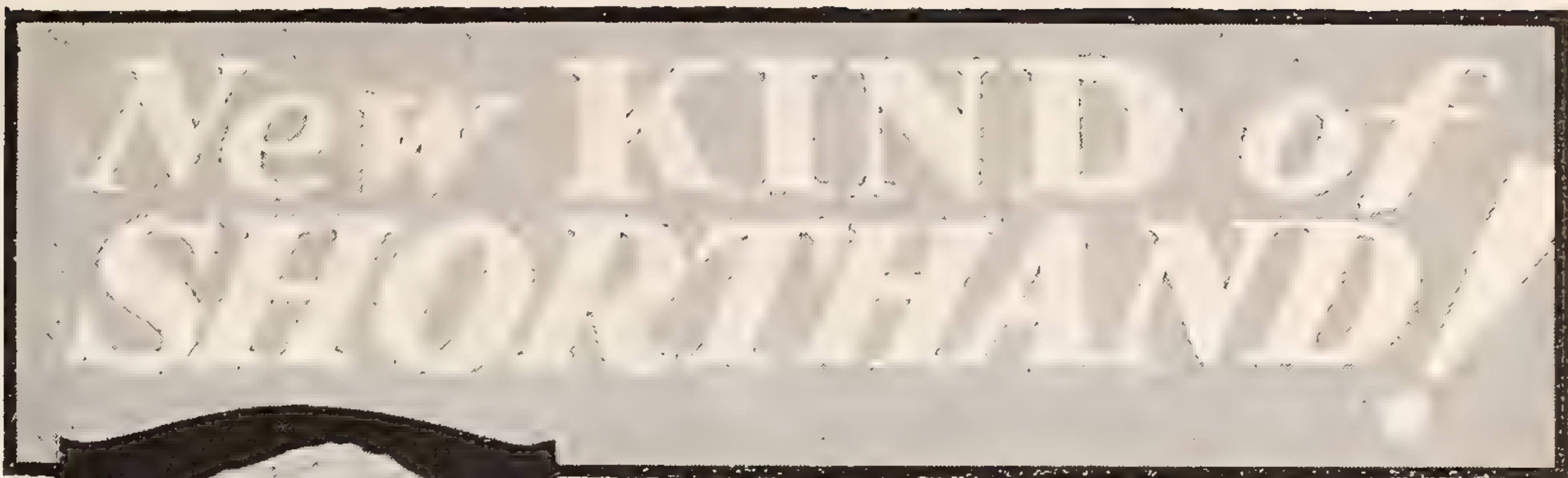
And speaking of night clubs—Eddie Kane, who looks so much like Florenz Ziegfeld, and whose characterization in "Broadway Melody" is said to have delighted the famous producer, has been cast again as an impresario. Mr. Kane will be seen as the producer of the shows at one of Broadway's best-known night clubs in "The Viennese Charmer." Betty Compson, Ned Sparks and Jack Oakie are also in this picture.

Lila Lee has been chosen by Columbia Pictures to play the girl in "Flight." "Flight" promises to be most interesting. It is a story of mines, airplanes and daring men in Nicaragua. It is to be directed by Frank Capra, and Jack Holt and Ralph Graves have the leading male rôles. Lila's part in this colorful story is that of a young girl with flapperish ideas and a great spirit of adventure.

Belle Baker, of vaudeville fame, is to make her debut in talkies. Columbia Pictures have signed her for "The Cradle of Jazz."



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THE EDITOR.

Heralding The Talkies



DEAR EDITOR:

Here's to the talkies! Until recently I tolerated them only because they seemed unavoidable, and because they gave audibility to favorite stars who had too long been silent. But since "The Doctor's Secret" I'm all for 'em. Seldom have I seen a picture with so many genuinely brilliant performances. And what a joy to hear the magnificent voice of one of the grandest troupers of them all—Robert Edeson! And as for Ruth Chatterton, she's a knockout! Then "The Letter" also. Such plays—and so soon—give one an idea of the screen's future capabilities—and the possibilities are breath-taking.

But the talkies certainly sound the death-knell for many of the beautiful nit-wits and handsome numbskull who have so long been getting by with only their looks to recommend them—and who, if they ever heard of Talma, wouldn't have the slightest idea what he meant when he said, "Acting, like every other art, has mechanism," etc.

Of course many of them are very likeable as long as they're allowed to be themselves, but put them in, say, an Arab outfit and see what happens. The results are pitiful, as was recently proved beyond argument.

And as to the voices! Who has not been disillusioned when his pet juvenile boomed forth with an inflexible fog-horn—and been forced to compare them mentally with the mellow richness of a Robert Edeson or the delicate shadings of a Lionel Barrymore?

Indeed it does seem as if the sun of the fragile bisque heroine and dauntless hero has permanently set and that the day of the actor is at hand. Who knows but that, in the not so far distant future, instead of a "Hot Lips" or a "Burning Kisses" we may have a "Ruy Blas," "Hernani," or Ibsen's "Ghosts" and a "Hedda Gabler," played by actors who have earned the right, not because some director saw them dining

at the Montmartre and thought they looked like the author's description of the characters. "Redemption" is a good sign.

And in closing, I suppose everyone has some pet ambition tucked away, which he dreams may someday be fulfilled, if the gods are kind. Mine is to model heads of Ramon Novarro and Nills Asther from life. Who knows? Stranger things have happened!

Sincerely yours,

William Thomas,
815 East 30th Street,
Marion, Indiana.

Theme Song Enthusiast



DEAR EDITOR:

Many hearty cheers for the talkie, singie, and dancie pictures. Long may they thrill! If the majority of the fans find this type of picture, which is still in its infancy, so entertaining, just imagine what a complete success they will be when they are finally perfected!

And oh, the lovely theme songs! Even the most discriminating tastes had to give way before that charming theme song, *Weary River*. We fans are chorusing enthusiastically for more and more theme songs. And while I am on this musical subject, I wish to proclaim to the world that in my opinion, Nancy Carroll has the loveliest, the most bewitching and melodious voice of any screen star I've heard to date, even though she doesn't happen to be my favorite actress. Clara Bow holds that place and Greta Garbo comes a close second. Along the masculine line, the actors I like to see and hear again and again are John Barrymore, Clive Brook, Gary Cooper and Conrad Nagel.

At this time I wish to take the opportunity of figuratively patting Bruce Clausen on the back for his generous tribute to Greta Garbo in the June SCREENLAND. I

heartily agree with him that Greta's portrayal of *Iris March* in "A Woman of Affairs" was a most outstanding performance. I had read Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" but did not realize the greatness of his story until I saw it on the screen and witnessed Greta Garbo's masterful depiction of *Iris March*.

And listen, Miss Editor, before I sign off, I wish to unburden myself of a secret grudge I've always held against the powers that be for not recognizing the splendid acting ability of Leslie Fenton and Bruce Gordon. I would be overwhelmed with joy if I saw them come into their own.

Most sincerely,

Lillian V. Boyajean,
121 — 43rd Street,
Union City, New Jersey.

Hollywood, Just Another Town!



DEAR EDITOR:

It seems that everyone within close proximity to Los Angeles, and of course that means Hollywood, is envied by the rest of the fan world at large. One reads and dreams of beautiful women as numerous as the ocean sands, of Hollywood Boulevard, the Montmartre Cafe, of the star's homes, etc., and immediately envisions himself (or more aptly, herself) in such marvelous surroundings. With the eyes of a fan I have many times visited that greatly advertised burg (someone tells me there is a Los Angeles city limit sign in Nome, Alaska) with the view of tracing its allure. Broadway was jammed—packed—squeeze! There was no show featuring my favorite few, Arlen, Cooper, etc. etc. There were no public appearances at the moment. The celebrated homes were widely scattered—and perhaps I am too discriminating—but I could count the really good looking damsels on my digits—not using the ones encased in my number nines, either. Hollywood Boulevard at eleven thirty was desolate—abandoned. The Montmartre on its

second floor has no glamorous exterior, at least. I gave up the ghost, returning home to a satisfying second-run wherein the alluring Lilyan Tashman held sway.

But of course, there is another side—the L. A. on display. The Screen Star Gambol—with a galaxy of stellar attractions, most of whom first twinkled on Broadway. Al Jolson sang his *Sonny Boy* with that famous lad, Davey Lee, on his lap. Charles King, as real as could be, sang *You Were Meant For Me* and introduced Anita Page to us. Anita is better looking on the stage than in canned drama. Conrad Nagel and his golden voice—Ted Lewis and his band—Ann Pennington—Sylvia Fields—Stepin Fetchit—Marion Harris—Buddy Rogers played innumerable instruments to the delight of his fans—Sophie Tucker brought down the house (yes, she's dyed her finger nails scarlet!) and Irving Berlin, one of eight song writers, sang his favorite brain child, *Always*. Altogether it was a memorable occasion, lasting from before nine till after midnight. And then there have been personal appearances—Sophie again; Irene Rich, heightening the graciousness and loveliness of her screen self; Agnes Ayres with deep golden hair; Bessie Love, and when I talked with her my heart went splash against my ribs in an unprecedented manner. And Mae Murray, and Charles Murray, and Sally Rand, and—well, just lots of them including Mary Brian, Esther Ralston and many others. But they don't appear every day, and half the time when advertised to appear they disappoint one—so don't pine, little fan, if you live in Peoria, Kalamazoo, or Podunk—you're not missing half what you think you are.

But there's one thing Los Angeles has—and that's quite a few movies starting at 8.45 A. M!

Sincerely,

Jack Jennison,
2931 East 15th Street,
Long Beach, California.

*Welcome,
John Boles!*



DEAR EDITOR:

I knew that sooner or later I would just have to add my 'confession' to those of the other fans, and now it's happened—sooner!

The reason for this sudden outburst is none other than Mr. John Boles. Having just seen "The Desert Song," and with *The Riff Song* still filling my thoughts, I must unload my enthusiasm.

Mr. Boles is wonderful and I know you'll all think so when you hear him sing. Good looks and a wonderful physique are among his other assets, so we may all expect to see him at the top of the ladder shortly.

And now, if you don't mind I'd like to tell you about Frankie Richardson "The Joy Boy of Song," as he was billed in vaudeville. Although he has played in only one or two Vitaphone sketches he was signed by Fox Movietone for five years. I hope we will all see him shortly in a picture worthy of his talents, for after hearing Frankie sing *Sonny Boy* I was pleased to admit that Al Jolson was a good singer, too.

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Sincerely,
Alberta M. Miller,
South 12th Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Hail To The New Pickford!



DEAR EDITOR:

Hail to the new Pickford! "Coquette" has made her bow with a wink, and Mary has entered into the glorious, ever-new field of versatility, where she is making quite a success in the rôle of a Southern girl, pretty, winsome Norma Besant, vocally as well as actively. "Dorothy Vernon," "Rosita," and numerous others were proofs that she could do it. Cutting her hair, she saluted the world. A new Mary had been born! She later had her bob wind-blown. And, lo and behold! "Coquette" flashed us a fascinating smile!

Farewell to the 'Mary' of pigeon-hole inclinations. Coming out into the open flutters a 'Mary' whose wings are growing strong, and will become more agile with every flap. And hail to that Mary, who bids fair to achieve immortal fame before our very eyes—and ears!

Sincerely yours,
John Landers Poole,
1607 Eye St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

She Doesn't Like Talkies!



DEAR EDITOR:

Stepping on other people's toes seems to be the favorite hobby of many so-called movie fans. I only need to whisper that I like a certain actor to be told that he's twenty years older than the magazines inform us!

I wonder if people don't realize that the actors of Hollywood are human, like everyone else. We make mistakes—why can't they? Fans, think before knocking the favorites. It is just as easy to find the good.

Personally, I abhor talkies—although there have been some films that deserve credit. As for those sound pictures, whoever thought of them? We had some splendid orchestras in Buffalo but not any longer, and I do wish they would come back.

Have you seen Bodil Rosing recently? She is one of the sweetest women on the screen today, and one reason why I like her is because she appreciates the things done for her. I've had three lovely letters from her—charming messages that make me

want to beg for more.

Hurrah! I've just heard that Anna Q. Nilsson is practically journeying along the Road of Health again. I know that her big army of supporters will give her a royal welcome.

Jack Stone—do you remember him in "Lilac Time," in which his cousin Colleen Moore was the star? He's another friendly being, and he's worthy of every bit of success he gets.

Then there is Adrienne Doré, a newcomer, with whom I became acquainted in "The Wild Party." I wish some producer would give her an opportunity to show what she can do.

Anita Page certainly has been very lucky this past year. I wrote to her before she had appeared in any films, but I heard of her through a friend, and my letter brought a lovely message and also a photograph.

David Rollins, Lucile Powers, and Con Keefe are all new faces introduced to us recently.

It is surprising to see how youth has claimed the screen—but I still like my old friends. That's what I call them as I have seen them so frequently and they have given me many happy hours of entertainment.

Doris Kenyon—Richard Dix—Clive Brook—Irene Rich and Norma Shearer—they're still reigning in my heart.

Thank you for admitting me to your charming department.

Sincerely yours,
Helene C. Braeuner,
210 French Street,
Buffalo, New York.

A Carol For Nancy Carroll



DEAR EDITOR:

I might as well confess my weakness for Nancy Carroll. I think she is what you would call an answer to any man's prayer. After seeing her in "Manhattan Cocktail," "The Shopworn Angel," "The Sin Sister," and "Abie's Irish Rose" I feel safe in saying she leads in her line. Just as there is only one Mary Pickford, one Greta Garbo and one Clara Bow, there is only one Nancy Carroll.

I am glad to see Richard Dix back again but would like to see more of Mary Brian. She is a pretty little actress and I miss her a lot. Hoping to see her again soon.

Sincerely yours,
Jack Weldon,
10549 East Jefferson St.,
Detroit, Michigan.

A Hand For Haines



DEAR EDITOR:

Just another fan writing to tell you what I think of the stars.

First—just a word about Alice White. Alice is a cute kid but I think she'd be much nicer if she didn't try to have so much 'It.' She overworks that poor word!

I am very fond of Ruth Elder and I think she is a fine actress. Here's wishing Ruth plenty of good luck for her future success.

Nils Asther! I guess we all idolize him. I never saw him look handsomer than he did in "The Cossacks." I don't see how Renee Adoree resisted him in that picture.

I love to watch Lionel Barrymore, Bacalova, and William Powell. They are finished actors.

Joan Crawford and young Doug make a grand pair and so do Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. The two couples are altogether different, somehow, yet both are ideal.

And Bill Haines! There isn't another person on the screen whose personality I like as well as his. He's full of fun, big-hearted and sympathetic. He's a mighty bright star.

Phyllis Haver, Jason Robards and Colleen Moore are all from Hillsdale, (my town). And we're proud of it!

Sincerely,
Billie Haynes,
215 North Manning Street,
Hillsdale, Michigan.

For Dancing Daughters



DEAR EDITOR:

Every modern person admires a few screen idols and I'm not the exception to the rule. Among my favorites are Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Billie Dove, Vilma Banky and Greta Garbo.

I shall never forget Joan Crawford's perfect performance in "Our Dancing Daughters." She vividly portrayed a modern maiden in a modern age. Joan seemed like a beautiful, alluring doll, tempting and dancing her way into the hearts of her fans.

I want to compliment Nancy Carroll on her work in "Close Harmony." This little lady possesses talent in dancing, singing and dramatic ability.

Congratulations to the lovely youngsters who are making the picture industry an everlasting factor in the world of amusements.

Sincerely,
Dolores Koflaw,
2028-69th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

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*Amazingly absorbent and softer
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Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. The identical material used in 85% of the leading hospitals of the country, Cellucotton absorbent wadding is preferred by surgeons for its softness and hygienic comfort.

No more bulky outlines

The feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when

worn. You may adjust layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering—a factor of the utmost importance to every woman!

KOTEX

The new Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

SCREENLAND

Shared by Myrna Loy



¶ Among the Many Significant Performances this Month, Two Stand Out. Try as We Would to Decide Between These Two, It Just Couldn't Be Done! There Was Only One Way Out — Co-Star Them!



¶ The lovely Loy lady, who comes into her own as the wild gypsy heroine of the talking drama, "The Squall." She is a sensation as well in "The Black Watch."

¶ Caviar, not corned-beef and cabbage! Like Colman, Myrna Loy is subtle. She is quiet but she is clever. What audience can remain unmoved as she croons her seductive song, "Gypsy Charmer," in "The Squall?" Myrna is optical and audible charm incarnate.

HONOR PAGE

and Ronald Colman

¶ Presenting Screenland's Double Honor Page, Dedicated to Myrna Loy for her Work in "The Squall" and to Ronald Colman for "Bulldog Drummond." Beauty and Gallantry, Take Your Bow!

¶ Amid all the acclaim that greeted his polished and persuasive performance in "Bulldog Drummond" there was not a dissenting voice. A positive triumph for Mr. Colman!

¶ Colman's contribution to talking pictures carries him to first place among the audible artists of the screen. What a paradox that it remained for the talkies to reveal all the charming subtleties of the ever-subtle Colman!



SCREENLAND

August
1929



DELIGHT EVANS,
Editor.
Her Page.

THE motion picture of the future will be as widely different from the motion picture of today as "On With the Show" is different from "The Great Train Robbery."

And I can prove it! Look around you. See what they're doing, every day!

There's this new wide film, perfected by George K. Spoor, the 'S' of the old Essanay company, and John J. Berggren. There was a private showing of the new special wide film system in a New York studio not long ago. And it was simply amazing. You sat there and watched motion pictures projected on a screen fifty-two feet wide and thirty feet high—motion pictures having a three-dimensional effect, in which images recorded at a range of five miles were displayed. The lights and shades of life itself were there.

You went to Niagara Falls and if you didn't almost feel the spray you had little or no imagination. A Niagara fifty-two feet wide! A bridge two and a half miles from the camera was seen in all its details. Objects five miles away could be distinguished.

The new special lens system overcomes many of the restrictions of the motion picture setting. By means of it a wider vision is possible, and you will see close-ups of groups instead of individuals. It is all pretty exciting, let me tell you.

Why, on Broadway right now—and on the Main Street of many towns—is a new picture

called "On With the Show." Crowds are flocking to see it. And no wonder. It is, besides being good entertainment, technically the most satisfactory illusion of life that has yet been presented on the screen.

In natural colors, the scenes seem to have perspective. The players stand out. You are closer to your favorites than ever before—and I'm sure no spectator will object to the illusion of chumminess with Betty Compson or Sally O'Neil.

Of course, coming right down to cases, it is always the personal touch that counts. The inventive geniuses perfect new lens systems and the natural-color experts accomplish wonders. But when all is said and done the public asks, "Yes—but who's in it?" The human equation is ever present. I thought of this when I dropped in to see the honeymooners, Joan and Doug Jr., at the Hotel Algonquin. I thought it was a movie opening, there was such a mob storming the lobby. Then I noticed that interest seemed to center in a telephone booth where a tall blond young man was developing writer's cramp autographing albums and programs and pictures. It was Doug Jr. Finally he pushed his way through the crowd and we went upstairs to see Joan. There she was, writing her name in other autograph books—that is, she was until Doug kissed her. Not since Mary and Doug were honeymooners has a motion picture romance so excited 'blasé New York.' Just two nice kids who happen to be screen stars, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with the whole world wishing them happiness.



Portrait by Nathan

A NEW RUDY!

LAST name, Vallee. New idol of New York. Last word in popular orchestra leaders. Panic at the Paramount, Times Square. Crooner and writer of singable, danceable tunes. Star of his own smart supper club in Manhattan. And now—potential movie sensation. RKO has signed Rudy Vallee for film features in which he will act as well as sing. Rudy's first story may be autobiographical. Watch for this Jazz Gentleman in his first full-length talkie.



☞ Constance Bennett today—a poised and interesting young woman, eager to get back to work—"the only sure panacea for disappointment or heartbreak."

"I DON'T object to a life of luxury!" said Constance Bennett. "I like to play bridge," she continued, "buy beautiful clothes and entertain charming, cultured people—just like any other girl. And when I married Phil Plant, I turned my back, as I thought, on the movies forever. I wanted a real home. Real home life—that I had never had before."

"I believe," she went on, "that the ideal career for a woman is not in pictures. It is as the companionable wife of a successful husband; the interested mother of healthy babies. And I wish I had been blessed by the gods to have achieved that. But I wasn't. After two and a half years in pictures and three years of married life, I have come to the certain conclusion that I would rather be creating rôles in the films in Hollywood than to be the wife of a rich man."

"That sounds like a slap at my former husband. But it isn't. I didn't give up my husband to come back to the life of a movie star. I knew long before I signed my contract with Pathé to return to America and play in the talkies that my marriage was a failure."

"It wasn't Phil's fault that the marriage wasn't a success. There isn't, even today, any hard feeling between us. But we just couldn't agree. Both of us have very definite personalities. Both of us are extremely independent. And

"WHY

Three Years Ago, on the Threshold of Fame, She Retired to Marry a Millionaire. Now She Returns

we had no point of spiritual contact. The things I thought were funny, he didn't see as humorous at all. And what he considered humorous, seemed to me exceedingly dull.

"Then, as much as I liked the life of traveling and entertaining, yachting and dancing, I found I had too much energy to be satisfied with what I found out were the truffles of life. A truffle, as you know, is a table delicacy. It grows underneath the ground like a potato and is rooted out with great difficulty. Well, after a few months, it became extremely difficult for me to root any pleasure out of a purely social life. For I come from a line of hard-working stage people—people who have been accustomed to creating dramatic rôles for a hundred years or more."

"I'm human. I did enjoy yachting parties on the Mediterranean; and having a villa at Biarritz, between the azure Atlantic and the purple Pyrennes. But would you believe it, even yachting and house parties grow dull if you have no interesting work to offset these recreations."

"Of course, entertaining in Paris was entirely different. It was like the dream of a Scheherazade, to be the chatelaine of a wonderful establishment. To have around your dinner table world-renowned diplomats, generals, artists, musicians. And while I never tired of their conversation and diversions—for they were very inspiring people—after my guests had gone home I would sit down at the table, watching the candles melt and the flowers wilt, and say to myself: 'What actual creative work are you accomplishing to keep pace with all these others?' And the only true answer I could give was 'None.'"

"For three years I tried to subdue my feelings and carry on the social life. I flung myself into it like an Oriental princess flings herself into a bath of mellow wine. Nobody's laugh was gayer than mine; nobody's eyes any brighter. But underneath, the real part of me was slowly choking, gasping for some real creative work into which I could divert my idle mind."

"Of course, the ideal thing would have been for me to have both a husband and a career. But I knew when I married Phil that he would never consent to that. No man really likes the idea of having his wife work. Nowadays, they may say they do, but they don't really. A man hates to admit that a woman can have a strong interest outside of his orbit. And if you could get a husband to tell the truth, what makes him happiest is having a wife something like little *Golden Bells* in 'Messer

I've Come Back"

Constance Bennett Reveals the Reasons for her Screen Come-Back

By Rosa Reilly

Marco Polo.' A beautiful, delicate counterpart who will tinkle only when the hand of the master pulls the cord.

"At the end of three years, reluctantly, and with real grief because of our unmaterialized dreams, Phil and I separated—were divorced.

"My husband returned to America and threw himself into a business he had inaugurated known as 'Plant Enterprises, Incorporated.' And here I am. Ready and so eager to get back to work—the only sure panacea I have found for disappointment or heartbreak."

In addition to being an extremely intelligent woman, with a sense of humor and a cosmopolitan perspective on life, Constance Bennett is the most siren-like-looking

Portraits by
Hal Phylfe



☞ Above: Constance Bennett as she looked when she first won film fame in "Cytherea" and was hailed as the greatest bet in pictures. In the oval, the 1929 edition of 'the Beautiful Bennett.'



lady I have ever seen—after Greta Garbo. Even her slightly waving blonde hair suggests fire. It isn't blonde really, it's the exact color of Roman gold. Her blue eyes burn, with a deep phosphorescent flame. And her lips purse into a lovers' loop of sensuous beauty. Yet, for all that she is a fluff of flame, Constance Bennett has not one element of coarseness in her whole appearance. She is saved by a gentility which only good breeding can give.

Certainly, in the talking picture industry, Miss Bennett has a great career before her. For besides her beauty, her speaking voice is like a 'cello—low, mellow, far-carrying. This must be a heritage from her father, Richard Bennett, the well-known actor.

Constance Bennett, the daughter of Adrienne Morrison, the actress, and Richard Bennett, the actor, and granddaughter of Lewis Morrison, a celebrated player who toured this country for seventeen years in the rôle of Mephistopheles in "Faust," was born in New York City twenty-three years ago.

Adrienne Morrison, while on a summer vacation, eloped with Richard Bennett and did not return to the stage until her three daughters Constance, Joan and Barbara were past their childhood ailments.

"During all my life," Miss Bennett explained, "I have spent little time at home. (Continued on page 105)

HUSHING

¶ Silence is Golden in Talkie Town.
Here are Some of the Soft-Pedal
Tricks of the New Trade.

THEY'RE using the soft pedal on Hollywood.

"Hush-hush!" is the chief expression heard on our lots and everyone who works around the talkies knows that silence is worth much fine gold.

Even the dogs have to learn sign language now that movies have developed vocal organs. King, the beautiful white collie owned and trained by Frank Weatherwax, and King Tut, E. G. Henry's clever pup, are the ruling monarchs of cinemaland dogdom because their masters saw the day

dawning when spoken commands would have to be replaced with signs if their charges were to remain on the screen.

King has a prominent part in Paramount's "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu." "He couldn't have played this part if I hadn't re-trained him," confided his owner. "Now when I want him to bark for a scene, I no longer give the order 'Speak!' but simply raise my hand and he barks once or twice according to direction. I trained him with a ball but now he will do it with or without the ball.

"In so many pictures, a dog has to stay with or follow a certain character. In the old days, I taught King to do this with the words 'Stay with him (or her), King!' This wouldn't do in the talkies because of course the mike would pick up my command. So I spent an afternoon in the backyard with my brother to help; he would start off around the yard and I would give the usual order 'Stay with him, King!', accompanying it with

¶ Extreme left and right on these pages, the 'sound track' on the film. The beautiful lady is Norma Shearer, wearing a bouffant gown designed by Adrian for "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." This costume had to be re-lined with flannel so that its rustling wouldn't disturb the temperamental 'mike.'



Photograph of Miss Shearer by Clarence Sinclair Bull.



¶ Ruth Tildesley, author of this wax training his dog star,

HOLLYWOOD

By Ruth Tildesley

a sort of circling gesture. It wasn't long before I was able to omit the words."

The lions, tigers, elephants, et al, out in Charlie Murphy's zoo at Universal no longer hear their master's voice. Fortunately Mr. Murphy trained all his



☞ Norma Shearer awaiting the starting signal for a scene. See the 'hush cloth' above the set?

☞ Neil Hamilton shares acting honors with King, the collie, in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu." King is one of the first canines to appear in talking pictures.



wild animals with audible direction plus a gesture so it is only a matter of a few rehearsals before the jungle actors learn to obey the arm or whip flourishes minus the voice.

"The only thing I have to worry about is the mike," declared the genial trainer. "The thing's so sensitive that it's continually going bust when my animals howl. The other day I had my elephants over at

Metropolitan and for the picture they wanted all the five calls this creature gives. The low rumble in his throat which is friendly like a horse's neigh registered o. k. about five feet from the mike. The snuffling blow when he wants water was fine at ten feet. Two of the other sounds—a trumpeting call for battle and a louder throat rumble which is a message for his mate—meant moving the mike longer distances but before we got his shrill scream of terror we busted a \$75 needle in one of the mikes!"

Animal trainers are not the only ones to accumulate gray hairs since the advent of the talkies. The new venture affects each and every department of the huge studios. When the siren blows announcing the start of a scene, all men on construction work must stop until the two-blow siren conveys the welcome news that the silence may be broken. Just as the transportation department must stop all cars at the siren's shriek.

Incandescent lights are in universal use but the studio electricians soon found they had to equip their lights with a rubber deadening to combat the noise of expanding metal. The unhappy cameramen are shut up in sound-proof boxes as a rule coming out for air between shots; sometimes for outdoor sequences when a portable booth is not avail- (Cont. on page 101)



article; watching Frank Weather-King, for the talkies.



☞ *Bessie Love is bright and snappy because she is going to make some fan happy.*

VACATION time is here with the same old question—what to wear? Clothes, clothes, clothes! Bessie Love remembers the time when she spent two months (that's about all she could spend) preparing for her two-weeks' vacation. Bessie doesn't have to worry any more but she's still practical. She wants to lighten your burden by giving away three nice costumes. Just a lovely custom! All she asks is that you have a good time!

A vacation wardrobe isn't complete without a bathing suit so Fairy Godmother Bessie gives you one of those nice new sun-tan swim suits in which you can cut quite a figure on the beach. For golfing, the 'Movie-Mode' powder-blue sports ensemble is just the thing. From Best's, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., is the tennis outfit—of peach and white. So pack your grip and start out on your trip—this vacation is on Bessie!

And now the sporting thing for you to do is to write a sincere, clear and clever letter answering Bessie's question and the best one wins the sports wardrobe.

Address:—BESSIE LOVE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes August 10, 1929.



Whoopee! Free!

☞ Bessie Love chose this sports outfit for herself and wants a fan to have one just like it. Write the best letter and the gift is yours.



☞ *Typical of California is the 'Catalina' swim suit with the flying fish emblem and the sun-line back chosen by Bessie Love for you.*

Summer Sports Wardrobe from Bessie Love

☞ The question you must answer: Do you believe a star should be kept in the same type of rôle in which she scores her greatest success, such as Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody?" Give reasons for your answer.

☞ Below: Bessie Love in a charming sports ensemble. The sweater is the smart Antibes model in peach jersey. A rough straw braid hat, short light-weight peach socks, and white kid shoes complete this costume.



☞ This sports suit is a product of Country Club Manufacturing Company.

☞ The costume below and to the left is called the 'Movie-Mode' sports suit. It is in powder-blue with a full pleated skirt set on a snugly fitting yoke, hip-length box style jacket, and a little pique vestee with a narrow red ribbon which matches the red beret.



☞ This sports ensemble is a feature of Best & Co., New York.



☞ Directly above, you see Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, who gave the party. Among those present—pick them out!—were Ruth Chatterton, Renee Adoree, Billy Haines, Robert Leonard, Gertrude Olmstead, King Vidor, Eleanor Boardman, Marion Davies, George K. Arthur.

THE STARRY

Read About the Party that Had All Hollywood Talking!

"I'll just bet that man over there, dressed as an army cadet, is Irving Thalberg!" exclaimed Patsy the Party Hound in an inspired tone. "But who can the other one, dressed the same way, be? It just can't be Norma Shearer!"

But it was! Billy Haines, that terror of social functions in Hollywood, went over and pinched Irving on the arm, and said, "Oh, excuse me! I thought it was Norma!"

Then Norma laughed an embarrassed and astonished little laugh, and we knew her.

"But isn't it just too gorgeous!" exclaimed Patsy, catching her breath at the beauty of it as we looked around.

Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were giving quite the most gorgeous masquerade party that has ever been held in Hollywood. Or rather this one took place

at the Beverly Hills Hotel, just outside Hollywood. The whole lower floor was given over to the Rathbones' guests, and the Venetian ball-room in particular was aglow with lights and flowers, while even the great terrace was softly lighted and furnished with easy chairs, little sofas and small tables; and the guests in all sorts of gorgeous and picturesque costumes were dancing to the music of the Spanish and colored orchestras which played alternately, or were chatting in groups, trying to guess each other's identity.

Our hostess, beautiful Ouida Bergere, just had to unmask beforehand, because otherwise her guests were rather bewildered, and besides she was dashing about so hard, seeing to it that everybody was happy, that she confided to us she was just smothering behind her mask. She looked



The cadets above are
Irving Thalberg and
Norma Shearer!

MASQUERADE

By Grace Kingsley

stunning in a Spanish grand dame costume, while Basil Rathbone looked just too sheikishly handsome in a sort of Russian peasant costume.

We saw the beginning of a romance, too, though we didn't know it at the time. Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were meeting almost for the first time. Indeed, they didn't know each other behind the masks, but Jack pursued a small feminine figure clad as Oliver Twist.

"What's Oliver 'asking for more' of?" inquired Patsy.

"Why, Jack Gilbert, of course!" answered John Davidson, who was our escort, and who had come dressed as Romeo.

Jack danced with Ina several times before he discovered who she was.

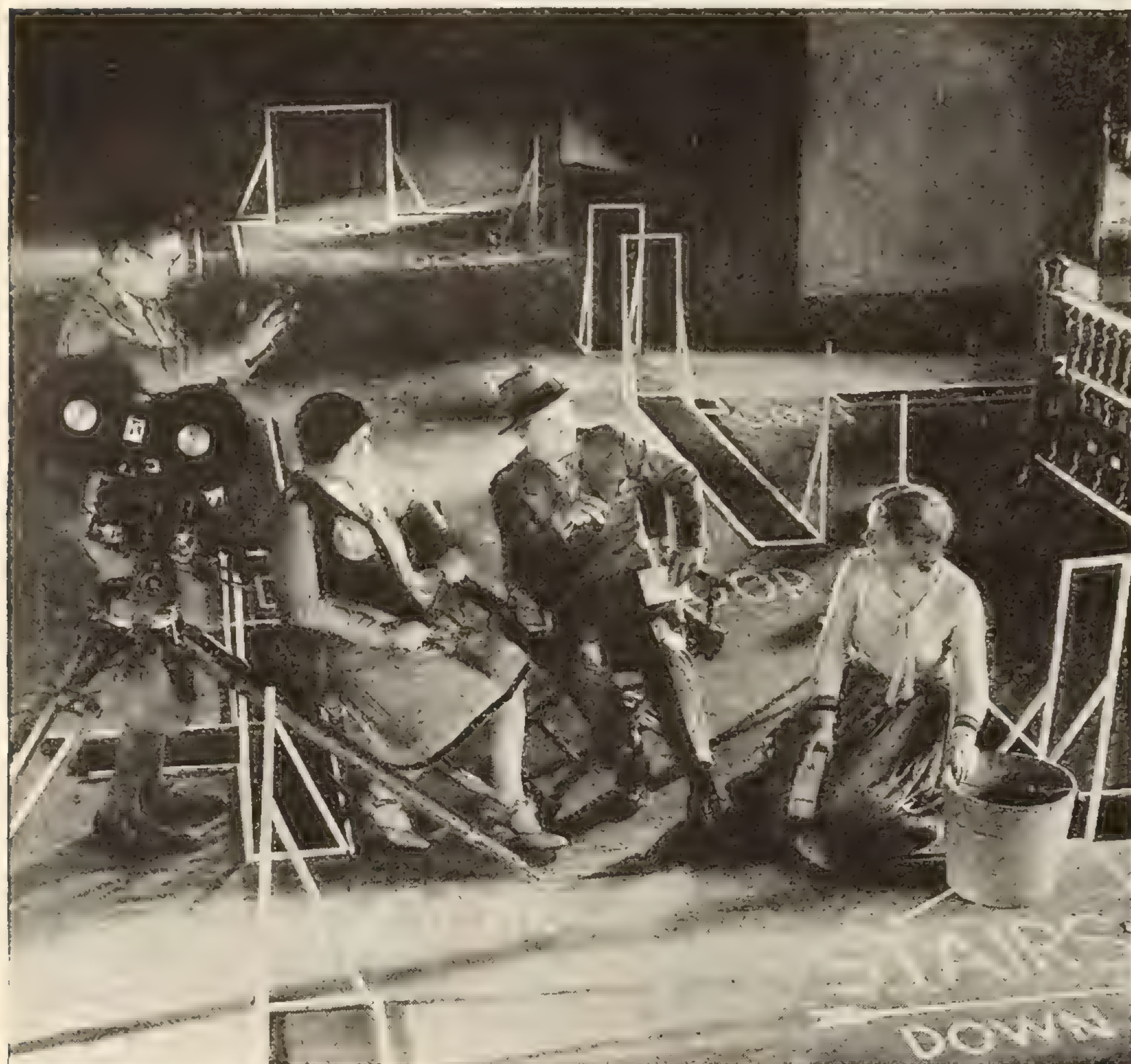
Greta Garbo was there, but we didn't see her dancing

or talking with Jack at all. Indeed, I believe there was a distant coolness between them, or at least on Greta's part. I don't know whether Jack even noticed it. Of course Jack and Greta's romance has been cooling for some time anyway.

Greta was clad as Hamlet, and maintained to a big extent the aloofness and somberness of that unsociable prince, who, as John remarked, "never gave a party but once so far as known and that was when he wanted to get something on somebody."

"That's quite too hard-boiled a remark for gentle Romeo to make!" chided Gertrude Olmstead, who was looking very cunning as the rabbit which Bob Leonard, her husband, as the Nimrod, was gunning for. These two put on a funny act, by the way, with Bob chasing Gertrude. Nobody knew either one of them until (Cont. on page 98)

BROADWAY



Q *How is Hollywood Withstanding the Onslaught of Stage Talent? Here's the Answer.*

By
Rob Wagner

Q *The latest in Hollywood: the rehearsal of scenes on skeleton sets before the permanent sets are built on sound stages and action is photographed and microphoned. Herbert Brenon is shown rehearsing Winifred Westover in the title rôle of "Lummox" while the author, Fannie Hurst, looks on. Note stage directions on the studio floor.*

YOU remember "The Perils of Pauline," "The Dangers of Dorothy" and other exciting serials in which the beautiful heroine was once-a-week subjected to the most threatening experiences? Well, none of those now classic Odysseys of cataclysm are to be compared with the crises of Cinematta, for the fortunes of this beautiful celluloid goddess have been in perpetual jeopardy for the past fifteen years.

When I look back upon the various crises that Hollywood has experienced I marvel at her resiliency and marvel still more that each new crises is taken so seriously.

The first great crisis came with the perfection of studio lighting which made California sunshine unnecessary to the making of pictures. Then why make them so far from the home office? Lasky-Famous-Players started the exodus back East, followed by Metro, Fox and others. Big studios were opened in New York and Florida and it began to look as if Hollywood would soon be numbered among the



Q *Co-directors—Edward Sutherland, of the movies, and John Cromwell, of the Broadway stage, directed "Burlesque" together. No casualties!*

INVASION

'ghost cities' left over from the days of California gold.

But the crisis was entirely artificial. There were other reasons why it was cheaper and better to make pictures in Hollywood, and within a year the big companies were all back here doing business at the old stand.

The next crisis was the foreign invasion. Great directors and actors from Europe flocked to Hollywood to the growing alarm of our native craftsmen. Lubitsch, Leni, Murnau, Stein, Sven Gade and a host of other directors soon had Griffith, DeMille and Brenon tossing in their sleep, while Pola Negri, Greta Garbo, de Putti and lesser exotic movie queens sent our local royalty to their favorite fortune tellers that they might learn the worst.

Against this invasion there seemed nothing to do until the same phenomenon was observed in the lower ranks of Filmdom. Here the invaders ran up against real organized opposition. With Russian princes and grand dukes taking the places of the old-time extras, when it became idiomatic that the best credential for an 'extra' job was a foreign accent—then trouble began. The organization of the extras, Equity, The American Legion, trade and fan papers all went to the bat to save our great American film industry from Europeanization.

Then suddenly came the talkies and another crisis was passed.

That is, the foreign danger was past. Producers right away began to exercise great caution in renewing options on the contracts of their foreign stars, irrespective of popularity. The first to leave was Pola, to be followed shortly by the greatest of them all, last year's winner of the Academy's first prize, Emil Jannings. Now the exodus of the foreign actors is all the other way. They are headed back to Europe in droves.

Not so, however, among the directors and writers. Lubitsch, Stein, Leni and Hans Kraly, in the few short years they have been here, have so completely mastered our language that they are fully competent to write for and direct our American actors. Paul Stein, for instance, though previously knowing nothing about American newspapers, spent three days in a down-town newspaper office, and returning directed the action and dialogue of what many critics say is the best newspaper story the films have shown: "The Office Scandal." As for Lubitsch and Kraly, they have a finer understanding of English words than most of us who have been brought (Cont. on page 107)

¶ Two Titans—Edgar Selwyn of Broadway and Cecil B. De Mille of Culver City, Cal. Friendly rivals!



¶ George Abbott, famous Broadway stage director of "Coquette," "Broadway," and "Gentlemen of the Press," is now directing Moran and Mack for Paramount.



☞ Fred Niblo and his all-star location cast: Conrad Nagel, Helen Ludlam, Eleanor Boardman, and John Gilbert.

☞ Screenland's Location Lady was the Only Outsider Allowed on this Talkie Location for "Redemption."

On Location

By Helen Ludlam

THE scene was 'set up' in a grove of beautiful eucalyptus trees on Lot Two, a dominion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and about a mile from the studio. A sound line was strung from the studio to the location which simplified matters considerably because it did away with the generating wagon which is a necessity on sound locations and raises a terrific hullabaloo.

It was a very interesting location, this one for "Redemption," and SCREENLAND'S Location Lady was all set up, too, that she had been given an opportunity to cover it!

To begin with—glance at the cast! Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Lena Malena, Claire McDowell, Conrad Nagel, Tully Marshall, and—oh yes! There was John Gilbert!

There was so much pulchritude and personality that I am sure no indoor stage would have held them all at one time. Even in the big outdoors the air vibrated with this and that—to say nothing of romance. It was the very next night at the masquerade ball given by the Basil Rathbones that the whirlwind romance between Jack and Ina Claire, which culminated in their marriage less than ten days afterwards, began.

Jack wasn't working that first day, but he had come anyway, to talk over some business details with Fred Niblo, his director. He wore a dark



☞ The 'set up' of the gypsy camp in which some of the most in the barouche; Claire McDowell standing

¶ Fred Niblo Directs Jack Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman, and Conrad Nagel and Lets Us Look On and Listen.



¶ Jack Gilbert in his costume as Fedya greets Helen Ludlam, SCREENLAND'S representative, on the outdoor set.

with John Gilbert

Photography by Pollock



important scenes in "Redemption" occur. Eleanor Boardman to the right; Fred Niblo directing.

blue suit and drove his favorite car, a new Ford. He always drives himself unless he is going to an opening or some social event. And then his limousine has to work.

Mr. Niblo was in his element at the moment directing the crowd of 'gypsies'—well, not exactly in his element, because the crowd was not large enough.

The director of "Ben Hur" likes 'em in thousands, not just dozens. But it was enough to bring a sparkle to his eye, and his genial, enthusiastic personality was hitting on all six.

They were taking the early scenes of the picture at the gypsy camp. When Jack, who plays Fedya and is a great favorite, arrives on his snow-white steed they all make a great fuss over him. One girl, scarcely more than a child, throws her wreath across the fire for him to catch. That is a gypsy challenge for him to jump through it, his reward being the maiden's kiss. Jack gallantly leaps the flames amid cheers from his friends and glowering looks from some of the young blades who were not so courageous when the other girls threw wreaths to them. The little gypsy girl was Lena Malena.

But there were other, and distinguished visitors to the camp and just as Jack bends his head to claim the kiss, his eyes meet those of Eleanor Boardman. The gypsies roar with derisive laughter (Cont. on page 102)



¶ She's five-foot nothing and does not look like an author! Her latest book is "Applause."



¶ Beth Brown with Norma Shearer, who will star in the film version of her book, "Ballyhoo."

The BABY AUTHOR

¶ *The Story of
Beth Brown*

By Sydney Valentine

YOU have heard enough about Baby Stars. Here's a Baby Author! And she is a star, too, in her own field. Beth Brown is a little bit of a girl, but she has written and published six books and has recently received a check somewhere in the neighborhood of \$25,000 for the screen rights of her latest book, "Applause"—and a very good neighborhood to be in, if you ask me!

And she is only in her very early twenties, pretty, gay, and not, by her own confession, very much like an author! To begin with, she always wanted to go on the stage. So—she went! She usually does the things she wants to do, by the way. At the tender age of five she was on the stage! But her mother objected so she retired to private life, convinced, however, that nothing would ever fascinate her so much as the sights and the sounds and the smells of the footlights. And the stage is still her favorite 'location'; she writes about it in her most popular books—"Ballyhoo," and "Applause."

When an executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the movie rights to "Ballyhoo" for Norma Shearer to star in, he looked at the baby author and then at the check he was about to give her, an amazed light in his eyes. "Such a little girl," he sighed, "and such a big check!"

Paramount has purchased "Applause" and thinks so much of its screen possibilities that it is making a feature production of it, signing Helen Morgan of Broadway to sing and act the leading rôle.



The manuscript of Beth Brown's latest book is in its finishing stages now, and it is taller than she is! It is about vaudeville life.

Her advice to budding authors is: "First you must have something to say and then you must say it!" and "Write about the things you know." She says of her own work that 'now that she has finished her sixth books she feels she has served her apprenticeship and can begin to write.'

When she was asked to say something about herself she dashed off what she called an 'Autobioglet,' and since it expresses Beth Brown more completely than anything I can say, I'm passing it on!

"I am five foot nothing, do not look like an author, do not live in an attic and have a pug nose. I was on the stage long before my kindergarten days (my father was a showman). But my mother, who is a blue-blood, yanked me off and sent me away to school.

"When I grew up—a little older—no taller (sigh), I wanted more than anything else to be an author. To be an author, so I had heard, required a variety of experiences with life. With this in view, I forged doughnuts in a sandwich wagon, worked as a check-room girl in a Broadway cabaret, joined a Carnival show, then a burlesque show, went to Hollywood and worked in movie comedies, wrote two juvenile books and three novels, and then 'Applause.' Now I've finished another novel.

"I divide my time equally between writing fiction and (Cont. on page 111)



Photograph by Gaston Longet

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

NANCY CARROLL in "Burlesque"

"It's Surely

¶ When Billie Dove Deserts
the Studio for a Day in an
Old-fashioned Garden



¶ Billie Dove must have her day off just like every other working girl. She dons a simple dress, so different from her screen creations, lets her luxuriant raven locks run riot, and tries to forget she is a famous film star.

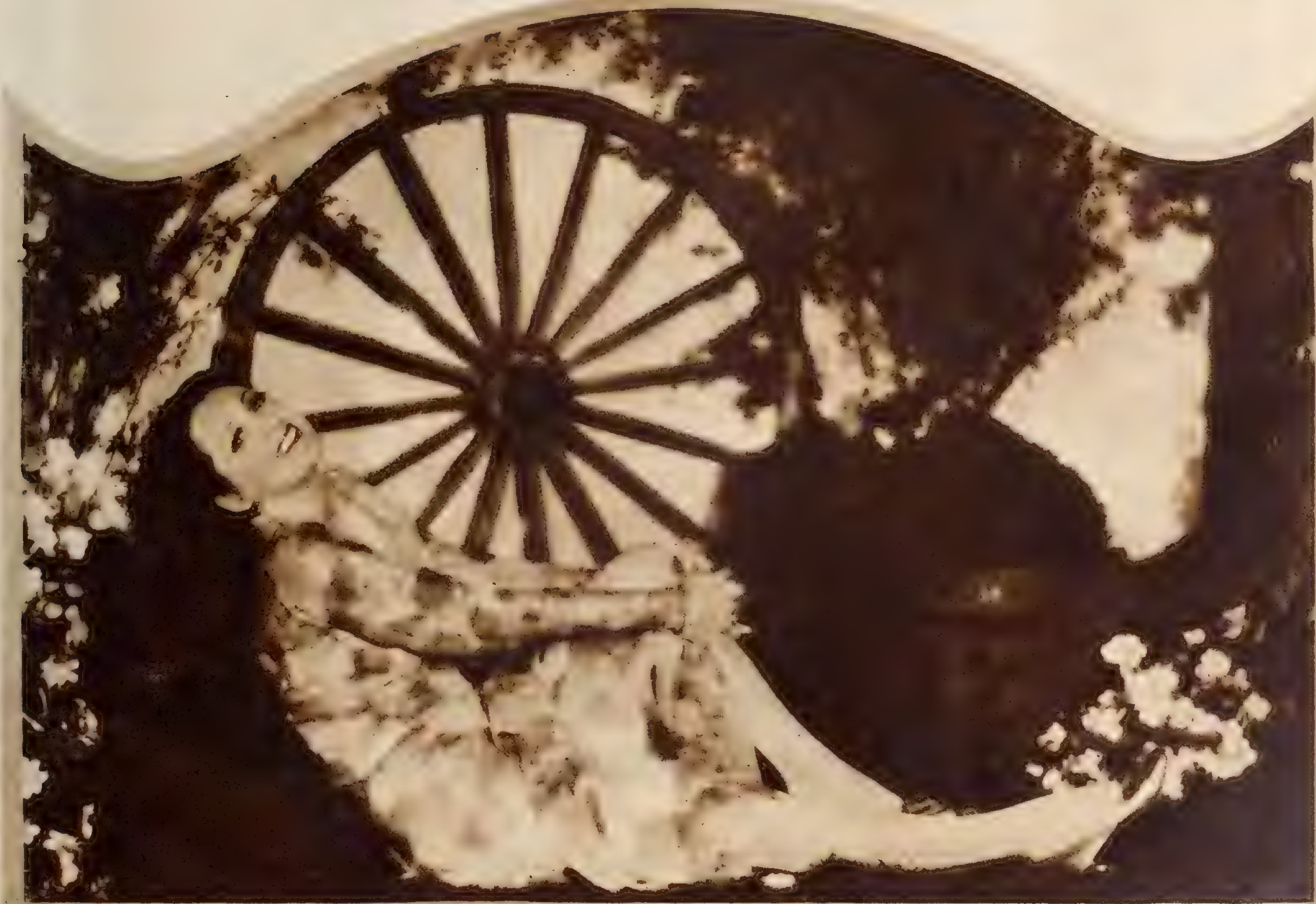
Summer!"



☞ All on a summer's day! Billie Dove dreams away an idle afternoon.



All photographs on these two pages by Elmer Fryer, exclusively for SCREENLAND.



☞ A beauty like Billie can't hope to evade the eager photographer. Everywhere that Miss Dove goes, a camera is sure to follow. Screen stars have no strictly private lives and they learn, like Billie, to grin and bear it!



Hommel

THE movie villain comes into his own!
William Powell, after a long career of
screen crime, is now a fascinating hero and star.



Preston Duncan

THE latest and littlest Bennett—Joan, sister of Constance and Barbara, who is now a full-fledged film featurette herself.



Hal Phyfe

ANOTHER lovely lady from the stage signs up for screen stardom—Mary Eaton, whose singing and dancing you'll enjoy.



"EVANGELINE" is the latest portrait in Dolores Del Rio's colorful gallery of beautiful and interesting heroines.



Autrey

IT must be—it looks like—it *is* Love! Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy embrace in the interests of "The Black Watch."

HER TRIAL CAREER

By
James M. Fidler

TRIAL marriages have been topics of discussion for two years.

It remained for Sally Eilers to introduce "trial film careers." Like the heroine of many a good old novel, "she did it for her mother."

You see, Papa Eilers wanted his Sally to go to college. Mama Eilers was equally anxious that her daughter attend a school where she might learn costume designing.

The movies? Papa Eilers and Mama Eilers turned up their noses in unison.

"Not the place," they chorused, "for our child."

To discourage Sally's movie ambitions, they pointed out to her the thousands of pretty girls who are working as extras and who will never be more than that. Sally looked beyond those extras and saw the hundreds who had succeeded in getting somewhere.

Then papa and mama Eilers named a number of stars and players who were involved in scandals. "The movies," they advised Sally, "will ruin your morals." For answer, red-headed Sally named ten times as many stars and players whose lives have not been touched by scandal.

For every argument advanced by her parents, Sally offered a rebuttal. For every bad feature with which they confronted her, Sally mentioned many good features.

¶ Said Sally Eilers: "If I don't make good in the movies within six months, I'll quit." Read her story.

Then she propositioned father and mother Eilers. It was a sporting gamble she offered them:

"Give me six months to show signs of progress," she said. "If, at the end of that time, I have made no forward steps toward screen success, I will quit the movies and go to college. But if I have shown progress, I shall continue to be a motion picture actress."

Probably Mr. Eilers and his wife, looking at Sally's red hair and flashing eyes, decided that if they did not compromise, their

¶ Sally—sweet, snappy, and successful!

daughter would go right ahead without their permission. So they said "Yes."

That was the inception of the first (and as far as I know, the only) "trial film career."

Sally set forth. The first studio she visited was the William Fox plant. She got no further. They needed a fiery red-head for a bit in a picture then in production. Sally filled their need. She created an impression that led to other bits. The first two months of the six months' trial were most productive. Sally would smile at her parents. Of course, they were not exactly angry. They trusted their daughter and if she could make good, why, God bless her.

Then two bad months followed. Sally's good spirits dropped like the red in a thermometer on an icy day. Four months of her six were passed and she had shown little, if any progress. And then dawn came!

Her first opportunity was in "Cradle Snatchers." Her part wasn't great but it was good. Her work was not startling but it was consistent. Her beauty and personality, however, caused comment in the offices of those who produce motion pictures.

"Slightly Used," a Warner Brothers production, came immediately after "Cradle Snatchers." All the time she was working in the studios, Sally had a tutor. She studied nights instead of playing. She earned her high-school diploma by diligent attention to her books.

Among the friends Sally met at the studio was Carol Lombard, whom she had (Cont. on page 109)



Ronald Colman



☞ Ronald Colman at home, in sports clothes and Beverly Hills!

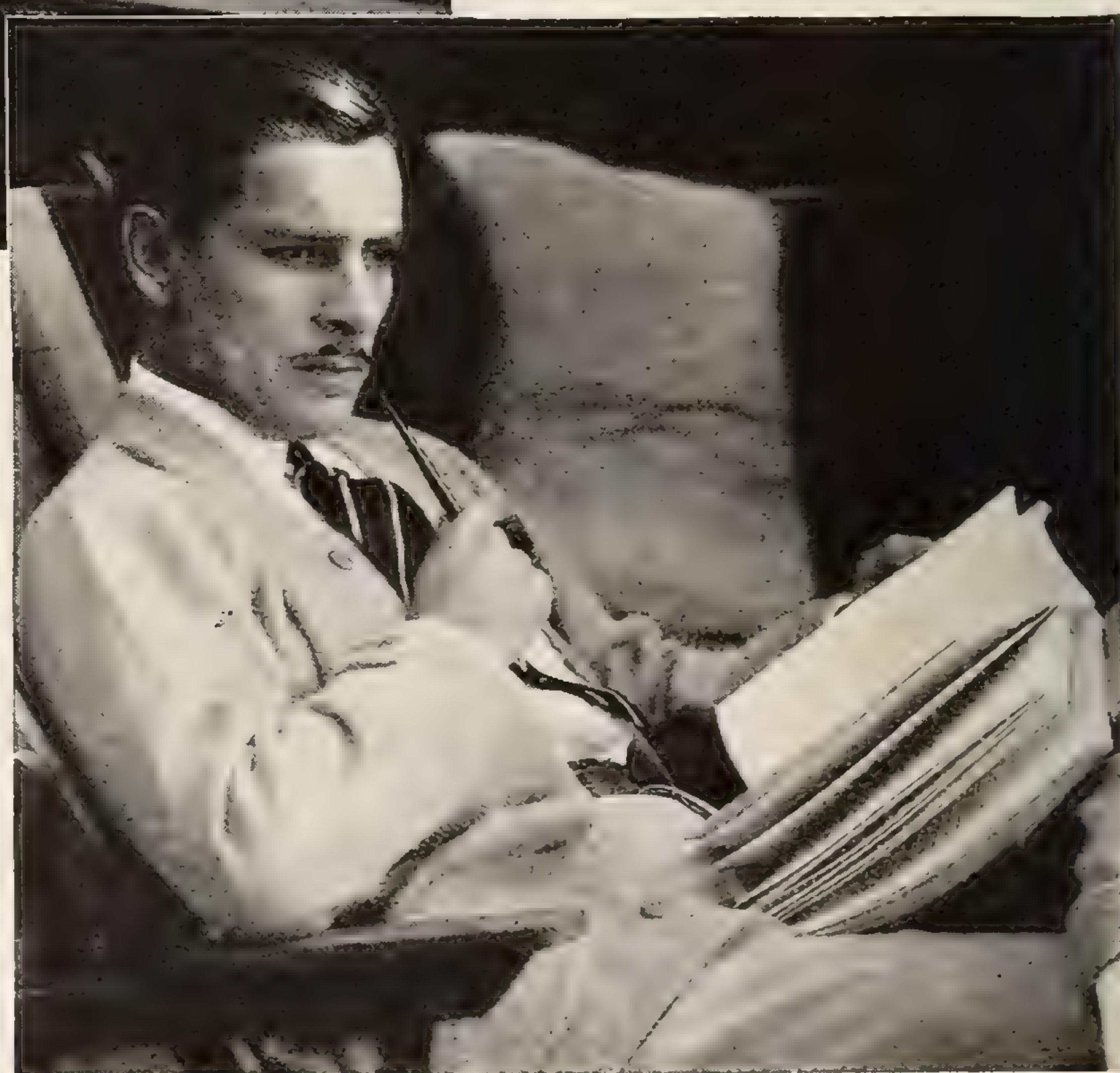
RONALD COLMAN delivered his SCREENLAND contest gifts in person. He found the time during his brief and busy vacation visit to Manhattan to drop in and shake hands all 'round. He was a huge success in his SCREENLAND special short subject and we wish we had a talkie newsreel of the event! Ronald is a tennis enthusiast, you know, and he selected the two rackets himself—one, a Mary K. Browne model for a feminine player, and the other, a man's racket—both from Spalding's, the famous sporting goods store on Fifth Avenue, New York. Balls are included. Both men and women are eligible to enter this contest. Whichever wins, he or she will be able to invite a partner to play tennis!

Address:—RONALD COLMAN
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes August 10, 1929

☞ *Ronnie Serves Doubles! He Offers Two Tennis Rackets, with Balls, to the Winner of this Contest. Write the Best Letter and Hold Court All Summer!*

☞ Write the best letter—that is, the clearest, cleverest, and most sincere answering Ronnie's question, and you will win the rackets.

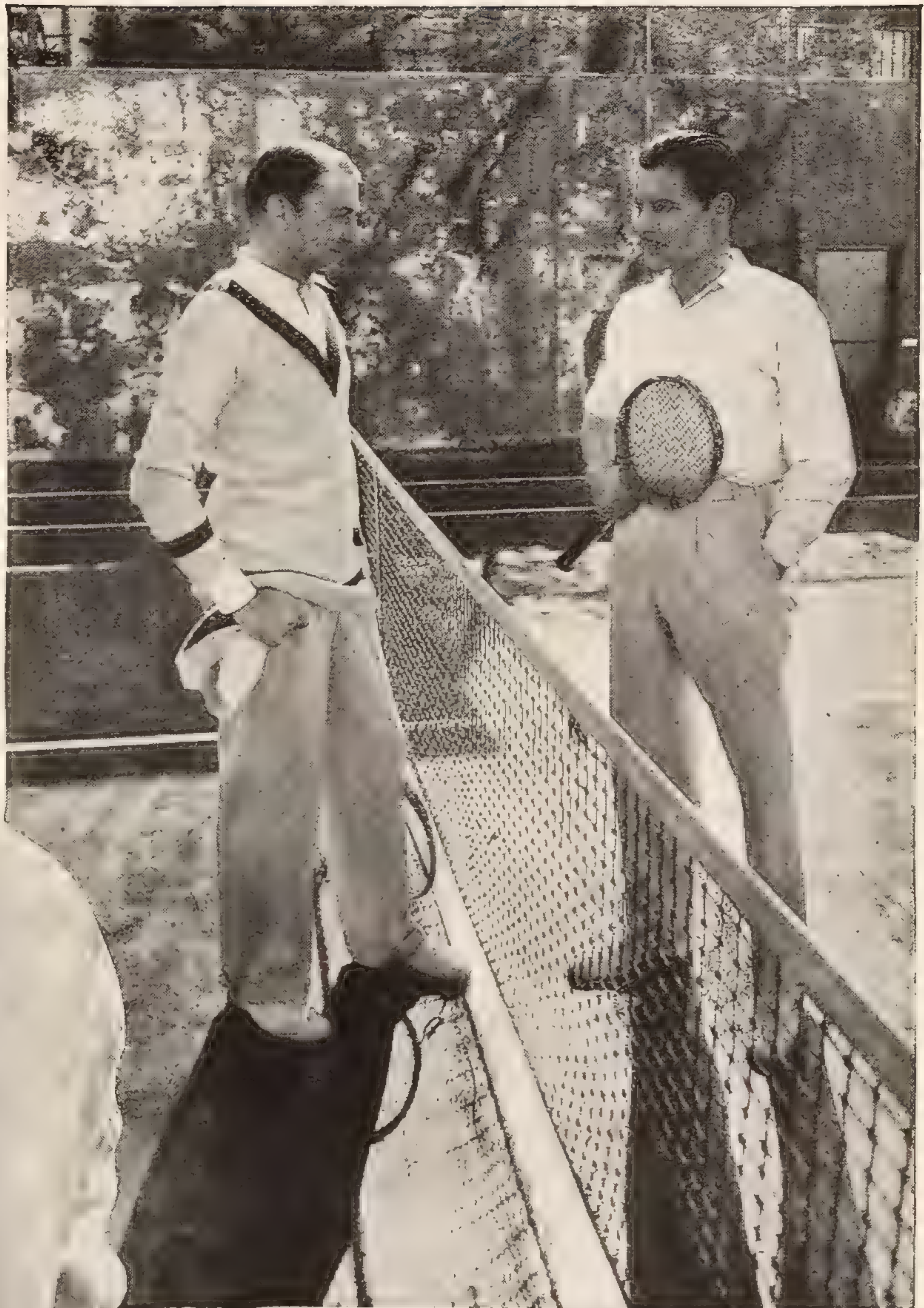


☞ An Englishman transplanted to Hollywood is still an Englishman.

Offers a Gift

¶ *The Question You Must Answer: Is Ronald Colman at his Best in Romantic Rôles Such as he Played in "Two Lovers," or in Modern Sophisticated Comedy Such as "Bulldog Drummond?" Why Do You Think So?*

¶ *Get in on the racket! Ronnie offers two — Spalding's best — complete with balls, in khaki zipper cases.*



¶ *Colman and his fellow-countryman, Clive Brook, on the tennis court of Ronnie's English home in the California hills. What's the score, Clive?*



*Some of the Biggest Stars
in Pictures were 'Fired'
Before They were Per-
manently Hired.*



Josephine Dunn was 'let out' by one company because it was said she couldn't or wouldn't act—only to be signed to a long-term contract by a rival producer!

'Firing'

S EVEN years ago, Joseph Schenck, Caesar of the Cinema, gazed rather gloomily at some motion picture tests of a lad from Lancashire, England, who had come to work at the studio. Schenck looked glum—in fact, particularly glum.

"No chance in the world for a chap like that," he muttered. "Crooked mouth. Impossible nose. Eyes too light and set all wrong!" And he promptly told the young man he had better get through and go into some other business.

The lad, by the way, was Reginald Denny.

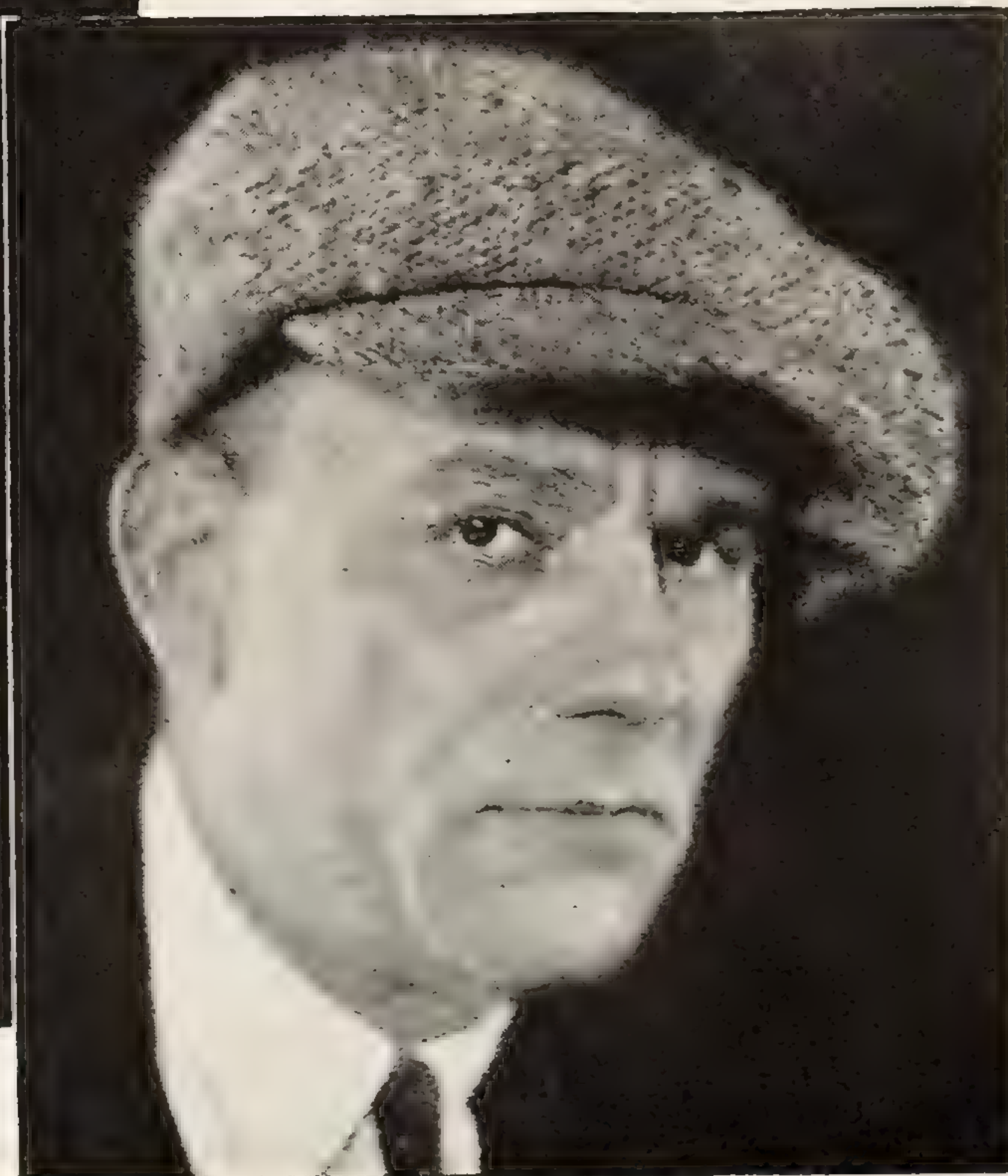
But did he take Mr. Schenck's kind advice and hunt around for other fields to conquer? Yes—he did not! He stuck to the films and finally got a foothold in them. Today he is one of Universal's biggest drawing cards.

It is that way. Many of the biggest stars on the screen to-day have been 'fired' at some time or other. Mack Sennett, Jack Warner, D. W. Griffith, Jesse Lasky, Winfield Sheehan—all hard-headed, far-sighted picture producers, known for their keen discernment in picking potential stars, have 'fired' players that later they probably wished for all the world they hadn't!

Screen-ambitious young Lochinvars, would-be Pickfords or Del Rios, taking an ignominious exit through the back gate of one studio, are found rolling pompously through the hastily opened portals of another—perhaps even bigger and better—within the twelvemonth.

One producer may see nothing but a freckled, awkward boy in the lad whom a rival executive will visualize as the personification of impetuous American youth. Or the pretty, slangy, little extra girl may be termed just a little doll by one producer and be recognized as a potential Clara Bow or Alice White when seen by another! It's all a matter of personal opinion and taste.

Josephine Dunn, for example, is thought to have done a particularly fine piece of acting in her rôle as the wife in "Excess Baggage." When the very first 'rushes' were shown, Metro-Goldwyn signed her up on a long-term contract. And



Lon Chaney was seen in so many tough mob scenes in Tod Browning's old Universal pictures that he became a trademark. He left the lot and when he next returned it was to star in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Now Chaney is the greatest character star on the screen.

the Stars!

By
Gordon R. Silver

since then there have been many calls from other studios for the loan of her services.

Yet Miss Dunn, a graduate of the Paramount School of Acting, spent many idle months on the Lasky lot before she was eventually 'let out' because it was said she simply couldn't or wouldn't act.

Nancy Carroll was under contract to Fox. She had appeared opposite Tom Mix in a 'western' and had a small part in "Ladies Must Dress," starring Virginia Valli. Then criticism started coming her way. Some hinted that she was too plump; others said that her face was 'too round.' Anyway Nancy didn't play in many more Fox films. Then one day, Paramount officials seeking everywhere for a Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose" ran across one of her early screen tests. They sent for Miss Carroll, who was much disgusted with pictures by this time and about ready to return to her first love, the stage. "Make another test for us," they urged her. "No, indeed," came Nancy's answer. "You won't take me anyway and it would only be wasting time." And she simply wouldn't—but like a woman, she finally did! And now she's one of Paramount's featured players and considered a real screen find.

Gary Cooper played a bit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," for Samuel Goldwyn. After the film was completed, he was told there wasn't anything more for him to do. He wasn't given any kind of a contract. For months, Gary drifted along until Paramount picked him up. At present, he is one of the most popular leading men of the screen. He first won bouquets for a small part in "Wings" and later, for a part in "The Legion of the Condemned." And now bouquets are coming his way with great regularity.

Charles Farrell and Don Alvarado were both dismissed by the Warner Brothers. Charlie was signed up by them one day and put to work in a picture the next. The picture when finished wasn't so good.

"But I was much worse!" said Charlie, "so bad that they tore up my contract and told me 'to git!'" (Cont. on page 110)



☞ Charlie Farrell enjoys the distinction of having been 'fired' by two of the best producers. Mack Sennett put him in a picture but when the first day's rushes were run the famous comedy impresario cried: "He's terrible! Somebody fire him!" And then somebody else hired Charlie and he stayed hired!



☞ They told Nancy Carroll her face was too round to register. She was about to return to the stage when Paramount persuaded her to have a test—for "Abie's Irish Rose."

The BAD BOY



☞ *The original Peck's Bad Boy, Billy Haines surveys the world with considerable amusement and would rather laugh out loud in public than snicker in privacy. And does.*

☞ *This portrait of William Haines, which SCREENLAND considers the best ever published of him, is by Ruth Harriet Louise.*

of Hollywood

¶ Here's Bill Haines! What's He Really Like, This Smart-Aleck of the Screen? This Story Tells You.

By Ralph Wheeler

WILLIAM HAINES is the most impossible person in pictures. He refuses to take anything seriously, including himself. Which is all right since nobody takes him with any serious regard.

The first thing that strikes you when you first meet Billy is his enormous size. His booming voice knocks you down with broad vowels at once reminiscent of Ireland and the Mason-Dixon line.

You are completely floored by what first appears to be outrageously brazen flippancy. Then you get up, brush yourself off, and feel silly for being annoyed. For, after all, Billy is just a born clown who looks at the world with considerable amusement.

This workaday life distresses him. He can't see any reason for all the hurry and bustle and mad rush about things commercial. And prudishness—well, Billy would rather laugh out loud in public than snicker in privacy. And does.

Billy was born lazy and in this respect is still in his infancy. It is entirely probable that he will die the same way without growing up.

They say out on the lot that Billy Haines is a perfect fool. He is.

Anyone who would announce his engagement to Polly Moran for publication would have to be. Polly told him so. He followed this up by traipsing all over Hollywood with Polly, escorting her to gala premieres and social functions and proclaiming undying devotion.

And now Hollywood doesn't know what to believe. They wouldn't be surprised to learn that he married her, just to make the joke better.

Billy heard that some stars were insisting upon quitting every day at 4 o'clock. The next day he picked up his makeup box in the middle of a scene and pointed to the clock.

"I'm going home, it's four o'clock and I'm a star!" he announced.

The director gasped.

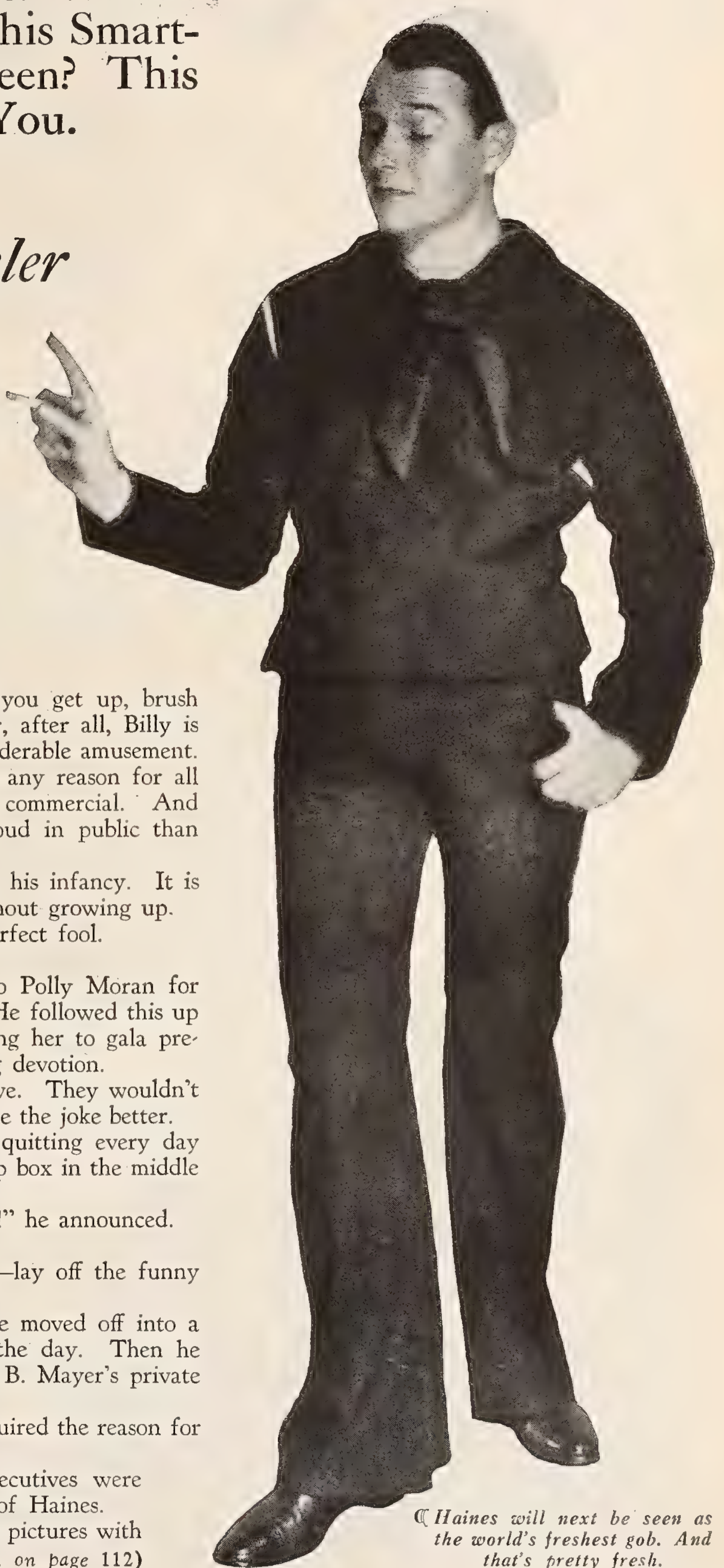
"Come back here and go to work, you big egg—lay off the funny stuff!" he bellowed.

Under protest, Billy went back to work. But he moved off into a corner by himself and scowled until excused for the day. Then he went up to the executive offices and picketed Louis B. Mayer's private sanctum.

"Unfair, shop!" he explained when a passer-by inquired the reason for his strange conduct.

And while Billy was chuckling to himself, executives were wondering if temperament had finally taken hold of Haines.

Now and then Billy is asked to pose for publicity pictures with directors and other studio dignitaries. (Cont. on page 112)



¶ Haines will next be seen as the world's freshest gob. And that's pretty fresh.

Delight Trains' REVIEWS

© Ronald Colman's first talking picture

Bulldog Drummond

Bow-wow! And that's just what I mean, too. "Bulldog Drummond" is a good, old-fashioned wow of a motion picture. I'd come right out and call it a special except that it has no musical comedy chorus tripping down a golden staircase and no flash-backs showing the great lovers of history; so maybe it isn't a special. But if splendid acting, intelligent direction, expert photography and interesting camera angles mean anything—and say they do!—then "Bulldog Drummond" is one of the best motion pictures of this or any other season. In other words, you are entertained. And that's no crime even today, is it?

It is Ronald Colman's first talking picture. He becomes, as far as I'm concerned, the miracle man of the movies. The Colman charm was always something to make me a little feverish, but now that he talks—well, let it go. What are mere words when confronted with a great emotional crisis? All I can say is that with one grand gesture Samuel Goldwyn, Ronnie's picture papa, makes up for all the silly rôles he has handed his star in the past by presenting him with this custom-made part of the bored and gallant Englishman in search of adventure.

And Mr. Goldwyn, increasingly noble, surrounds Mr. Colman with a great cast. Such picturesque personalities as Joan Bennett, as the persecuted heroine; Lilyan Tashman, as a smart schemer; Claude Allister as the only funny representation of a stage Algy; and Montagu Love as First Plotter add to the entertainment. At no time does the director, F. Richard Jones, nor any member of the cast take the plot, which is practically endless, too seriously. That's what makes it all so charming. Colman, his tongue in his cheek, strides through the fantastically melodramatic scenes with incomparable *savoir faire*—in fact, I think he invented it! Miss Bennett is a delicious sprite. I can't say more about "Drummond" now because I have to go out and see it all over again.



*The Movie
of the
Month*

© Montagu Love menaces Joan Bennett and Ronald Colman in this scene from the all-talking production of "Bulldog Drummond."



Real Old-fashioned Love in Hollywood! The Mulhalls' Romance is None the Less Charming Because Seasoned with Humor and Common Sense!

Mrs. Mulhall laughed with amusement as she recounted her early and brief experiences in the movies. She was graduated from a girls' school in Menlo Park and wanted to become a picture star—nothing less.

Her mother got no peace, and finally Evelyn Winans talked her into taking an apartment in Hollywood. Well, she finally won a bit in a picture—she can't even remember the name—but Jack Mulhall was the leading man.

"The first day I was on the set he came over and offered some advice: 'You'll pardon me, Miss,' he said, 'but that makeup you're wearing is much too dark, I'm sure.'

"Honest, I never was so flattered in my life! I could think of nothing else but Jack Mulhall.

"He never looked at me again during the making of the picture. And I learned he was married and had a child and that he was perfectly happy at home.

"Well, that let me out!

"I was still trying to get into pictures. Finally, I got a part with Rudolph Valentino and we were on location at San Francisco.

"Whom do I run into but Jack Mulhall!

"How'd you like to go to dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

"I told him I was sorry, and then, kidlike, I blurted out: 'And besides, you're married.'

"He told me that his wife had died since he saw me.

"But my company was returning and I couldn't go. He wanted my 'phone number, but we had just moved and hadn't had a telephone installed. So he promised to call me up at the studio.

"He didn't call.

"In the meantime, I asked everyone I knew all about him; I was just crazy about him! Two months passed; finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I knew one of his boy friends who lived at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and told him if he saw Jack Mulhall to ask him to call me at such-and-such a number.

"The funny part of it is, he gave the number to Jack, but Jack didn't call!

"Several months later I met him on Broadway, near Eighth street, and he wanted to take me to dinner. I asked him why he hadn't called and he said he didn't know where to find me.

"He didn't even know my name!

"That night we decided we were going to like each other and Jack escorted me home. The next day, he took an apartment in the same house and in a week we were married. Jack's impulsive, like that. But with me—why I knew his history backwards and forwards!"

Mrs. Mulhall is frank about things. She manages Jack's affairs, because he hasn't any understanding of business. They own a business block in Hollywood and she keeps the rents and all that sort of thing straightened out.

"We want to take a long trip," said Mrs. Mulhall, "and we want to travel in fine style—just indulge ourselves in the greatest of luxury when we do go.

"Jack hasn't had a vacation in three years, and really he works very hard. You know, between pictures there are clothes to be fitted, portraits to be taken and many other things to be done. Jack has always worked hard and I guess he just doesn't know how to take it easy. So I try to make things as comfortable for him as I possibly can."

Mrs. Mulhall has some old-fashioned ideas about keeping a husband comfortable.

"If a man comes home from the studio tired and finds his wife home tired, also, there are likely to be some battles," is her way of putting it.

Mrs. Mulhall is a great admirer of her husband's ability and hopes that some day he'll get a 'great picture,' one that will give him tremendous opportunities to show his histrionic possibilities.

"Sometimes girls call Jack up, only rarely, though, because it is hard to reach him on the telephone. But they all seem to feel that he's just a genial, good-natured, handsome fellow. He doesn't get 'sheik' letters very often. They don't seem to feel that way about Jack. "I guess he's just a handsome Irishman that everybody adores!"

Mrs. Mulhall says Jack isn't the type that makes a woman jealous. He doesn't do the things that worry a wife. He likes to play golf, and tennis, or go swimming, but evenings—unless a few friends come in—he would rather get his rest.

Nights find him studying lines since the talkies came into vogue.

He isn't interested in romantic novels. He likes biographies and his favorite magazine is "Time."

But enthusiasm! His is boundless. Mrs. Mulhall marvels at it.

His latest diversion is singing. He has a baritone voice which the music teacher says

(Continued on page 111)



Genial Jack—one of the real men, real husbands, and real actors of the cinema city!

☞ She's so little and light
they have to nail metal
cleats on her dancing shoes
so she'll make enough noise
to suit the 'mike!'



The DANCING DOLL

By
*Bradford
Nelson*



☞ The Story of Sweet Joyce Murray—'Cin- derella of the Iron Slippers.'

MEET Cinderella of the Iron Slippers, the little dancing doll who tapped upon the doors of fame with her toes!
Joyce Murray is the name. Never heard of her? Probably not. But of course you remember that amazing toe-dance number in "Broadway Melody." That was Joyce.

When this 98-pound Irish girl drifted out to the Metro studio when the big musical show was being filmed, she was just another hoofer to the powers-that-be in the casting office.

Today she is a regular long-term contract player at the studio, and as busy a mite as ever was born with a bit of the Blarney in her voice and the smile of Killarney in her eyes.

Just a chit of a girl, elfish and feathery from fingers to toes, no bigger than a minute and almost as fleeting as a second, she is able to perform dancing steps of startling intricacies and tremendous endurance. She can stand on her toes for forty-two minutes at a time and holds a record of steady toe-dancing of seventeen minutes' duration, the usual toe-dance number being about two minutes.

And she scarcely had a lesson in her life!

In fact, Joyce made her debut as a professional dancer when she was four years old and has been on the stage almost continuously since that time. And yet, until she came to Los Angeles three years ago, she never had instruction.

Like all Cinderellas, Joyce had a fairy god-mother.

It was Bessie Love who waved the magic wand.

Joyce was dancing in "Sunny," then playing at the Mayan Theater in downtown Los Angeles. One night the ensemble was ordered to report at a film studio to work in a back-stage scene for "Sally of the Scandals," of which Bessie Love was the star.

(Continued on page 110)



☞ 98 pounds of
Irish enthusiasm
and elfin grace—
Joyce Murray.



Eugene Robert Richee

CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS and Mary Brian in a tender scene from "A Man Must Fight." Yes, and a man must love.



Lansing Brown

CHARMING and blonde and clever, Nancy Drexel adds a sweet clear voice to her other screen equipment. Listen!



Lansing Brown

ONE of Hollywood's most popular young men, in or out of the studios—Ben Lyon, aviator and fiance of Bebe Daniels.



DOUGLAS MacLEAN—a new portrait.
And his new talkie is "Divorce Made
Easy," a Christie comedy.



MARIE PREVOST is Doug's leading lady, and she sings the theme song of the film—"So Sweet." So's Marie!



Russell Ball

AMONG the youngsters scheduled for stardom William Bakewell stands out. He is an actor of genuine promise.



William E. Thomas

SWEET Sally O'Neil! She returns to the screen from vaudeville in a blaze of glory, scoring in "On With the Show."



Russell Ball

THE musical version of "Rose-Marie," now being filmed, is graced with the vocal and optical charm of Carlotta King.



☞ Ina and Jack breakfasting in their Beverly Hills home. And they lived happily ever after!

And So They Were Married!



☞ Jack has a smile for the whole wide world now—even for the photographers who interrupted his honeymoon!

☞ An argument about talking pictures brought them together. They both won.



☞ Just as Jack slipped the ring on Ina's finger and Judge Roger Foley made them man and wife.

THEY met at a party! She asked his advice about the talkies, and when he gave it to her, she, being a woman, didn't agree with him at all. Several heated arguments followed this first disagreement, until Jack Gilbert probably decided that women and talking pictures are more or less alike—just an enigma! Yet he was impressed by Ina Claire's knowledge of the spoken drama gained in her long experience on the stage, and he listened to her in spite of himself. Then came the Basil Rathbones' masquerade. Ina was there. So was Greta Garbo. And so was Jack. Somehow or other, before very long Jack and Ina found themselves together, and, before they knew it, desperately in love. As soon as Jack could be spared from the filming of "Redemption" they went to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married. And now they're living in Jack's beautiful home, and very, very happy. Maybe some day Jack and Ina will make a picture together. We hope so.

What the

¶ Inquiring Into their Very Private Inspirations



¶ Olive Borden says the atmosphere of the studio is sufficient to inspire her to do her best work. Incidentally Olive has never yet seen one of her own pictures completed.

WHAT is inspiration? What makes a painter paint, a musician immortalize melodies that have the power to bring tears or smiles to our eyes although they were written years, even centuries ago? What magic is it in a poet's musings that will send the reader out into a world of sunshine or a world of woe? What enchantment does a dramatist call to his aid to make his argument so real; what gives the actor the ability to interpret all of these things and play upon the hearts of us who weep or smile with him in his good or evil fortune?

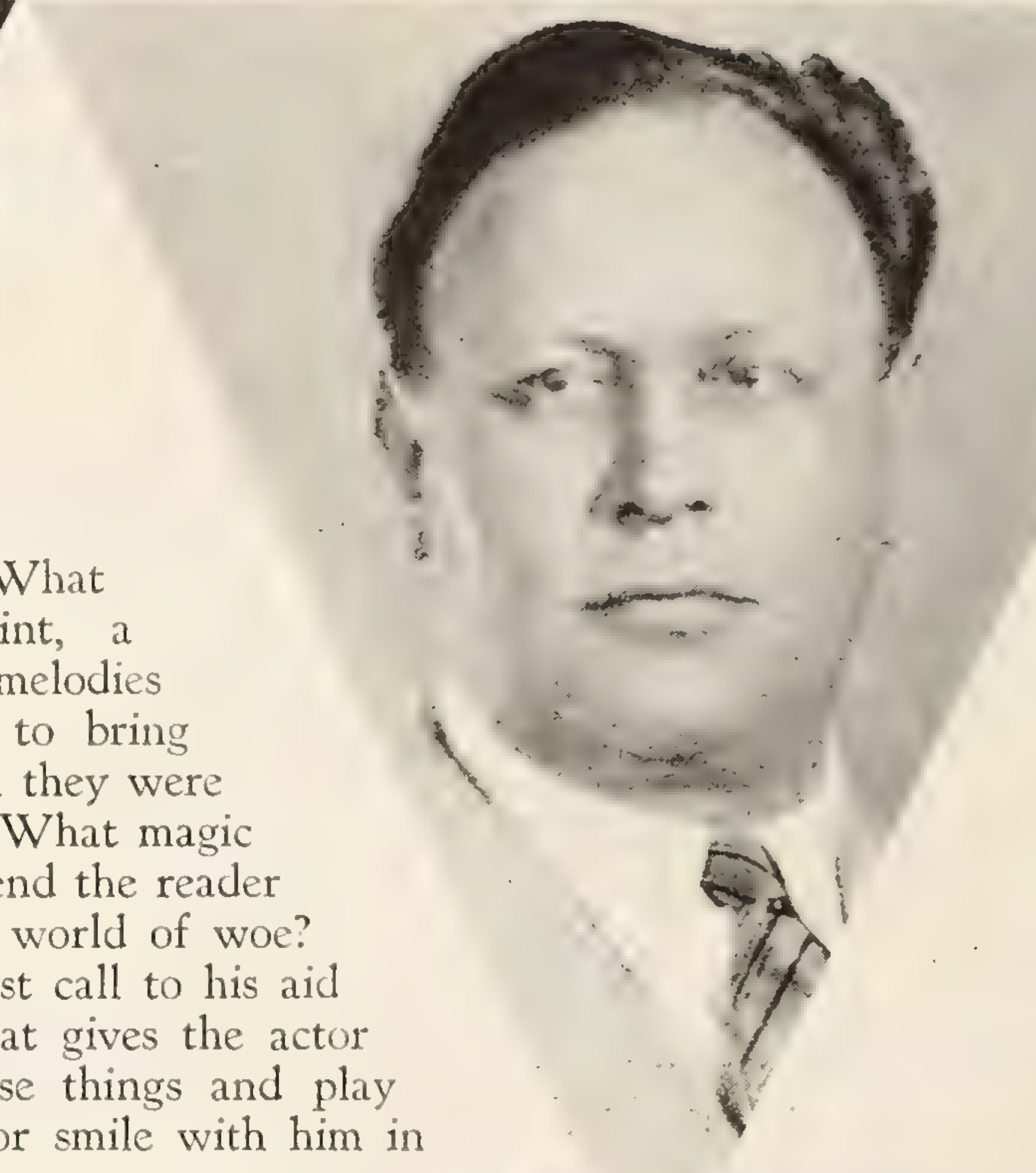
It was said that scarcely a week passed during the time Clara Morris played "L'Article 47" that someone was not carried out of the theater in a faint, so terribly had her magnificent performance stirred them.

The witchery of Julia Marlowe and the beauty of her voice sent people from her theater in an ecstasy of romantic vision.

Do you remember an early scene in "The Last Command" in which Emil Jannings reached for his precious medal that a fellow extra had put at the top of a sword far above his head? I have heard several people say that it seems to them the most important thing in the world that the pitiful old man got that medal back again. Evelyn Brent was one of them. She told me she found herself thinking that if he didn't get it, she would have to get it for him!

Remember Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody?" Watching Bessie's dream castle crumble was a thing no one could do impassively. It wasn't the situation, because we have looked at many tragic situations on the screen quite comfortably. It was what Bessie put into the scene that made it almost unbearable. In her performance was the grief of all the women in the world who have loved unselfishly, and have lost with shoulders squared.

I saw "Topsy and Eva" seven times on the stage and twice on the screen in New York. Poor as the picture was, ridiculously as it was handled, the words of Topsy's prayer alone had in them sincerity and truth. Tears streamed from the eyes of men and women in that New York theater as Rosetta Duncan



¶ Jannings, the great, has been an inspiration to all the actors who have ever worked with him. And Emil says that America has helped him: "It has made my work simpler, and simplicity is the highest form of art."



¶ Betty Compson says: "If a scene is so uninspiring that an actress has to think of something in her own life to bring reality into her work, she is playing in bad luck! Technique is what counts."

Inspires Stars?

By
Helen Ludlam



Clara Bow plays a scene with her whole heart and soul because she is interested in the girl she is playing and she wants others to like her, too!



Conrad Nagel is inspired by achievement. He often plays in two pictures at once because his work interests him so keenly. Consequently Hollywood recognizes in Nagel a fine workman.

drove the agony of the lonely little slave child's heart home to her audience. How do these people get that way? What gives them the power to reach into your heart and twist it until you cry for mercy either from laughter or from tears? What is their inspiration?

Well, various things, so they tell me!

One of her directors asked Norma Talmadge how she was able to cry so easily. "That is simple," Norma is said to have replied. "All I have to do is to remember how tired I was when I had to wash the sheets!" Those early days of poverty made Norma weep for the little girl who bore such a bitter burden. So far removed is she now in fortune that the feeling of sympathy is quite impersonal, as though she pitied some other little girl, and not herself at all.

This, according to Betty Compson, is a sure sign that there is something wrong with the scene. "If a scene is so uninspiring that an actress has to think of something in her own life to bring reality into her work, she is playing in bad luck.

"I used to think that you had to feel a thing terribly in order to act. I declared that there was no such thing as technique. An actress was born and not made, and all the other platitudes a young person is apt to indulge in. These ideas were argued out of me by my first director, George Loane Tucker, who made "The Miracle Man." As an example he pointed out that if an opera singer got all wrought up over the misfortunes of the character she was playing she would not be able to sing. Her voice would be so choked with emotion that she would have no control over it. The power to sway her audience lay in her technique, her ability to project the personality she was portraying through to her audience by means of her voice. She must understand so well that she loses all consciousness of self. It helps an artist if he or she has known life—has suffered perhaps, and has become tolerant of human failings. I don't think anyone can rise to true greatness in art unless they are understanding and selfless, in their work at least."

George Loane Tucker gave Betty the grounding that has carried her safely through perilous artistic waters. Like Bessie Love, Betty has been (Cont. on page 106)



Opposition inspires Evelyn Brent. She feels that her best acting is dragged from her by Josef von Sternberg, because they always fight over the way she should play her scenes!



One of Broadway's favorite funny men, Charles Ruggles made his screen debut in "Gentlemen of the Press," and scored a personal triumph. His next talking picture is "The Lady Lies."

Looking

By
Charles Ruggles

thing about all women—there isn't any real difference between the types who make whoopee for your amusement on the bright sides of the footlights and the girls who watch from the darker side.

For every girl I know in the theatrical profession I know another whose intimacy with the theater doesn't extend beyond a seat in the tenth row. And I've gradually become sold on the idea that, whatever she may be doing, a woman is essentially true to certain feminine characteristics.

Just recently, while working on the lot in my first talking picture, "Gentlemen of the Press," I had still more experiences to convince me that my observations are authentic.

After all, each of us possesses about the same set of emotions. It shouldn't be such a startling declaration for me to say that the personal lives of actresses vary hardly at all from those of women who are non-professionals.

I never have understood the theory that the mere fact of Lizzie's having chosen to dance or sing or act to earn her pay envelope miraculously differentiates Lizzie's hopes and ideals from those of the rest of her sex. Why, in the name stardom, should her aspirations differ from those she would have possessed as a clerk, a stenographer, or a school teacher?

I don't want to imply that Lizzie is not a pleasant, and often a fascinating, young person. However, you may accept it from one who has known dozens of Lizzies, that she certainly does not move about her home and dressing room or on the streets in a cloud of glory. Off stage, she is the Lizzie who shares a common bond with every woman watching her in the audience.

She loves and hopes; strives and sacrifices; blunders and gets 'blue'; is stubborn and contrary; giggles, envies, and pities—in fact, she entertains all the varied moods to which all women apparently fall heir. And equally, the very same sort of thing that makes you happy, has the power to make her happy.

The next time you watch your favorite actress or your favorite movie star, don't forget that she gets just as vexed as you do over runs in the best stockings; over a scorched dinner; or when her 'boss' reprimands her.

And she gets exactly the same kind of kick that you do when her boy friends invites her to lunch or when she discovers an unexpected raise in the pay envelope. And twenty-four out of twenty-five of the Lizzies I know want to get married, with the same eagerness for the 'right person.'

Their heartaches are carbon copies of yours. At this very moment there is being featured in most of the moving picture houses throughout the country the latest film

A FEW hundred years from now, I suppose they'll still be saying that just because Lizzie Doakes, née Lizette Duchess has her name above the theater in a glitter of mazda, she is different from her Cousin Susie who may sell cold cream across a counter in the five-and. Or, just because Lizzie earns her living by obeying the orders of a director on a movie lot and Cousin Susie earns hers tapping a typewriter eight hours a day in a broker's office, all the world concludes that Lizzie has a corner on the charm market and Cousin Susie is just one more girl with the shorthand formulas.

It may have been a swell idea once, but today it's just so much hooey, to put it vulgarly.

When your editor asked me to tell what I have 'learned about women' from my stage and screen experiences, I was torn between two impulses. I didn't know whether to mail in a blank sheet of paper or immediately send out an emergency call for a corps of stenographers and compile a volume.

An individual woman is still just one huge question mark to me, to which I haven't found an answer. She is still the source of shock, dismay, and bafflement. I don't understand a single woman I know. But, when I consider as a group all the girls with whom I've worked on the stage and all the girls with whom I am now working on the movie lot, I realize that I have learned one

at the LADIES

¶ In Which a Famous Stage Comedian Makes his Debut as an Author and his Bow to his New Public. He Writes about Ladies First!

in which a very promising young woman is gaining new laurels.

I was working on an adjoining lot during the making of my last picture, "The Lady Lies," and had occasion to see a great deal of this particular girl. For two days she spent her lunch hours crying until her nose was red and she had to change her makeup. Why should one of the highest-salaried, most popular screen favorites weep?

Her boy friend hadn't written for two days! He was on the road with a play and she just knew that a certain blonde hussy in the cast had vamped him away from her. No one could console her. She knew it!

And then on the afternoon of the second day, she received a special delivery from the delinquent boy friend, explaining that his family had descended upon him and he hardly had a moment to breathe and would she forgive him. Her relief and joy at reading this explanation made the finish of her latest picture the wow that it is.

How many actresses I know are skimping along on fractions of their salaries, because they are helping in their homes. Many of them are saving so that they may marry and start their new life unburdened by debt. One famous screen star is sending all of her brothers and sisters through college. She never attended more than six grades in a grammar school.

And it isn't only in the most flattering ways that the personalities of the ladies of the stage and screen parallel those of girls who think it is a perfect life.

Innumerable times I have seen Lizzie drop her dazzling smile when she comes off stage and stamp her foot, impatiently upbraiding a long-suffering maid. And Lizzie constantly grumbles about the monotony of having to smile night after night, when she would give all of her fame just to be going to a movie with her best boy friend.

It's an old story that many a great actress would exchange places with the simplest little girl, if she had her choice. The majority of stars have reached their enviable positions despite heartache and denial.

If you wandered through their dressing-rooms and if they would reveal to you the real women behind their stage masks, you would appreciate that you share practically all the emotions and ideals of these glamorous ladies.

Of course, you must not forget that I have been writing about the real Lizzie, not the girl who appears in the play and creates an image of beauty or tragedy for you from eight-thirty in the evening until eleven p. m. And make no mistake about it—the Lizzies of theater and studio are just hard-working girls! Underneath the glamour that you see, there is layer upon layer of slavish devotion to duty. To the weekly pay-check too, you say! Perhaps. But the fervor that some Lizzies put into their best performances cannot be purchased. It is the flash or the flame or the spark, whatever you choose to call it, that can't be bribed or bought, but that lifts Lizzie above the mob. But I digress! I was saying that the Lizzie, who seems so far removed from the humdrum irritations of your life, slips on the gaiety and romance when she puts on her make-up.

It is all a part of her job, just as your smiling pleasantly to your employer's client and looking neat and capable may be a part of yours. It keeps your name on the payroll.

¶ Critics praised Ruggles' performance as the reporter in "Gentlemen of the Press." Here he is in one of the best scenes from that picture.





Directed By Dorothy Arzner!

☞ Dorothy Arzner—just a few years ago she filled a typist's job; and now she is the director of Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and other stars.

THE only woman director to wrest consistent success from a megaphone job. The only woman director under long-term contract to any studio in Hollywood. The only woman to rise in the span of a few years from a typist's job to that of making Clara Bow's first dialogue picture.

Would you like to meet her?

Would you like to know what sort of a person this Dorothy Arzner is?

Of course you would! So through the pages of SCREENLAND let me introduce you to a quiet-voiced, dreamy-eyed girl, just under medium height; heavy dark brown hair worn smartly off forehead and ears; small mouth and nose; enormous gray eyes. Very attractive, you say?

You discover that she is gracious without any studied effects with which to impress new acquaintances. But where is that dominance, that aggressiveness, you ask? Is she cleverly hiding her generalship and putting on this artful feminine fantasy?

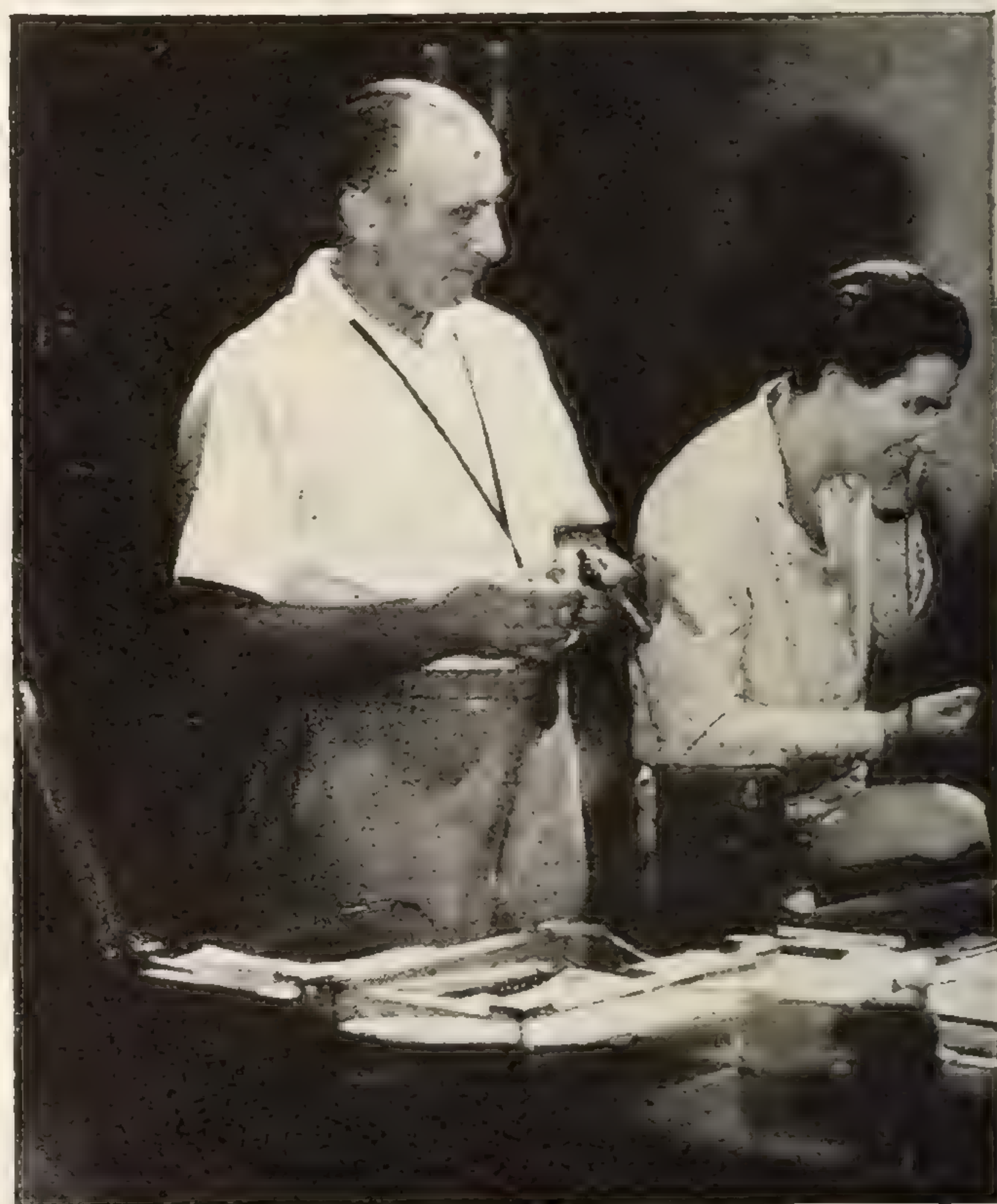
No, the Arzner dominance is entirely mental; and as for aggressiveness she shrinks from its contact. Field-marshal tactics have never been employed by Dorothy Arzner, on the set or off; but cleverness, a great capacity for absorbing knowledge, and a genius for accomplishing grinding, nerve-crushing mountains of work have brought very satisfying results.

Now you will want to talk to her, but be prepared to do most of the chattering yourself. Naturally, the first question will be on her break into the movies. Yes, ask her that one—everybody does!

"Very colorless, I assure you," she will answer. "A visit to the Paramount Studios with the Commander of the Los Angeles Emergency Ambulance Corps."

Yes, yes, but what had that to do with her career?

"Well, I had never felt any desire to visit a studio, although



☞ Miss Arzner coaching while Harry Fischbeck.

I had lived in Los Angeles all my life," she will reply very slowly and softly, "and when I first stood on a klieg-flooded set I suddenly knew that my future was inside those studio gates."

Now there is an interesting story about Dorothy's many and conflicting ambitions before that eventful visit to the Paramount studio, but you will never get her to elucidate on the subject so I'll tell you.

During the war Dorothy enlisted in the Ambulance Corps and was about to embark for the front when the armistice was signed. When she returned to Los Angeles she enrolled in the University

¶ The Story of the Only Woman to Achieve Consistent Success as a Motion Picture Director.

By Julie Lang

of Southern California.

After graduation came the dilemma. "Where do I belong? I must do something." Although Dorothy's family was anxious that she stay at home and elect the playful routine of a debutante, she cast about for an occupation. The business world loomed up as a colorful globe to conquer, so she hied herself to secretarial school (lucky thing she did as we shall see later) and got herself a job secretarial. But business proved to be a mundane affair of mussy carbon copies, dull letters, uninteresting indexes and innumerable filing systems. So Dorothy pleased her family for a few months by attending social gatherings. But that old germ ambition gnawed at her

of typing brought about an opportunity to get on the studio payroll as a typist in the scenario department. After four months of exhausting work, a spark of encouragement brightened the horizon in the form of promotion to the reading department. Step number one, said I!"

"I knew that every day's work brought me a little nearer that canvas chair lettered director; each task finished was that much knowledge stored away for the big job that would come some day. A year later I found myself back of the cameras as a script clerk. Step number two! Out on the sets at last, at the side of a director, thousands of new details to learn. I asked questions constantly, of the electricians, the prop boys, the cameramen and the director when he was not too busy. I suppose many of those boys put me down as a dreadful pest!"

Script work lead to cutting, and although that was a step away from the sets, it meant more valuable knowledge to Dorothy for her ultimate job. Every successful director knows how to cut his productions. As a cutter she won unusual fame. James Cruze heard of her prowess and asked her to cut "The Covered Wagon." From that time the sailing was a bit smoother.

While working on this production Dorothy confided her secret to Cruze, the first person to know of this very young person's astounding ambition.

"Well, if any woman can direct, you're the one to do it, Dorothy," was his encouraging reply.

The next year was spent cutting and writing, while she patiently waited for that opportunity. (Cont. on page 112)



Richard Arlen in a scene her cameraman, looks on.

peace of mind.

The next Arzner enthusiasm was medicine. To become a renowned physician, to help alleviate the suffering and misery of human beings became her goal, and she enrolled in a medical college.

It was during this adventure into the land of bacteria that the eventful tour changed the destiny of Dorothy Arzner. She had anticipated the studio visit with boredom, but left the gates with her future a tangible object.

"I pried open the studio gates with a typewriter," she says laughingly, "for my knowledge



¶ Clara Bow and Dorothy Arzner are pals. Proving that Clara is a good trouper and Dorothy a great director!



One of the happy families of Hollywood—H. B. Warner with Mrs. Warner, the former Rita Stanwood, and their children, Joan, H. B. Jr., and Lorraine, in their Beverly Hills home.

WARNER: H. B.

¶ The Warner Who Works Alone—Not One of the Brothers, but the Eminent Actor Who Works in Warner Pictures!

By Logan Carlisle

UNDER a brilliant flood of light a tall man, his back toward us, worked desperately over a telegraph key.

A wireless apparatus crackled.

Beside him stood a beautiful woman.

Against a door, bracing himself with all his strength was another man. The door was slowly being forced open.

It opened. An East Indian prince strode through with a drawn revolver and without a moment's hesitation, fired point blank at the tall figure over the key board.

The woman screamed and the tall man, turning slowly, slid half way to the floor, his body going limp over a chair.

The Indian prince was George Arliss. The beautiful lady was Alice Joyce. The 'other man' was Ralph Forbes and the tall villain with a splendid finish was H. B. Warner, paying the price of his villainy by dying a villain but a good sport.

The picture, when exhibited, will be known as "The Green Goddess," starring Mr. Arliss and featuring Mr. Warner who is setting what is almost a dangerous precedent by making villainish rôles popular while keeping them just as devilish as any director can desire.

And if Mr. Warner is as successful in this part in "The Green Goddess" as he has been in many past rôles, you may long remember the part of *Major Crespín* while you may quickly forget that H. B. Warner created it. That is the price he pays for exceptional ability.

No player in the motion picture industry more completely loses his own very interesting personality in a part, heavy, hero or character, than Mr. Warner. Incidentally he has played all of those kinds of rôles with marked success.

From villainy to divinity and back again! That is the long and interesting road that H. B. Warner has traveled

on the stage and screen.

Famous first for his rôle as a gentleman yegg, sandpapering his fingers to find the combinations of safes in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," famous too, for the rôle of Jesus in "The King of Kings," he is playing 'heavies' now for Warner Brothers, completing one swing of the pendulum.

If H. B. Warner does any one thing better than any other, it is to bury his own very marked personality under the cover of his stage or screen characterizations. Noted though he is, there are more people who remember the calm and spiritual Messiah of "The King of Kings" than remember who played it. There are more people who remember *Sorrell*, the elder, of "Sorrell and Son" than know the name of H. B. Warner or that he played the part.

His present villainy will go down as suave and polished meanness, not anchored particularly to the man himself. His is the peculiar ability to make his rôles remembered and to have himself forgotten!

It is passably difficult to play villain rôles. It is harder to make villains interesting and attractive, but never-the-less villains. It is consummate skill to play a villain and have the memory of that villain stand out in the public's memory.

To start where most inquiries about H. B. Warner start, he is not one of the 'Brothers' for whom he is now making pictures. He has, however, contributed to their success and they have paid him well for his labors. A forgetful public may remember his work and forget his name, but not so with studio officials. When an actor has pleased he is never forgotten. In Hollywood, where pictures are the bread and butter as well as the cake and icing for many thousands, H. B. Warner is a well-known and highly regarded player.

Undoubtedly the rôle of Jesus (Continued on page 108)



¶ H. B. Warner—actor, gentleman, and scholar! His latest appearance is in the all-talking picture, "The Green Goddess," for Warner Brothers.

FASHIONS for

Discussing the Clothes Problem of the Gwen Lee Type of Tall, Regal Blonde.



¶ Gwen Lee is just the type to wear this black suede hat with the flaring veil, says Adrian, who designed it for her.

¶ Left: black moire is used to fashion this interesting gown with lingerie touches and an edging of tulle.

WHEN a young woman takes advantage of all of her possibilities she is great. When she takes advantage of some of them she is interesting. But when she lets most of them slide into oblivion she is stupid.

Gwen Lee is rapidly grasping all of her possibilities. She is developing them quickly and surely.

She has reached the 'interesting state' and it is with admiration that we look at her hoping she will use all of them.

Gwen Lee is on that peculiarly balanced line, being both interesting to look at and almost beautiful. I say almost because I am glad she is not really a dazzling beauty—the hair breadth between saves her from being uninterestingly gorgeous. It is the indefinable something that makes her interesting to look at and a bit uncertain. You do not get all of her with your first glance; she keeps a little of herself for herself.

This is a powerful quality for all women to remember: *keep some of yourself for yourself.* You are all, optically at least, on sale, therefore keep a reserve stock in case of a sell-out!

Gwen has the knowledge of the grown cat, the wisdom of the grown animal rather than the silliness of the kitten. The kitten we understand at a glance; we never understand fully the self-sufficiency of the cat. It is one animal that keeps a bit of herself for herself!

Gwen is regal. She could be radiantly so but her desire to be free from all aloofness brings her continually to earth with rapidity. If she had been born in Europe, lived in Paris or some great capitol she would feel more free in

¶ Adrian's version of the popular beach pajama ensemble, developed in heavy crepe brightly embroidered.

expressing sincerely the quality of austere beauty that would go so well with her personality. The American girl is always afraid of the well-known remark "How do you get that way?" Therefore, she remains down to earth and human, which is charming, but she could be so fascinating otherwise!

And now to clothes! Her gowns can have any amount of dignity, restraint, daringness, simplicity—almost anything she cares to put into them. I find numbers of American girls admiring strenuously that sophisticated, worldly

the SOPHISTICATED GIRL

By Adrian

knowledge, so much in evidence with foreign-born women, desiring to be like them and then feeling affected and self-conscious when they try to be like them. It is a matter of tradition and atmosphere. Here in America our manners are more wholesome but less interesting. We desire to know sophistication rather than to be sophisticated.

Gwen can wear the most formal evening gowns, gracefully and naturally. She never forces a gown. They acquire her personality. She never loses by the gown; she is seldom overpowered by it. She sells her personality first; the gown goes into the bargain. She usually makes

it and herself one, and then one is conscious of nothing but a smart whole.

She is charming in black—velvet particularly. Blues are perfect for her, browns not too interesting.

The Gwen Lee type is tall. Her movements are slow. She is much more herself on the screen than off. By that I mean from a standpoint of clothes.

Her sense of humor prevents her from taking herself seriously. She knows she is decorative but she doesn't dare be as decorative as she might.

She can be terribly smart, and when she is she brings the atmosphere of great cities with her. She would be much smarter away from Hollywood. But so would most women who live here. They adapt themselves to the sports atmosphere until finally it absorbs their personalities into nothing but a sweater and skirt.

The sunshine, wonderful as it is, melts the smart snow-lady to a pool of stagnant water!

The Gwen Lee Girl has a great many fascinating qualities which mean really opportunities. She is grown-up girlhood—still a long way from womanhood—and yet with a mixture of both.

If you are like her you can be really smart.

My final advice to the Gwen Lee Girl is to be daring. Don't be afraid to be different! Any girl can follow; you are among the fortunate few who may lead the fashion parade.

☞ Right, below: a daring evening gown designed for the tall blonde is developed in starched chiffon.



☞ Above: black taffeta and crisp white organdie fashion this sophisticated afternoon frock.



☞ Adrian, SCREENLAND Fashion Editor, discussing a new costume with Gwen Lee.

In New



☞ Above, Baclanova and her husband arriving to keep a vaudeville engagement; Hedda Hopper, on vacation; and George O'Brien, on location!

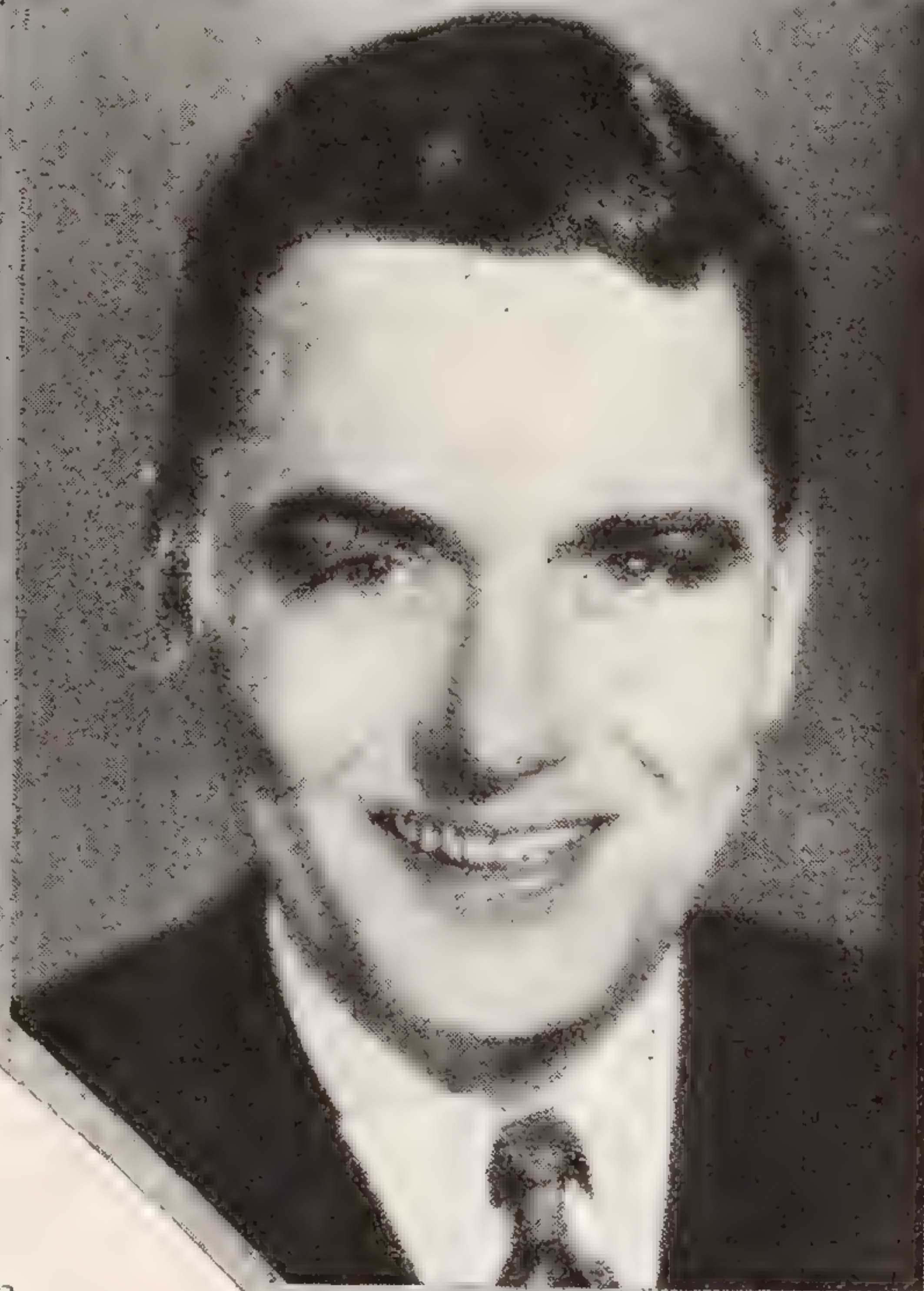
☞ When Western Stars Shine in the East

BACLANOVA came back to Broadway. What, didn't you know she was a sensation on the New York stage several years ago? Why, she was the bright particular star of the Moscow Art Theater which was brought over here by Morris Gest and which delighted the eastern intelligentsia for quite a spell. Olga Baclanova was particularly impressive in "Carmencita and the Soldier." Then Hollywood called and she answered and—you know the rest if you know your movies at all. She has made good on the screen and, what's more, in talking pictures. She is said to be the only foreign star under long-term contract in Hollywood. Paramount is proud of its 'Backy,' to use her nickname, and only granted her leave of absence for a big-time vaudeville engagement because she was 'between pictures.'

Baclanova played the Palace on Broadway in an act with her charming *hoosban'* (husband), Nicholas Soussanin. Yes, he's Russian, too. It's Baclanova's second matrimonial venture but I'm sure that it's permanent. The Soussanins are indeed devoted. She is not in the least the temperamental type of foreign 'artiste,' but an obliging blonde lady who evidently wishes to please. She was affable about interviews and photographs and everything. And she has a sense of humor. She admits she is thirty years old and doesn't care who knows it. "In Europe," she smiles, "a woman is not expected to become an actress before she is at least thirty years old. She is not supposed to have enough experience of life before then. Over here, it is different."

But Baclanova may change our styles in actresses. Already she has found enough staunch admirers among the American audiences to make some of our little ingenues sigh for stage experience and a few extra, glamorous years.

York



☞ Above, Dick Barthelmess; next, Marian Nixon, heroine of "The Rain-bow Man" on Broadway; and Charlie King, one of Broadway's favorite sons.

By Anne Bye

Just try to keep Dick Barthelmess away from New York for any length of time at all! Whenever First National grants him a vacation Dick grabs his wife and jumps on an east-bound train. And while some stars embark on a regular publicity campaign when they hit Manhattan, Barthelmess forgets he is a movie star for a while and becomes a private citizen. For instance, instead of attending the first night of one of his company's special pictures on Broadway, he was in the midst of a family birthday party, with a cake with candles, and everything.

Just to show you the kind of a boy Dick is—he was persuaded to sit for some photographs while he was here, and his wife and his mother went with him. The photographer thought it would be a dandy idea for the senior Mrs. Barthelmess to join her son for one of those mother-and-child portraits. Dick grinned. "It will be all right if you don't use any of them for publicity," he said. "But I think people are tired of seeing movie stars posing with their mothers. It looks as if you're using your mother to get into the papers."

* * *

The movie and real-estate queen, Hedda Hopper, visited her beloved New York for a grand and glorious vacation. But such is fame—she was just beginning to enjoy herself when she received a wire from a coast producer, offering her a fat part in a new picture if she'd catch the first train to Hollywood. Hedda sighed, phoned her friends a hasty goodbye, and promised to be back soon.

You know Hedda sells California houses and lots in her spare time, and her commission from the sale of Frances Marion's hilltop mansion was what is known as a tidy sum. Hedda is one of these rare women who might have stepped from the pages of a smart English novel. She has everything—(Cont. on page 111)



☞ Corinne Griffith has hands to match her immaculate charm.

Handful

☞ Hands are Second Only to the Eyes in Revealing Personality. Here are Simple Rules for their Care.

float," sang the poet lover to his lady-fair. But those were the days when ladies had little more to do than let their hands float or idle over an embroidery frame or the silver strings of a guitar. Lady-fairs are different nowadays. They work, most of them, at something useful. If they don't work in shops or offices, they do their own housework, or drive cars or airplanes, or play golf and tennis, paint their own furniture and work in the garden. These things soil and coarsen the hands only if you let them. And paleness, even in hands, has gone out of style.

Today, the beautiful hand is the useful hand—hands marked by the character they gain from effort and accomplishment, their fineness conserved by constant care. A graceful hand, finely grained and smoothly white, is a beauty asset much to be desired, and it is a business asset as well. The business world requires that a girl have well-kept hands. And



☞ Fay Wray has eloquent fingers!

EVERY normal girl wants to be popular—and popularity, as you'll agree, is made up of several kinds of charm. There is physical charm, the charm of perfect manners, the charm of personality; and then there's the charm of careful grooming. The latter is within the reach of every girl, no matter how limited her purse. After all, charm and popularity are pretty nearly synonymous terms. You can have both if you give yourself the confidence that perfect grooming brings.

The hair and the hands may be the greatest asset—or the greatest detriment—to one's personal charm. Last month we talked about the hair, so now we're going to talk about the grace and beauty of the hands.

Hands are second only to the eyes in revealing your habits of thought, and your personality. They may betray a discordant state of mind, worry, fear or anger, or they may create an atmosphere of repose, contentment and charm. Hands show breeding, just as surely as they show character.

Time was, when it was supposed that all patrician hands were slender and long with slim, tapering fingers. A square, stubby hand was the hand of a laborer, never of an artist. But finally, we woke up and looked about and found that half the patrician fingers do not taper and half the artists have square stubby fingers.

Time was, too, when no one could be considered a lady who did things with her hands. "Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus buds that

☞ Esther Ralston, below, makes her hands act, too.



☞ This Department is Not Only Informative—it is Entertaining—be glad to answer any beauty questions you may care to ask.
dress: Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Mag-

of Charm

By
Anne Van Alstyne

the charm of lovely hands in the world of music and drama is not to be denied.

The hands of a dancer, too, are as fascinating as her dainty feet and no less beautiful and gracile. They seem to have a life of their own—to exist as bits of beauty all by themselves.

And nowhere are seen lovelier or more expressive hands than are seen upon the screen. During an interview I asked a clever young artist the inevitable question: "How did you get your start?"

"My hands helped most of all," she replied. "An artist asked to let him use my hands as models. Many prominent artists came to me after that, and they all liked my hands. Such careful attention I gave my hands to keep them smooth and white! I kept my fingers supple by doing exercises with them, quite like the five-finger piano exercises and scales of our childhood—only that I did them at odd

☞ *Lovely Thelma Todd's hands enhance her appeal.*



☞ *Joan Crawford has dramatic digits!*



☞ *Lois Moran's hands are part of her dramatic equipment.*

moments on my dressing-table! This modeling experience was a great help in my screen work. It taught me poise and it helped me to be unselfconscious before the camera. I no longer had a longing to put my hands behind my back, or sit on them, anything to get them out of the way—as I had at first."

And I met a young woman in quite a different field of work, a specialist in beauty culture. Her hands may not be perfectly shaped according to the standard of perfection, but they are trained, magnetic hands and by their healing touch bring hope and loveliness to women who trust themselves to their skill. And so valuable are this pair of hands to their owner that they are insured for fifty thousand dollars.

We might go on, showing you hundreds of equally busy, equally beautiful hands. Hands of musicians and artists, of stenographers and modistes, of debutantes and lady policemen! But we won't. What I want to do is to help you to see that your hands from typewriters to teacups play an important part in every day's activities. That you can if you will, create beauty through the care and grooming of your hands. That you can make your hands so expressive, so much a part of your personality that you need go no further in your quest for charm.

How to go about this? Well, of course you want to do your work whatever it is, and you want to skate, coast, play hockey in winter and go in for all summer outdoor sports and use (Cont. on page 100)

ing! Miss Van Alstyne, Authority on Feminine Charm, will Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply by mail. Ad-azine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Let's Go to

"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Everybody Asks About You. Follow This Department of Short and Snappy Re-

Bridge of San Luis Rey

Filmed from Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer, prize-winning novel. This picture is beautiful. It's a story of glorified love: sensual love of Lily Damita for her toreador; half-fatherly, half-satyrical love of Ernest Torrence for Lily, his dancer protegee; semi-mad, semi-motherly love of Emily Fitzroy for her daughter, Jane Winton; primitive, inarticulate love of the brothers Don Alvarado and Duncan Rinaldo—and the unworldly, throat-choking love of the convent girl, Raquel Torres, for Alvarado. Finely filmed by Charles Brabin, five stories weave into a colorful, stirring whole showing us that even the tragedies which must come to every one are all according to a divine plan which works out ultimately for our happiness. Henry B. Walthall, Damita, Torrence, Alvarado, Rinaldo, Torres and Fitzroy give splendid performances.



Voice of the City

Willard Mack, of stage fame, wrote, directed, and played an important rôle in this corking crook talkie. Robert Ames, innocent of murder for which he is serving, breaks jail. Mack, the detective, goes after him. John Miljan, gang leader, Clark Marshall, dope fiend, Sylvia Field, heroine, are fine in supporting rôles. But especial praise goes to Beatrice Banyard.



Betrayal

A morbid story of Tyrol life with Emil Jannings as the husband and Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper as the sweethearts. Jannings learns his wife had been loved by Gary before her marriage and that one of her two children is Cooper's. With Esther dead and Gary dying, he almost kills his own son. It isn't worthy of Jannings, and it is his American swan-song.



The Loves of Casanova

This costume picture in color, deals with that portion of the famous Casanova's career when he was forced to leave Paris, travelled to Russia to give Queen Catherine the once over and arrived in Venice in time for the carnival season and its seductive opportunities. A slow moving film whose only bright spot is Diana Karenne, a beautiful young actress.



Mother's Boy

Morton Downey's first starring talkie. He plays an Irishman who goes out to fight the wicked world, armed only with his golden voice. He very nearly falls for a Ritzy young lady who in real life is his wife (Barbara Bennett) but returns at last to his first humble love, Helen Chandler. Morton Downey is a good trouper, with a fine, flexible voice.

the Movies!

a Motion Picture. Let Screenland's Revuettes Answer It For views and You'll Be Guided to the Worth-While Movies.



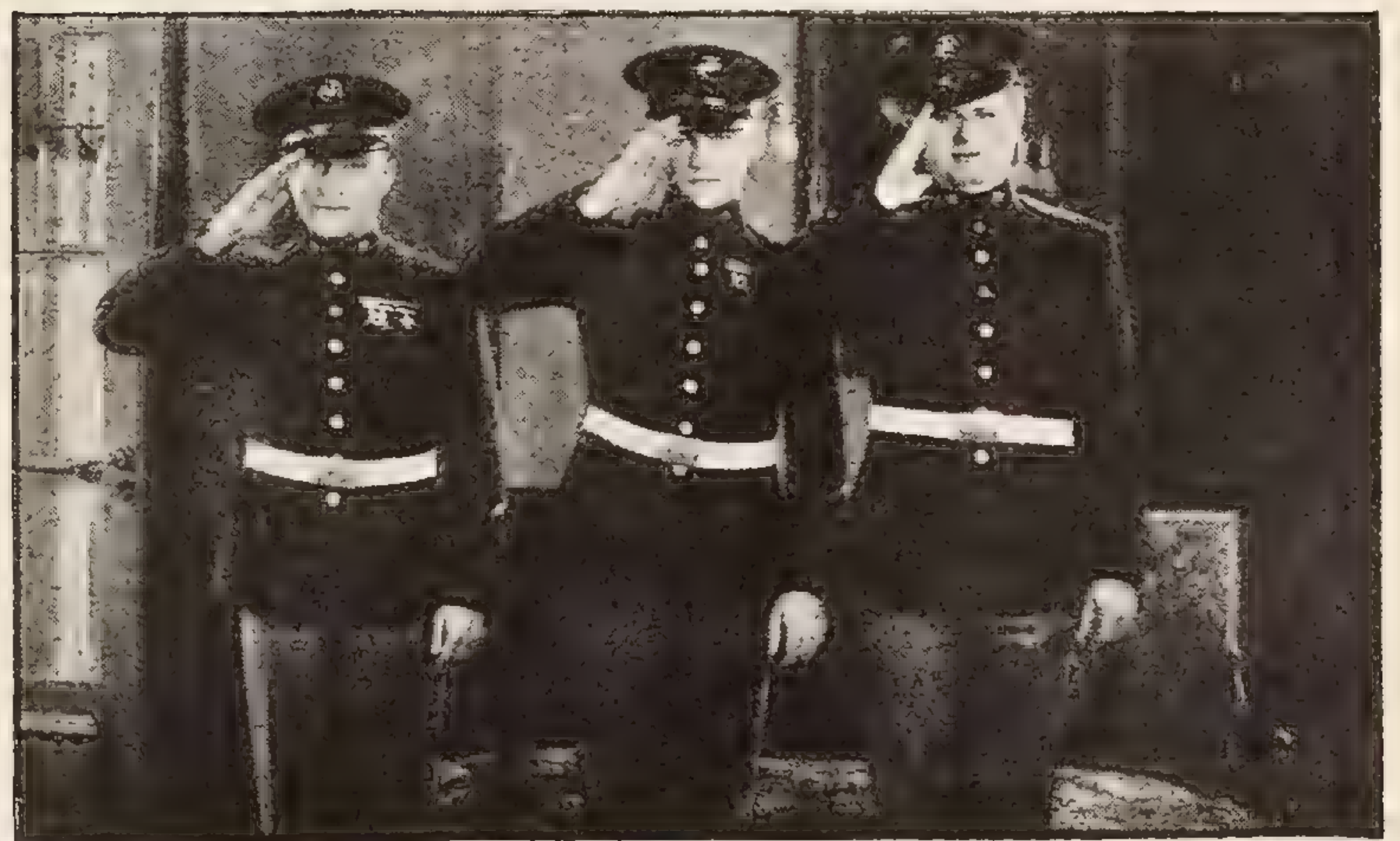
The Donovan Affair

Jack Holt wins a laurel wreath as police inspector in this new murder mystery which hinges around the killing of John Roche, playing a gambling gentleman who mixed amorous antics with other games of chance. Many had motives for wishing his death: Agnes Ayres, who had been having a fling with him; Virginia Brown Faire, who loved him; Dorothy Revier, trying to protect her mother and suspected by William Collier, Jr., her fiance; and, of course, Alphonse Ethier. Complicated! Guests are seated around a dinner table when lights go out and Roche is found slouching in his chair—stabbed! The solution is worked out with suspense and a nice interspersing of humor. Ethel Wales as the mother of twins and Hank Mann, her husband, an innocent bystander, contribute plenty of laughs.



Hot Stuff

Alice White as a not-so-hot collegiate number. Auntie, Louise Fazenda, sends Alice to college. But when Alice gets to college, the film fails to live up to its title. The liquor turns out to be tea and the sexy heroine tells the hero (William Bakewell) that she is just an old-fashioned girl after all. Bakewell is interesting.



The Leatherneck

Three marines in a pretty bad way: one dead, one insane, and the third, William Boyd, charged with murdering his buddy. Alan Hale, Robert Armstrong, Fred Kohler, Philo McCullough and others form strong supporting cast. Diane Ellis provides the romance. Talking court martial sequence shows Boyd's voice pleasant and Joe Girard's excellent.



Not Quite Decent

A night-club story with Louise Dresser doing a black face, Mammy-crooning act while her heart is breaking. Reason for break is she must let her daughter (June Collyer) pass out of her life without recognizing her because of mama's sordid past. Pretty trite hokum revived by Dresser's acting and June Collyer's sympathetic beauty. Allan Lane proves a suitable hero.



Shipmates

The able comedian, Lupino Lane, is out in front again, twice as serious and three times as funny. This trip he takes to the salt air joining up with the sailor lads on a big battleship. Here he engages in a naval battle where the guns fire charges of laughter and the only catastrophe results not from death but from dough! Very, very funny!

The Latest Talk from the Land of Talking Pictures!

WELL, the Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, alias *Topsy* and *Eva*, have returned to Hollywood. The first thing they did was to buy three red Auburn cars. Rosetta's is a roadster, Vivian's a cabriolet and Harold's—their brother who acts as business manager, a sedan.

"We looked like three fires sailing out of there," he said.

Rosetta declared she could only drive with Vivian once in a while. "Since lamb chops and pineapple put me in the hospital in London my nerves are not what they were and Vivian drives—well, that girl simply can't read what it says on the stop signals!"

I don't know what it is about Rosetta that makes so many people want to mother her—whether it is the dramatic quality in her husky voice or just something lovable in the girl herself; but she certainly tugs at the old heart strings! Even Vivian feels it. She always mothers Rosetta.

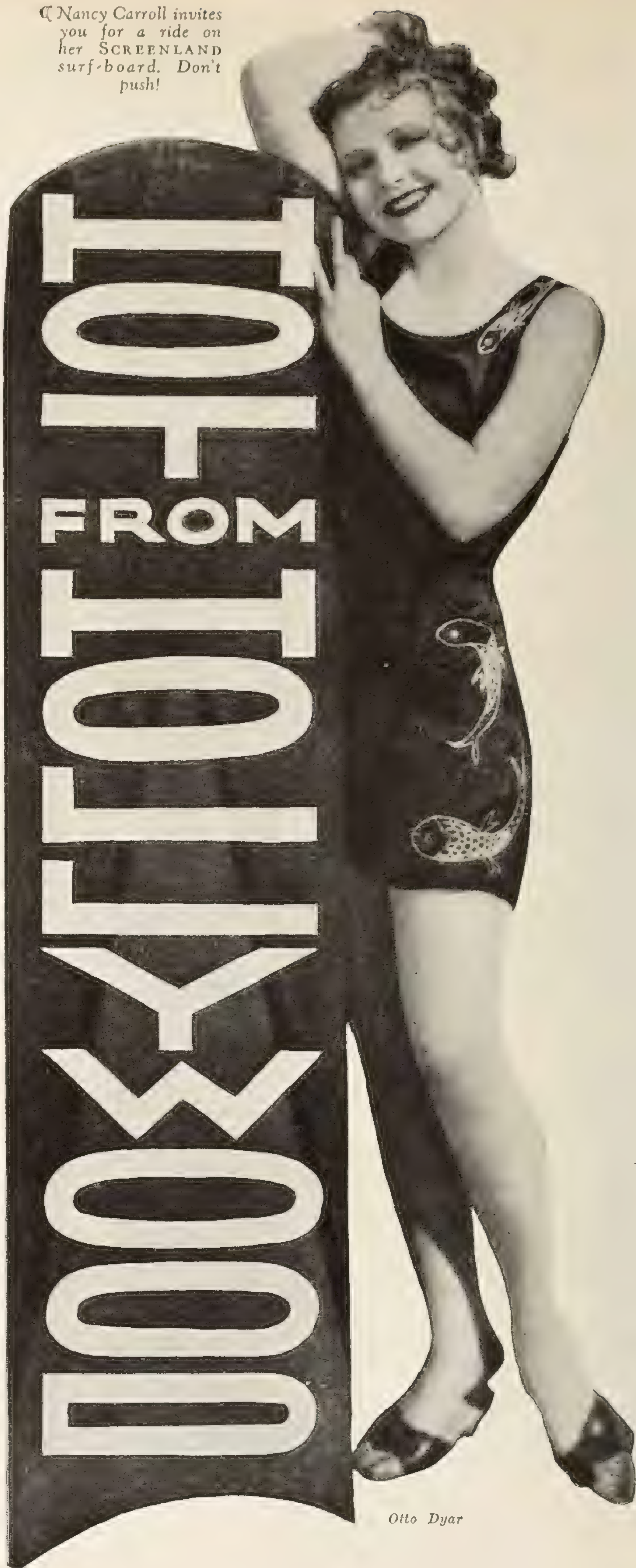
They are looking around for two houses. "Why two?" one asks.

"Oh, well," said Vivian, "Hime (her nickname for Rosetta) has my brother with her and a housekeeper and a secretary and a couple of maids, and I have father, and—well, we just have to have two houses because I can't bear all the excitement that Rosetta attracts. We are going to have one little beach house, though, for the summer."

The girls signed their contract to appear in one picture for M-G-M and the present plan is for them to start work in July. So far only the theme has been decided upon and the girls are a little disappointed that it is a stage story. "How can we top 'Broadway Melody'?" They both want to know. "Nobody could be better than Bessie Love."

The night they signed their contract they were in a state of great excitement. They always are over everything they do, or over any friend's good fortune. We happened to walk in that evening about an hour before their act went on at the theater. You could feel the electricity in the air before you got off the elevator. We went to Rosetta's dressing room first; Vivian's is on the floor above. There is a tiny bath off Rosetta's room and she was taking a plunge. The enormous St. Bernard dog you saw in "*Topsy and Eva*" is with them still, travels from coast to coast with them, and he was spread all over the dressing-room floor. Mervyn LeRoy and Harold Duncan were playing crap in the hall.

Nancy Carroll invites you for a ride on her SCREENLAND surf-board. Don't push!



Otto Dyar



☞ Miss Sheila Fitzmaurice faces the camera for the first time. She's the brand-new daughter of Diana and George Fitzmaurice.

By the time we got in, it was time to close the lid on the sardine can. But the girls don't mind; the more the merrier—and it is usually merrier.

* * *

While Evelyn Brent's director, supervisor and scenarist argued about whether her next picture was to be started on Monday their star ran off to her charming Malibu beach house and let the men folks fight it out between themselves. As far as Evelyn is concerned, she doesn't care how long they put off the picture. She was enjoying a much needed and well deserved rest, and looked like a little girl with her snugly fitting sweater and pleated skirt.

Her house is perched on a bluff. It is a lovely, woodsy brown with odd gables and shingles and turrets and cupolas sticking out every which way, and over it run orange nasturtiums, in glorious profusion. At the foot of the retaining wall bursts a lime-green sea, and nothing to stop one's view but China!

Evelyn is getting a great kick out of being domestic. She said she couldn't understand it, but it's the first time in her life that she has ever enjoyed a home. She told me that arranging a Christmas tree and preparing for Christmas dinner gave her more fun than anything that she could imagine. Harry Edwards, her husband, was like a little boy with his presents. He hid them all in a closet up-stairs and wouldn't let anybody see them, and he went up later all by himself and opened them!

When we left her, Evelyn was standing at the gate looking down the Malibu stretch toward Hollywood, because she said that it was almost time for Harry to come home.

* * *

I think we will have to call Herbert Brenon "Herbert

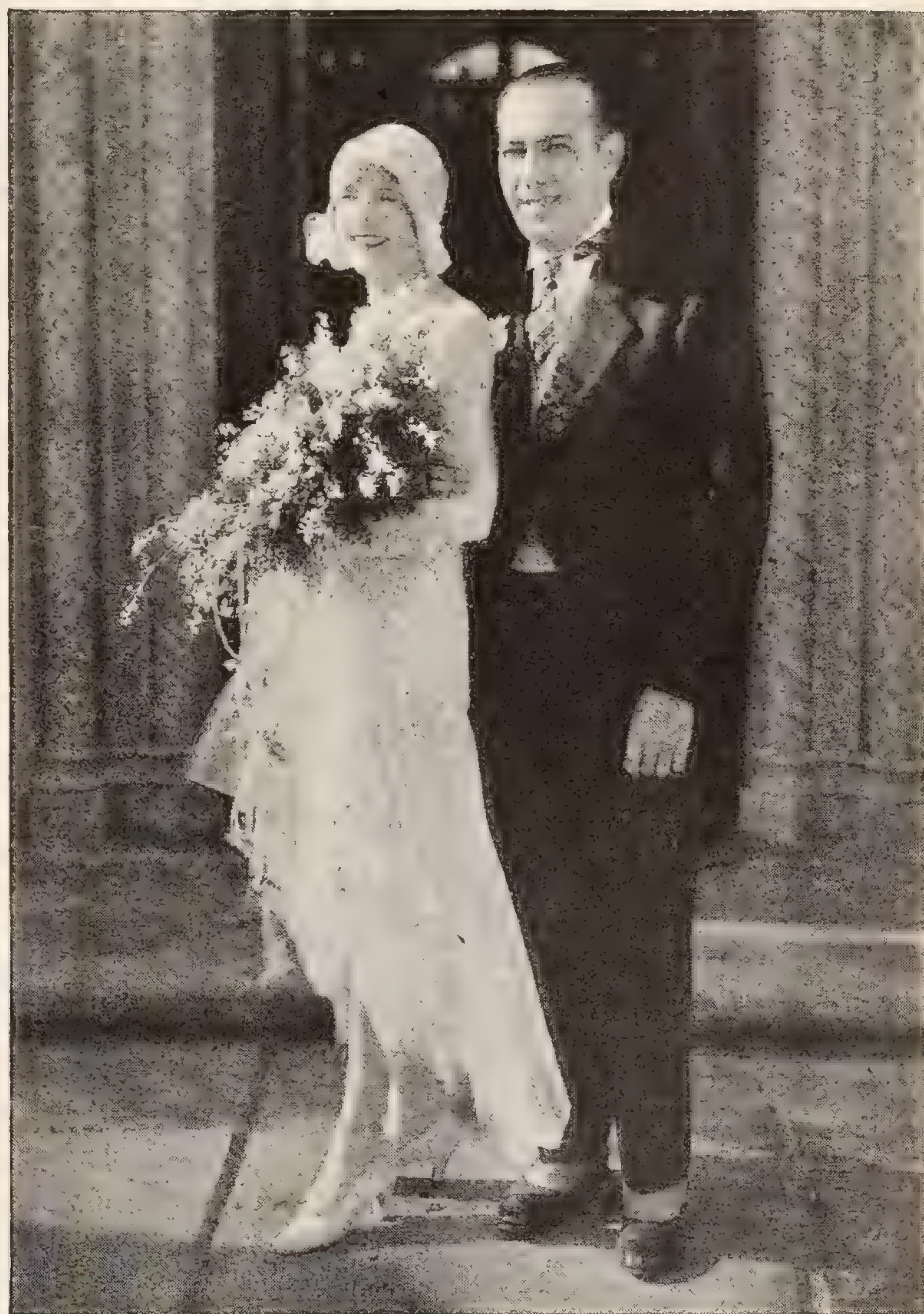
The Great." The day Fannie Hurst left for New York she had a headache. Mr. Brenon at once recommended a relief for it and sent an assistant out for a bottle of medicine. The assistant came back with the wrong thing. Whereupon Mr. Brenon rose in his wrath, and rent the air with his protestations.

"This is not what I sent you for—this is of no use to anybody. Take it back—go to other stores—go to Los Angeles, if need be, but bring back what I told you to. Miss Hurst," he turned dramatically to the author of "Lummox," "the medicine will be at your house in an hour!" Mr. Brenon is always like that. He was gorgeous. You would have thought that the Battle of Waterloo was being fought.

They were taking the most beautiful scene of the picture the day I was there, and I was so touched by it that tears came to my eyes. If that scene is any criterion of the production as a whole, the world will hail Winifred Westover as an artist to be reckoned with. Mr. Brenon says that she is, and he is also delighted with the work of Dorothy Janis who plays *Cheta*, and who is, he thinks, a perfect type for the part.

Between 'takes' Winifred removed one of her shoes and asked me to lift it. It was heavy! "The first day I worked in them," said Winifred, "I felt like a cat that has its feet tied in paper. I lifted them so carefully! And of course that wasn't the thing to do at all. I had to practice the shambling walk natural to 'Lummox.' Then when I took those shoes off! Well, you know how a runner looks in slow motion pictures—that's the way I felt.

"I was just determined to play this part, so determined



Charles E. Bulloch

☞ Just after Constance Talmadge became Mrs. Townsend Netcher in Beverly Hills. We hope rumors of Connie's retirement from the screen are greatly exaggerated.

that Mr. Brenon said the other day he hoped I wouldn't take a notion, later, to play *Peter Pan*!"

* * *

To prove that life is just one of those things after another in talking pictures, this remark was heard on the "Redemption" set the other day:

"The M. P. D. A. is ready; the A. E. A. is ready; the A. S. C. is ready, and the only thing that is holding us up is the D. S.!"

Which, translated, means: the Motion Picture Directors Association, (Fred Niblo) is ready; the Actors' Equity Association (John Gilbert) is ready; the American Society of Cinematography (Percy Hilburn, head cameraman) is ready; and the only thing holding up production is the Darn Sound!"

Neither has the bitterly mentioned sound any regard for the tickle in an actor's nostril. When John Gilbert was rehearsing the last scene of the picture, right in the middle of a sentence he sneezed. "That's not in!" he called, with an upward glance at Jim Brock sitting in the mixer's box.

* * *

Democracy and Henry have won! A Prince takes his girl friend home in a Ford! The other night while parking outside of the Chateau Elysee, about ten o'clock, to finish a conversation with a friend, I saw one of the new biscuit-colored Fords drive up on the other side and a young lady and a young gentleman, who was very tall and slender and wound up at the top in a dark blue beret, climb out. We were so taken with the stunning American beauty ensemble that the young lady wore that we did not glance at her face until one of the party said, "Why, that's Lily Damita and Prince Ferdinand!" Sure enough, it was! In a few moments the Prince appeared again, said 'hello' to us, climbed into his new Ford and steamed off!

* * *

Johnny Farrow, who is writing the screen stories for most of the Paramount hits these days, gave a housewarming at his Malibu Beach cottage. Everybody went in swimming before luncheon which was served on the sand. Bessie Love was greeted with a shriek of joy when she skipped out in a cream-colored bathing suit, a blue and white rubber bracelet—a necklace of blue, spongy rubber beads, and what slayed the rest of us was a little blue sponge flower that she wore on her shoulder.

"Well, I'll certainly have to take you for a walk down the beach in that necklace," said Lila Lee, who had oiled herself that morning and flopped in the sand for a couple of hours to get a nice tan. She wore a scarlet bathing suit with one of those new sun-tan backs that are so popular.

George Abbot, the author of "Broadway," who will direct Dick Arlen's first starring picture, cut his toe on a shell. When she noticed that it had been hurt, Lila sauntered into the house and came out with a neat little box which she handed to Johnny Farrow. It was the cutest



☞ A Swedish reunion! "The Single Standard," under John Robertson's direction, brings Greta Garbo and Nils Asther together again. Note the twin profiles of Greta and Nils.

little first aid kit you ever saw and John, in his element, began dragging out gauze, cotton and things. Lila appeared on the scene again, dangling a little pint-sized, green watering can. "Hold out your foot," she said to George, who was burying it in the sand, and when he did so she sprinkled the wounded member with the water. Just as the bandage was finished, we heard the drone of an airplane, and Johnny said that it was probably Howard Hughes whom he expected that afternoon.

"Look at him stunt," said Carlotta King, as the plane looped and turned and zig-zagged over the water.

A little later Chink, Johnny's valet, announced that an airplane had landed on the front lot.

"I guess I will go out and show them my toe," said George Abbott, "and tell them that this is a dangerous world."

* * *

Who do you suppose has the largest character wardrobe of any man in pictures, and next to Adolphe Menjou, the largest private wardrobe? None other than Oscar, the Paramount bootblack! You have probably seen him in many pictures, because he has a contract and everything.

* * *

Maurice Chevalier had expected to see New York when he went there to make his second Paramount picture, but he worked so hard that all the seeing he did was between



☞ Meet the members of Roland West's "Alibi" Club—standing: West, Gilbert Roland, Rod La Rocque, Ben Lyon. Sitting: Chester Morris, Buster Collier, and Gary Cooper. What's it all about, boys?

his hotel and the studio. At the finish he was hustled on a train and arrived in Hollywood, just in time to learn that they wouldn't be ready for him for almost three weeks, so he and his wife hopped the Chief and raced back to New York to keep some of the social engagements they had been forced to turn down.

* * *

Kay Francis landed in Hollywood with the reputation of being the best-dressed actress in New York City. Of course everybody wanted to see what she wore, how she wore it, and what she thought of the Hollywood mode. The night of her arrival she started on her picture and for three weeks the light of day did not see Kay Francis. However, she has emerged and I happened to meet her on a flying trip from San Francisco where she had gone to see the Golden Gate, while Paramount waited for 'retakes' on her picture. She had on sea green pantaloons, an orange sleeveless sweater, a green blazer, and a batik square around her head. With her flashing black eyes and red lips, she looked like a pirate straight from pirate-land, and what a handsome one, too! I don't know how long Kay is going to stay, but everybody thinks she is swell.

* * *

There is one couple who have adapted themselves to the inconsistencies of sound picture life. They are Mr.



☞ Jack Warner, with Mrs. Warner and Jack Jr., arrives at the theater for the opening of a Warner Brothers picture in Hollywood. The Warners, you remember, started all this talking picture business!

and Mrs. Richard Arlen. After Dick was on his tenth week of night work, Joby began to plan how she could salvage a little of her husband's society. He was just coming in to bed as she was getting up in the morning and just going out before she was ready to eat her dinner, so they never saw each other.

One evening Joby said, "Dick, I think I will come to the studio with you and sleep days just as you do, because it is so lonesome never seeing you any more." So Joby came to work with Dick every night, bundling herself up in all sorts of coats and blankets. But it wasn't enough to keep the penetrating cold away and not long ago she got pneumonia, which she has since recovered from. It ain't all honey, and it ain't all pie, this being married to a moving picture actor these days!

* * *

'Dynamic' furniture seems to be what's in order now in Hollywood. Charlie Mack

has moved into an eighteen-room modernistic mansion, with modernistic swimming pool, modernistic garages, modernistic landscaping. And the furniture especially designed for this quixotic abode is named by its creator 'Dynamique.' So you can expect anything from Charlie from now on.

* * *

A new personality has come to Hollywood. She is little and dark with big wistful brown eyes and a sweet smile. Her name is Liska March. She was lunching at the Montmartre with Margaret Ettinger one day and Gloria Swanson and Edmund Goulding sat at the next table. They kept looking over at Liska and finally Mr. Goulding took Margaret Ettinger aside and asked her who the beautiful brunette was. "Gloria thinks she is wonderful, too," said Eddie; and the result was that Liska is booked for the next Swanson picture which Eddie will direct.

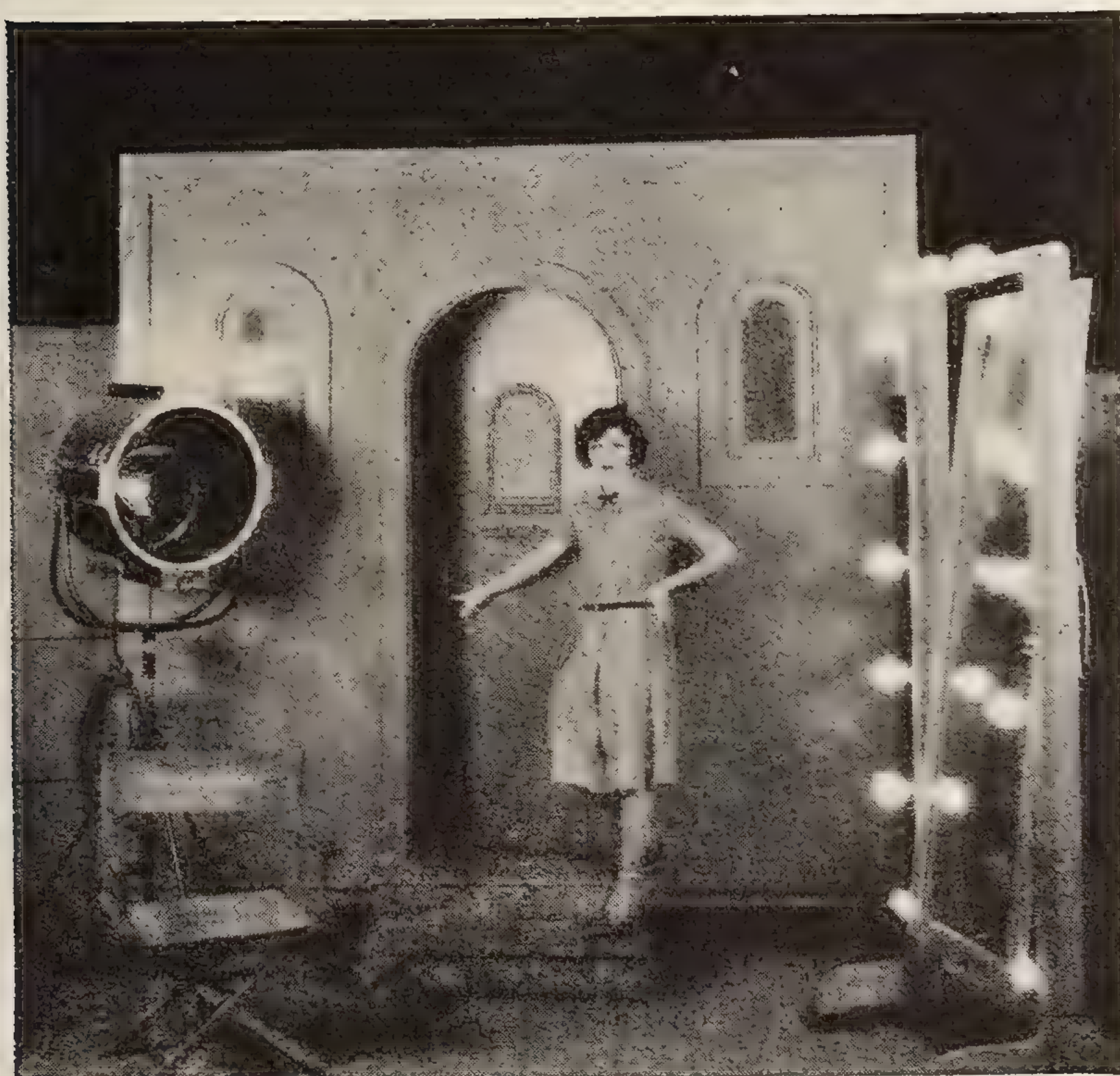
If you watch out you will see her in "Melody Lane" first, and hear her too, because it is a Universal talking picture, and Liska finished her bit of it last week.

* * *

Reginald Denny, with his bride, the adorable little Bubbles, motored to their mountain cabin atop the San Bernardino mountains near Big Bear last Saturday. They took with them several guests for the week end, and with Earl Snell Reggie expected to remain throughout the week while they collaborated on his next and last picture for Universal.

Reggie's contract after that will be held by an English company and Reggie will make two pictures there and return to film the rest in America.

What a place he has! The cabin is made entirely of logs, the furnishings are made of logs, even the lamp and ash tray standards are twisted branches, all treated with some sort of varnish that makes the bark smooth to the touch. There are three master bedrooms in the cabin and over the garage one huge room and bath with seven beds and seven dressing tables for the men of the party when



☞ Corinne Griffith at the door of her dressing-room which wheels her from set to set at the First National studio. This portable room is a great time-saver for the star.



☞ Dixie Lee and Sue Carol—two little girls from Chicago who have made good in the movies.

there is a crowd. Then there is a barn with four horses and there are three dogs, and chickens and everything.

There are five acres fenced in by a split rail fence, and they overlook the world from an altitude of seven thousand feet, as far as the eye can reach. On a clear day San Diego is plainly visible and it is over two hundred miles away. There are pines of every description, some of them 100 feet high, and at least twenty different varieties of wild flowers. Carpets of wild iris, that look like Japanese iris, and of tiny fuzzy lupins growing about three inches high and including in their color scheme all shades of opalescent purple; Wild Sweet William, orange in color with perfume like a jasmine, and many others. A perfect fairyland!

Next to Reggie's place is Hoot Gibson's, with about the same amount of land. As we were turning in the private road which leads to the two places we met Hoot and hailed him. There was a little boy in our party, Bobby, the nephew of Reggie's business manager Vernon Wood. When our car passed Bobby breathed a heavy sigh: "Gee," he said, "I saw him in person!" Hoot, it seems, is Bobby's idol next to Reginald Denny.

Bubbles had no sooner settled herself on the couch in front of the great log fire than she remembered that the last Mayfair dance was to be held the following Saturday. "We'll have to go back in time for it, Reggie," she said. "No, darling," said Reggie. "We have a whole week's work to do on the story and we won't be able to make it."

A mutinous look came into Bubbles' brown eyes and her little chin went up. "Well, we won't talk about it now, but we'll see," she said and settled her little head more comfortably against her husband's shoulder.

And personally, I bet on Bubbles. It looked to me as if Reggie would never deny her anything she set her heart on even though it put him to some inconvenience.

* * *

It looks as if Ben Lyon and Bebe were not to be married just yet. When Bebe started work on "Rio Rita" at RKO she decided that commuting to the beach was too strenuous a job so she has taken an apartment in Hollywood and furnished it in her own good taste. Ben Lyon has taken an apartment in a new building across the street,

also buying new furniture, and with Bebe's help has fixed himself a very attractive place indeed.

Ben is a very neat person and if anything is out of place or disorderly he is miserable until it is tidied up.

The other evening a friend called him up and asked that Ben join him at a party. "I can't," said Ben, "I'm busy."

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Well, at the present moment I'm holding a blotting paper over some candle grease stains on my new couch, and over the blotting paper I'm holding a hot iron. And from the number of spots I judge it will take me most of the evening."

Ben has one of those enormous cathedral candles in his living room, and a friend who did not understand the technique of snuffing it gave a mighty blow that sent the wax flying in every direction. Hence Ben's busy evening.



☞ Guess who? You can't, so we'll tell you: it's Clara Bow, all made up for her circus picture, "Dangerous Curves."

By the way, Ben is a sensation over on the United Artists lot where he is playing in "Lummox." His voice registers one hundred per cent over the mike and it looks as if he could stay at U. A. as long as he wants to.

* * *

All gossip to the contrary, while this is not the first time Patsy Ruth Miller has had an engagement ring bought for her, Tay Garnett's is the first she has accepted.

Pat is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood with the gentlemen of the community because she treats them like a lot of brothers: swims, rides, hikes or plays tennis with them and invites the whole crowd in for a bite which she makes them help prepare. No low-lighted, perfumed rooms for Pat. Fresh, pure air and plenty of sunlight is her diet, and sleep when she can get it; if anybody in Hollywood can sleep these talking picture days.

Pat and her Dad and Tay turned the lights on the tennis court last evening so that I could see the roses, and I must say they were a gorgeous sight. All around the high wire fence climbs a variety of English Rambler rose which is now in full bloom. It is different from our rambler in this: each rose is the size of an ordinary one but they are in clusters. Some of the sprays they picked for me had ten or twelve roses on one stalk—a whole bouquet in a spray. Pat told me that they have found as many as

twenty-two on one spray. They are a rich, deep red, almost the color of a Liberty rose.

Pat has just finished the talking version of a picture made at Tiffany-Stahl many months ago and will begin work on "So Long Letty" at Warner's within the next few days. She has definitely set her marriage with Tay Garnett for September.

* * *

Olive Borden's bob is the neatest thing I have seen. Her head is very small and well shaped and her hair being thick and lustrous and just wavy enough hugs her little head in a most attractive swirl.

"That Borden girl sure has a mean figure," said a fellow actress admiringly watching Olive's lissom little body clad in a tight fitting yellow satin evening gown whirl into a fox trot.

Olive came bounding off the set, her black eyes glowing with exuberance. "Look at my slippers," she said, holding up her tiny foot for me to see. "They have to put felt soles and rubber heels on my slippers so that they will make no noise, and they are awkward to dance in. They won't push."

* * *

Back of Mary Pickford's bungalow on the lot there is a large cage, about four feet wide and six feet high, which is the summer home of Joe, a handsome cockatoo given



¶ Norma Shearer greets a new member of the Metro-Goldwyn stock company at Culver City. Lucky pup!

Mary by her mother about five years ago. In the winter Joe occupies one of the stars dressing-rooms on Dressing-room Row, so that he won't freeze to death.

Joe is a grumpy old soul, but he seems to like attention and usually grunts a welcome to any one who stops to pass the time of day with him. It seems to be a tremendous effort for him to open his eyes at all, but once open the little orange optics take you in from head to foot. Then Joe swallows a couple of times as he settles himself more comfortably for another snooze, and the eye that seemed so wide awake a moment before sinks into placid slumber.

Mary and Doug have started tests for the first all-talking Shakesperian picture, "The Taming of the Shrew." I hear that there are to be no liberties taken with the text or plot, just some judicious cutting here and there.

William Boyd, the stage star—no relation to the screen star of the same name—who was brought from Broadway to play in George Fitzmaurice's all-dialogue picture, "The Locked Door," sees the end of the big legitimate theater in the near future. He does not say that stage shows will be killed off entirely by the popularity of sound pictures, but he believes that artistic Little Theaters will supplant them.

"The reason for this," Boyd explains, "is that the so-called talkies are able to give us all that the stage has and much more for a smaller admission price. I should be the last to say this because my ancestors for generations have been of the theater, but I have noted with regret the almost complete decline of the stage. If I had thought the theater was as permanent now as it has been in the past I would not have left Broadway for Hollywood."

* * *

Red Grange, the galloping ghost of the gridiron and one of the greatest football players in the history of the game, has been signed for a musical feature of college life by Universal, according to announcement by Carl Laemmle, Jr. The story is titled "College Heroes."

Except that it has a college locale the story of Grange's picture has not been announced but it seems certain that Red will be seen again as a football star. "College Heroes" will be all talking.

* * *

Leo Carrillo is in Hollywood to make his first talking and singing production for Tiffany-Stahl entitled "Mr. Antonio," the stage play by Booth Tarkington played for a long while on the legitimate stage by Otis Skinner. Mr. Carrillo is the stage star of "Lombardi, Ltd.," "The Bad Man," and other well known productions. After finishing his first picture, he leaves for a tour of the Antipodes, his first stop being Melbourne, Australia, to be gone about 22 weeks. He will then return to the United States to make his second picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

* * *

John Boles has been raised to stardom by Universal and will be heard in three talking-musical pictures during next season. "The Song of Passion" will be the title of the first of these three pictures.



¶ Frank Ross, young Long Island real estate man whose fine tenor voice has won him a Paramount talkie contract.

Not So

Even a Screen
Villain was a
Pretty Baby
Once!



☞ Little did Chester Morris' doting parents think when they persuaded their darling to pose for this picture that he would grow up to be an eminent portrayer of crook and criminal rôles on stage and screen! (P. S. They're mighty proud of him, though.)

☞ Chester Morris, one of the sensations of the talking screen as the craven killer, Chick Williams, in the melodramatic "Alibi." Chester has worked hard and found fame and fortune as America's foremost young actor of mean underworldings.



Long Ago

Before a
Famous
Ingenué
Climbed
the Ladder



☞ Little Anita Pomares, with her bright gold hair hanging in curls down her back, went to school in Long Island, N. Y. Then she went to dancing school and finally, they say, tried to enter the Paramount School, only to be told, 'No room.' So she went to Hollywood.

☞ Today Anita Page is the leading ingenue of the screen. Her blonde beauty, unaffected charm, and incidentally hard work have made her a world figure—and she is scarcely twenty! In her grown-up picture Anita is wearing the last Hollywood word in beach adornment—necklace and bracelet of sponge!

The Stage Coach

¶ Amusing Comments on Current Broadway Stage Plays

A Night in Venice

A HANDSOME and, in the main, a happy Shubert revue. Ted Healy steps into his own as one of the brighter of the Broadway comedians, assisted by his now famous trio of Beau Brummels. The Chester Hale girls are comely wenches, executing graceful steps with robot-like precision. The Mlles. Beth and Betty Dodge imitate birds, swans and roosters, in addition to whistling, dancing, and singing in French. Joe and Pete Michon engage in a series of acrobatic stunts proving that some human bodies, at any rate, contain a high percentage of rubber. Betty Rees dances on her toes, and up and down staircases. There is a jungle dance that has thrills in it. In short, here is a high, wide and

handsome entertainment for the summer.

Stepping Out

Presented by Charles Dillingham, in association with Eddie Dowling and Edgar MacGregor, "Stepping Out" is offered as a 'new and modern comedy' by Elmer Harris, who used to write things for what was known in our day as the silent screen. 'New and modern' it may be, but you've seen it before in "Cradle Snatchers" and "My Girl Friday." If you liked those—and we didn't—you may gather for yourself some chuckles at the tale of two men who went philandering, and whose wives came back just in time to spoil the party. The wives, of course, go philandering themselves in revenge.

Our objection to this sort of play is not a moral one.

Indeed, here and there, we found ourselves giving vent to a few chuckles of our own. But our main objection comes down to one thing always: that the play was not written by the late Avery Hopwood. Hopwood could do these things with a light touch. Most of our other non-Gallic playwrights are a shade too heavy-handed.

The Grand Street Follies

Not perhaps quite as up to snuff as some of the earlier Grand Street satires, this, nevertheless, turns out to be an amusing revue. As usual, the apes win: Dorothy Sands' and Paula Trueman's impersonations of certain celebrated names in the theater are gorgeous; Albert Carroll, for once, is not quite as happily placed, though even he has his moments. The ideas—every single one of 'em—are grand; it is in their execution that something is definitely lacking.

For instance, to take a matter near to our heart, take the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers as done by the Four Marx Brothers. There is, certainly, material for a frolic. And when Marc Loebell enters, wearing the Groucho mustache, you are in the mood to laugh at anything. Anything, that is, except the lines that follow. The idea disintegrates right before your eyes, and your fun with it.

Still, Paula Trueman as Ruth Gordon in "Serena Blandish" will make up even for that disappointment.



White

¶ Joseph Letora and Charlotte Woodruff in a scene from the new musical comedy, "Music in May."

By Morrie Ryskind

Congratulations

Here is pure hokum, lightly done and daintily spread. And it makes a pretty summer dish to set before the king.

Every once in a while no great shucks of a play comes out and admits it, and pulls the audience along by saying "You'll have to get into this if you expect to have a good time." Often the audience says, "We can't be bothered." But in the case of "The Last Warning," the audience *did* bother. And so it does with "Congratulations."

A tale laid in the theater with the audience as audience. Some nice cracks, some wise ones and a tale of an actor who was elected Mayor. Nothing to write home about, but a good entertainment.



Edward Thayer Monroe

☞ Romney Brent, one of the brilliant stars in "The Little Show," a New York hit.



Vandamm

☞ Albert Carroll impersonating Fannie Brice in a hilarious number, from "The Grand Street Follies."

Music in May

Whatever would have happened to this romantic operetta without the broad German dialect and non-romantic attitude of Solly Ward is not even matter for speculation. The show would have gone immediately from the try-out period on the road into the storehouse where all shows—good and bad—wind up eventually.

The fact, however, remains, that Solly Ward is in the show. And for that let us be grateful and stop bringing up silly ideas. Solly Ward is in the show and Solly Ward is funny. That is, he is funny to us.

Though it ought to be admitted, by one who claims to love the truth as much as we do; that we are just a sucker for a German comic. Lew Fields has to do nothing but mispronounce one word to knock us off our seat; when Jack Pearl fumbles for a phrase and finally comes up with 'Dumkopf,' that terrific peal of laughter designates where your correspondent is rolling in the aisle; and when Solly Ward gets involved in a speech, those hysterical shrieks are emanating from no one but SCREENLAND's middle-aged dramatic critic.

Of course, some people will go to see this show just because it's a romantic operetta wherein a prince marries a commoner and they spend all their time singing love duets right after the worst song cues anybody ever wrote. Even we liked the students' songs and the settings and the Chester Hale girls and the string orchestra. But don't let anybody kid you. Anybody can write song cues—except for this show; they were special ones—but this is the only show in town with Solly Ward in it.

Beauty

*Photographs of Miss
Hyams by Clarence
Sinclair Bull.*

¶ *Leila is one of Leo's pet actresses. Leo? Why, don't you know? He's the fierce old Metro-Goldwyn lion who roars at you from the screen at the beginning of every M-G-M feature.*

¶ *Leila Hyams gives the breakers a break when she isn't working before the camera.*

AND
THE

Beach

*Photographs of Miss
Mackaill by Harold
Dean Carsey.*



☞ Talking pictures have given Dorothy Mackaill's career a new lease on life. 'Mike' took a fancy to her from the start and she returns the compliment. Her latest is "The Great Divide."

☞ Dorothy Mackaill battled successfully with the sound waves and then tackled the Pacific.

Ask Me!

*An Answer Department of
Information about Players
and Pictures.*

By
Miss Vee Dee



Alfred
Cheney
Johnston.

SCREENLAND's Answer Girl will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture players. If you wish an answer in the magazine please be patient and await your turn, but if you prefer a personal reply from Miss Vee Dee, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Since Ruth Etting has appeared in Paramount talking shorts, Miss Vee Dee has been receiving letters asking about her. Miss Etting is an important feature of Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" and makes singies in her spare time.

I have the answer to your inquiry about Norma Talmadge. She hasn't made a picture since "The Woman Disputed" for she has been vacationing in Europe—so don't lose hope, you may get her photograph yet. Anita Page plays with Bessie Love in "Broadway Melody," one of the most convincing of the talking pictures. She has big parts and good breaks in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "The Flying Fleet." Your story would have to be a sure-fire-hit to be accepted by any picture producers as they have their own writing staffs.

DORTHA R. of Arkansas Pass. Some people have all the luck—I've always wanted to live in a town with a name like that but Texas will have to get along without me until flying is made easier on commuters. William Hart hasn't been in pictures for a long time. He has been making cowboy poem records for a talking machine company. He may do a talking picture. He was on the stage at the age of 19 and played with many noted stars before going into pictures. Pearl White is no longer in films, having retired some time ago. She lives abroad. You can write to Philippe De Lacy at 904 Guarantee Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.

Connie, Saxy and Tom Boy of Chicago. Wouldn't that just kill you? But there's safety in numbers. As the Windy City is so well represented this month, we'll make this a 'get-together' meeting and I'd like to see any one stop us! Jane La Verne played with Reginald Denny in "That's My Daddy." She is 5 years old. She appears with Mary Astor and Charles Morton in "New Year's Eve." You can reach Caryl Lincoln and Alberta Vaughn at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Step up, Saxy, with the rest of the orchestra; it's your turn. You saw Billie Dove with Larry Kent and Lowell Sherman

in "Heart of A Follies Girl." Billie is one of the beauties of the screen and it is no wonder you boys skipped a note now and then on your trusty Saxies. As far as I know, Billie has been married but once and her husband is one of Hollywood's most devoted. He is Irvin Willat, the director. Now Tom Boy, get in the magic circle while I pour out another round of wisdom. Buzz Barton is 13 years old. At the age of 6, he gained the nickname of 'Buzz,' after riding an unbroken horse and completely subduing it. You can write him at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Junior Coghlan was born in New Haven, Conn. He has brown eyes and light hair. He gets his fan mail at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jackie Coogan is 14 years old.

Marion M. C. of Kalamazoo, Mich. Do I ever take a long vacation? Well, for the love of silent pictures! As long as I'm the world's well-known 'this and that' of information, vacation will be a mere word to me, nothing more. Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson were born in Sweden. Renee Adoree was born in France; Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro in Mexico; George K. Arthur in England; Jobyna Ralston in Tennessee, and Colleen Moore in Ohio.

An Admirer from Montreal. I think

Dream Girl from Clinton, Ky. Whose little theme song are you? Never mind, that's your own affair. You can address James Hall and Lane Chandler at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Barbara Kent and Fred Gilman at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Gloria Swanson at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Larry Kent appears in "The Spirit of Youth" made at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Betty from Westville, N. J. You want my impression of Buddy Rogers—he is as nice a boy as you'd ever hope to meet. Good looking? I hope to let you know he is. In his next picture with Nancy Carroll, called "Close Harmony," he will tease the megaphone and bring happy smiles to all tired business girls. Buddy played with Marian Nixon in "Red Lips."

Eddie of Boston, Mass. So you are going to be a popular bird in the movies, are you? From your conservative description, you have everything a high salaried star should have and plenty of it. Janet Gaynor, John Gilbert, and William Haines are 'all American.' Janet is 22 years old, John

G. is 31 and William H. is 28.

Dot of Indianapolis. You turn a very neat phrase or two about SCREENLAND and why shouldn't you, we deserve it! Viola Richard is not Charles Rogers' sister; neither is Richard Dix the brother of Mary Brian. Billie Dove's husband is Irvin Willat. Little Davey Lee is a star at the age of 4 years, in "Sonny Boy"—supporting him are Betty Bronson, Gertrude Olmstead and Edward Everett Horton. Davey was born December 29, 1924.

Curious Virginia, Pawtucket, R. I. Yes, you might call me mis-information but I ask you, is that nice? Mary Astor is 23 years old and the wife of Kenneth Hawks. Mary has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. You can reach her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Audrey Ferris was born August 30, 1909. Write her at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Philbin is one of the Universal stars. Her latest release is "Port of Dreams." Address Nancy Carroll at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marge of Sioux City, Iowa. You can always have the key to my department if all your letters are as charming as the first



“Is Clara Bow popular?” “Ask Me!” says Miss Vee Dee who received more letters about Clara than about any other girl this month.

one. Corinne Griffith's real name is Corinne Scott. She was born November 25, 1897, at Texarkana, Tex. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Walter Morosco. Gary Cooper's latest film is "The Virginian" with Mary Brian. Gary was born May 7, 1901, at Helena, Mont. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. Nancy Carroll plays with Gary in "The Shopworn Angel."

Waneta from Chester, N. H. Of course I'll be a rainbow round your shoulder and we'll go places and ring door-bells. You want a picture of Charles Rogers in SCREENLAND—that's nothing, but to see an issue without his picture, that's news. Janet Gaynor gets her fan mail at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Barthelmess at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

La Von J. of Sanger, Cal. You're twelve years old and have had the 'movie fever' for three years—you should have consulted me before this. I can't give you Richard Barthelmess' life up to the present day—his wife and little daughter Mary Hay would have something to say about that. You'll hear his voice in his new picture, "Weary River." Betty Compson is his leading lady and that makes two good excuses for stacking the dinner dishes when Dick and Betty come to your theater. Richard was born in New York City in 1896. He has black hair and brown eyes. A few of his older films are, "Nearly Married," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "Experience," and "Tol'able David."

Kenneth D. of Bristol, N. H. You are one of 'the show-me' boys—you want your finger in all the movie pies, don't you? Dorothy Kitchen is now Nancy Drexel in pictures. She plays with Janet Gaynor, Barry Norton and Charles Morton in "The Four Devils." You can reach George Hackathorne at Hotel Palomar, Hollywood,

Cal. Robert Frazer at 6356 La Mirada Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Tom Moore and Tom Santschi are in "The Yellowback," a film from the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Corliss Palmer plays with Sally O'Neil and Roland Drew in "Broadway Fever," released by Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Gaston Glass is in "The Red Mark" with Nena Quartaro, for Pathé.

A Ralph Forbes Fan from Brooklyn. There isn't anyone I'd rather say things about—nice things, of course, than your favorite, Ralph Forbes. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Some of his films are, "The Masks of the Devil" with John Gilbert, "The Whip" with Dorothy Mackaill, and "Restless Youth" with Marceline Day. Ruth Chatterton appears with Emil Jannings and Barry Norton in "Sins of the Fathers." Julianne Johnston, who played with Douglas Fairbanks in "Thief of Bagdad," was born in Indianapolis, Ind. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes.

A Buddy Rogers Fan, Parkersburg, W. Va. You'd like me to slam a few words around with you about Buddy Rogers—one of the nicest things I do is to talk about Buddy. He is very musical, having earned



“Joan Crawford Fairbanks is proud of her high standing with the 'Ask Me' readers. (So is Doug, Jr.)”



“You'd smile, too, if you were as popular as Richard Arlen is with Miss Vee Dee's correspondents.”



☞ John C. Brownell, ace scenario writer for RKO, talks it over with a pal.

his living before going into picture work by playing in orchestras. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown eyes and black hair. He was born Aug. 13, 1905, in Olanthe, Kansas. His first big break in pictures was with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper in "Wings." Then followed "My Best Girl" with Mary Pickford.

Elizabeth A. of South Euclid, O. I'm not boasting when I say you couldn't find a better place to come for the desired information, for getting down to the bottom of things, often gets us to the top. Loretta Young has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and was born in 1912. You can write her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Address June Collyer at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal., where she is filming "Not Quite Decent." Anna May Wong has been in pictures about 6 years. She is making films in Germany. Pola Negri is not connected with any American studio but will confine her picture activities to foreign productions in the future. Molly O'Day still gets her fan mail at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., but she hasn't made a new picture since "Hard-Boiled Haggerty" with Milton Sills and "Patent Leather Kid" with Richard Barthelmess. Molly is at present on a vaudeville tour.

Marjorie of Toronto, Ont. You're crazy to see what I look like? Well, you would be! Alice White has reddish-gold hair and brown eyes as we go to press, but you never can tell about these modern girls and the color of their locks. Ronald Colman and John Gilbert are not related. Raquel Torres played with Monte Blue in "White Shadows of the South Seas." Her real name is Guillermina von Ostermann. She is in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" with Lily Damita and Don Alvarado, a forthcoming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

C. W. T. of Chattanooga, Tenn. Have we any rich men's sons in pictures and why not? Pretty soft to have lots of dough

but it did not keep Malcolm MacGregor, Jack Luden and Barry Norton out of the movie industry. Your inquiry about Neil Hamilton is answered elsewhere in this department. Owen Moore and Harry Crocker played with Sally O'Neil in "Becky." Sally Rand was born in Winchester, Ky., and was in Gus Edwards Revue before going into the flickers. She is a gray-eyed blonde, is 5 feet tall and weighs 114 pounds.

A Canadian Fan. Many happy overtures and a heigh-ho for Montreal and all other movie fans, silent or loud speaking. Dust off the old ear muffs and listen in. Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France, in 1901. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Hugh Allan was born in Oakland, Cal., November 5, 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Barry Norton played with Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton in "Sins of the Fathers." You can reach Barry at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mickey from Lowell, Mass. If I said all I think, I'd be speechless but what's one speechless among friends? No, I don't think that's so funny, either. Gilbert Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, in December, 1905. He is not married. He is to play the hero in Norma Talmadge's first talkie film for United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Ralph Forbes is a native of London, England. He was born September 30, 1902. His wife is Ruth Chatterton who was very well-known on the stage before going into films. Ralph is playing on the stage in Los Angeles right now, but will doubtless be making pictures again soon.

Allie from San Ysidro, Cal. I may have dreamy eyes but I'm always wide awake. I have to be to hold this job, take it from me! Norma Shearer is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Sally Rand weighs 114 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Joan Craw-

ford is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Bessie Love has light brown hair, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall.

Marjorie W. of Indianapolis. Our next offering for your pleasure will be a little ditty entitled. "The Age Limit." Larry Kent is 28. Barry Norton is 24. William Collier Jr., is 27. Conrad Nagel is 32. Marian Nixon is 24. Dolores Costello is 23 and Dorothy Mackaill is 25.

An Admirer from New York. I'm not tossing myself any bouquets but aren't you neglecting me in your pan of praise? William Boyd can be reached at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Barry Norton is loaned to other companies but has a contract with Fox Studios. At this writing he is working at Paramount Studios, filming "The Command to Love." Barry has black hair and brown eyes. George Lewis can be addressed at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. He is married to a non-professional, Mary Louise Lohman. Address Ralph Graves at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ralph plays with Ramon Novarro, Carroll Nye, Edward Nugent and Gardner James in "The Flying Fleet."

Bebe of British Columbia. When all others fail, try my department—I guarantee my line, all questions answered in time and you'll all have a whale of a chance to get inside of something big. John Mack Brown was born in Dothan, Ala., September 1, 1904. That is his real name. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He played with Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs" and in "A Lady of Chance" with Norma Shearer. You can write to Johnny at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dorothy Sebastian plays with Buster Keaton in "Spite Marriage." Dorothy is a southern peach, I mean she actually is. She was born in Birmingham, Ala., on April 26, 1903. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes with long dark lashes.



☞ Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut in their Beverly Hills home. She is Elise Bartlett of stage and screen.



Autrey

SCREEN SISTERS!

THEY might be twins, but they aren't, really—except insofar as they are both features of Mr. William Fox's motion picture program. Mary Astor and June Collyer are sisters in celluloid but until it happened that both girls worked together on the Fox lot, nobody noticed the amazing resemblance. Both are tall, brown-eyed. Though Mary's hair is titian and June's brown, they photograph the same. And now we suppose they will be getting one another's fan mail!

The Starry Masquerade—Continued from page 27

they had taken off their masks.

"Oh, who is the sixteenth century knight who has been playing his mandolin so badly, and whose sword I have been falling over whenever I've danced with him?" demanded Joan Bennett. The mystery was explained when everybody unmasked and Ralph Forbes was revealed as the knight. He had come with his wife, Ruth Chatterton, who wore a charming costume of Colonial days.

"Oh, there's the newest romance!" whispered Patsy. Just then Lily Damita walked by with Prince Louis Ferdinand, the Kaiser's son, both having unmasked, and the Prince paying devoted attention to the fair Lily.

"I really want to stay in California," the Prince told us wistfully. "But I've got to go to South America to attend to some business. Then, perhaps—" and he glanced at Lily, who blushed sweetly. And when Lily blushes it means something, as she is usually a very self-possessed young lady. The Prince is a modest young chap with big brown eyes that seem to be appealing to you to like him.

"For all his faraway, wistful look," put in Patsy when he had gone, "I'll wager he is as practical as any other German. I hear he doesn't in the least want to go into pictures, and that he would love to own an automobile business."

We walked out under the cherry trees, covered with blossoms, which our hostess had brought to the terrace as decorations, and found—whom do you think?—our host and hostess embracing under a cherry tree!

They explained to us quite composedly that this was really the celebration of their fourth wedding anniversary, and that they had just purposely waited four years before saying it with a party, because people were always so ready to say caustic things about wedding anniversaries, especially first ones.

Gloria Swanson was there with Ivan Lebedeff, he being a friend of both Gloria's and her husband's, and we found that our hostess considers Ivan one of the most interesting of the foreigners in our midst.

Fred Burt, Helen Ware's husband, got a lot of laughs with his costume, which represented The Spirit of Real Estate, the upper part being a sort of box, representing a real estate office, covered with signs.

"There's Jetta Goudal," observed Patsy, "and though she often dresses a bit as if she might be going to a masquerade any minute, she shows what she can do when she really goes to a masquerade."

Miss Goudal wore the dress of a Hindoo dancer, even to the painted toes and little bells and bangles. She looked lovely and won a prize.

We discovered that the cherry-blossom terrace was Romance Lane, when we found another couple holding hands. About to be very nice and steal away, Blanche Sweet called out, "Oh, come on in and sit with us!"

The man was Micky Neilan, from whom Blanche is supposed to be about to get a divorce.

Micky, we found, was very grateful to Mrs. Rathbone for inviting both himself and Blanche, and couldn't, we heard, thank her enough. Evidently he thought she had arranged for the two to be brought together, but she confided to us that she hadn't even thought of it.

Marion Davies was there, wearing a gorgeous costume, and looking lovely. She

made her appearance uniquely in a basket!

Florence Vidor arrived with her husband, Jascha Heifitz, both clad as Dutch children, looking very picturesque. Florence is delighted over the prospect of visiting all the musical centers of Europe this summer with her husband, and of meeting many noted artists.

"There's one girl I've been following about all evening," John Davidson confided to us. "She is wearing a most bizarre and fascinating costume, with lace stockings and green wig. I simply must find out who she is before we unmask. That's the thrilling part about this kind of a party. Besides,



Sally Starr from the stage makes her screen debut in the first all-talking campus picture, "College Days."

Romeo met Juliet at a masked ball, didn't he?"

But alas, when he finally managed to make the lady disclose a bit of her face—she turned out to be Lilyan Tashman, and of course Lilyan's husband, Eddie Lowe, was close at hand.

"Darn it! I might have known that Romeo wouldn't have any luck in love!" exclaimed John.

Adrian, the fashion expert, came as a tattooed Zulu, and was highly effective.

"And he must be much cooler dancing than we are, for though his tattoo marks are all on silk, still silk is a lot cooler than velvet," sighed Sir Knight Ralph Forbes.

Blanche Sweet was wearing a costume made up entirely of feathers, so no wonder if she found the terrace an alluring place. However, she and Micky Neilan danced together almost continually.

I forgot to tell you that Billy Haines wore an acrobatic costume, and brought his troupe of acrobats with him, doing some funny burlesque stunts after supper and unmasking.

King Vidor and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, were amusing in costume, King as a Russian peasant and Eleanor as a mediaeval

princess—long gold dress, sandals and all.

"But if anybody ever looked cute, it is Rene Adoree!" cried Patsy, as Rene swung by, dancing with Larry Gray. She wore a Paris Apache's outfit, and was as amusing as possible.

"Ah, here's another budding romance!" ejaculated Patsy, as we sat in the ballroom watching the dancers, and she pointed out Fay Compton, the English actress, and Sidney Howard. Neither of us knew Fay Compton, but we nodded to Howard—when he could take his eyes off his partner for one little minute.

One of the most striking costumes was that of Helen Ware, who came dressed as a red nun with a halo of red around her head.

"There's the pony team—George K. Arthur and his wife!" cried Patsy, as the comedian and his sweet spouse waltzed by, George as a Scottish Highlander and Mrs. Arthur as a Scottish lady of long ago. We chatted with them, and found that George is looking forward to a summer in Europe and to making a few British pictures.

Jack Conway, clad as a clown, and his wife also in clown's costume, hailed us, and presently there joined us Lenore Bushman, Mrs. Conway's sister, looking lovely in a colonial costume.

Jack said that he knew he hadn't disguised himself much by putting on a clown costume, but it was cool and light at any rate.

John Cromwell and his wife, Kay Johnson, were charming, Miss Johnson in Colonial dress and Cromwell in a military costume, and Miss Johnson said that she didn't know how a lady in tight corsets and hoops ever got up gumption enough to elope with anybody, or how she could think of anything but the moment she would get home and get her corsets off.

Mrs. Mitchell Lyson wore a Spanish bride's costume—white satin with yards of train on the floor. She sang for us after supper in that lovely voice of hers.

Charles Brabin came as the Duke of Wellington, and Theda Bara in a striking Venetian gown.

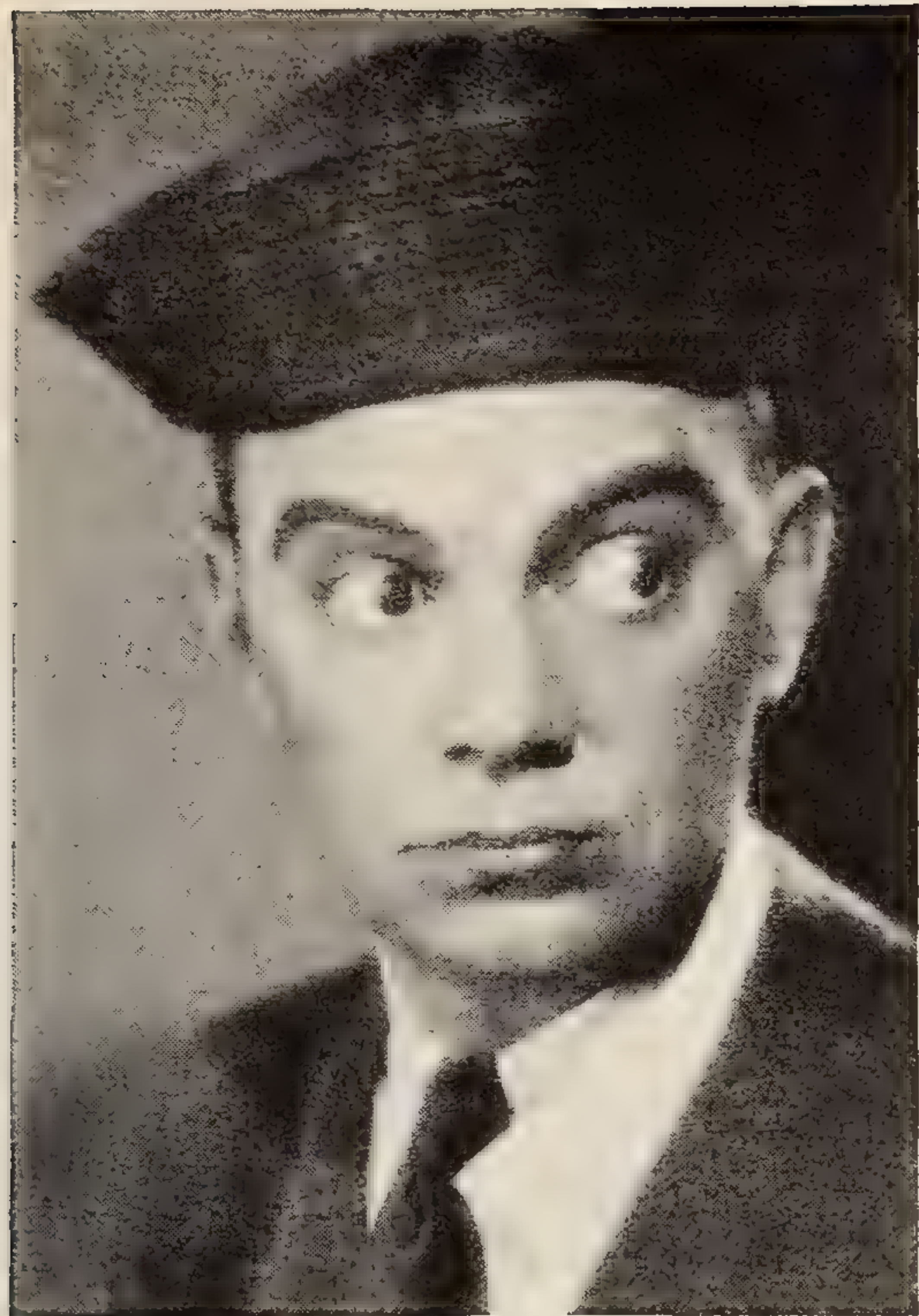
There was a lot of fun when the guests began imitating the entertainers. When the Spanish dancer, for instance, was doing her stunt, Billy Haines, Renee Adoree and others thought they must go Spanish, too, and drew out shouts of laughter with their burlesque Spanish dancing, while, when the girl sang her Spanish songs, everybody joined in the singing whether they knew the words and music or not.

A lot of the guests enjoyed themselves hugely and were very funny, riding on Maurice Revnes' little boy scooter. He wore panties like a kid's, with little small-boy legends written all over them, and took everybody riding on his wagon. King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman made an amusing couple on the scooter, King pretending he was scared to death, and Eleanor putting on her most high-and-mighty air as they sailed past.

Fred Niblo wore Lord Dundreary whiskers and Turkish trousers with a red fez, so we couldn't quite make out what he was intended to represent, unless it was Bluebeard, and we forgot to ask him, but he was amusing as usual, of course, especially when doing a Russian dance.

Lois Wilson was there, and so were Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Max Ree, Robert Castle, Kathryn Bennett and others.

"It is an odd little assortment of people



Cliff Edwards brings his ukelele and pungent personality to the "Hollywood Revue of 1929," in which he will be known as 'Ukelele Ike,' as he is on the stage.

in some ways, isn't it?" remarked Patsy. "There is George Fitzmaurice, who used to be married to Ouida Bergere; and who was once engaged to Florence Vidor; King Vidor, who was once the husband of Florence Vidor; Florence Vidor, now married to Heifitz; Eleanor Boardman now the wife of Vidor; Diana Kane, now the wife of George Fitzmaurice, and Ouida Bergere, now married to Basil Rathbone. And yet all is sweetness and light!"

As the wee small hours came around, the guests began to disperse, until finally only a few of us remained, Patsy declaring she couldn't bear to leave.

We all gathered cosily around the piano after the orchestras had left, and then it was that Gloria Swanson sang for us in a very lovely voice.

Then Jack Gilbert invited us all up to his house on a hilltop to see the sun rise and have breakfast, and everybody accepted, including Ina Claire, Fay Compton and Sidney Howard, Joan Bennett, the King Vidor, and some others. Some of the guests donned bathing suits after breakfast, and hopped into the swimming pool, but the rest of us travelled homeward, to dream of the fun we had had.

"I really hadn't intended giving a party," explained Norma Shearer, who was looking radiantly lovely, "but when I saw how 'The Trial of Mary Dugan' was going—well, I felt a party coming on, that's all. So I invited everybody that I could grab at the picture opening."

"I'm glad I was among the grabees," answered Patsy enthusiastically.

Patsy and I were at the home of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, following the premiere of Norma's first talking picture, and everybody was quite frantically trying to get near the star to congratulate her on her success. I have never seen her looking so pretty. There is a very genuine sweetness about this daintily lovely girl that draws everyone to her. So that there wasn't an envious note, I am sure, in all the congratulations she received.

"When I came into the theater," explained Norma, "and saw a lot of empty

seats, I thought, 'Oh, dear, they aren't coming in!' But the seats were soon all filled."

Thalberg, we learned, had been sent post haste to the telephone to tell his servants to prepare salads and sandwiches, so that the partyers could feast in honor of Norma.

"I've never been so nervous in my life," our hostess glowingly admitted. "I heard somebody sneezing, and I thought, 'Now, here's somebody who doesn't like me, who has come to crab my picture'; but the sneezer turned out to be that very nice person, Gus Edwards, so I knew that he had a sincere cold."

Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire were there together at the opening and at the party afterward, and Norma has since confided to us that she feels sure she had something to do with the success of the romance between the two, inasmuch as she had finally persuaded Ina Claire to come to the opening after that young lady had explained that she was afraid she couldn't because she had to study her first talking picture rôle, since she had to go to work next day. She and Jack had come together, and Jack seemed very attentive.

"Personally," whispered Patsy, as we watched them that evening, I'm awfully glad. Somehow Ina seems more Jack's kind than Greta Garbo. She's a bright, cultured American girl, and seems to me awfully well suited to Jack."

We had a nice little chat with H. B. Warner and his wife, and with Raymond Hackett and his wife, Myra Hampton.

Lilyan Tashman came with her husband, Eddie Lowe, and there were Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere, Moon Carroll and her husband, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Clifford Brooke; Sylvia Thalberg and Larry Weingarten, Miss Thalberg's husband; Norma's mother, Mrs. Edith Shearer—her children all call her 'Edie';—Mrs. William Thalberg, Irving's mother; Norma's brother, Douglas Shearer, and her sister Ethel with her husband, Howard Hawks; Mr. and Mrs.

William De Mille; Cecil De Mille and his daughter, Cecelia; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton, the playwrights; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Earle; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg; Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard; Gus Edwards and his wife; Winfield Sheehan and Mrs. Laughlin; Marion Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Franklin; Charlotte Greenwood and Martin Broones, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Conway; Eddie Mannix and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, and a dozen others.

Norma laughingly told us a joke on herself.

"Ina Claire sat next to me at the opening," she said, "and a woman dashed up to Ina after the performance, and, totally ignoring me, exclaimed to her, 'You're Ina Claire, aren't you? And you're going to do "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," aren't you?' 'Yes, I'm Ina Claire, but Miss Shearer here is going to play "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,"' Ina answered. 'Well, I do hope,' said the woman turning to me, 'that she shows you how to do it!' Oh, dear, how that did take the wind out of my sails to be sure," Norma laughed, "but I only answered faintly, 'Well unfortunately those things aren't learned overnight.'"

Norma had taken all sorts of comfortable chairs and sofas down to the big living room for us, but everybody was so excited that nobody sat down, but stood about chatting and even ate their sandwiches standing up.

Norma told us how at one time she had adored going to openings, but that lately she had dreaded them, because something terrible always happened just as she was getting out of her car and everybody was staring.

"Once," she laughed, "I was just stepping out of my car in grand fashion, and I also stepped right out of my shoe! The crowd had started to applaud, but stopped to laugh! I'm sure I'm going to do a funny fall some time just as I'm going into the theater."



Ken Maynard ropes Mrs. Maynard into the first magazine picture for which she has ever posed.

Handful of Charm—Continued from page 79

your hands just as hard as a boy does. Yet, you don't want them to look as a boy's hands look. As I stated before, in these modern days, no one wants a pair of softy, white helpless looking hands, but neither do you want to sit at lunch or the tea or card tables with rough, red hands with badly manicured nails.

The rules of keeping the hands in order are extremely simple. There is the nightly treatment, the daily treatment, and there is the occasional special treatment.

I know a girl who gives her hands what she calls a 'facial' when she wants them to look especially well. She uses a cleansing cream, astringent and greaseless cream, all as though it were in truth, her face she was treating. While giving this treatment, she massages her fingers with a quick, firm, downward movement as though working on a pair of gloves.

In summer time, if she wants her hands to appear whiter, softer and cooler, she soaks her hands for a few minutes in cool water to which a few drops of benzoin have been added. And she has a trick too, in summer, particularly when 'making up' for a day in the open, of using on her hands and arms (and quite often her face) a foundation cream and liquid powder which combine to give the fashionable, sunburn-shade so much to be desired by athletic girls. And the beauty of it is, it not only is an attractive makeup, it protects the skin and keeps it from acquiring real sunburn.

But let's go back to the nightly hand treatment which is, after all, most important. First, comes perfect cleanliness. Don't use harsh soaps on your hands, even if they are very soiled. Use a mild soap and warm water and use a handbrush to scrub off obstinate stains. After drying carefully, if your hands are still grimy, work cold cream into the skin to let the oils loosen the dirt. Wash the hands again with soap and water and they will be clean and soft. Rinse thoroughly in warm water, then in cold. Dry carefully, never wringing them or pulling the skin, but stroking them gently from the fingertips back. Do not leave a trace of moisture. Hands that are carelessly dried are hands that age rapidly and become roughened and chapped. Every night massage the hands for a few minutes using a good cream. Rub with light, circular movements into the backs of the hands, the fingers, taking care that as much cream is pressed into the knuckles as they will absorb. Pinch the fingertips between the thumb and forefinger to coax them into tapering lines.

If your skin is unusually sensitive, almond meal is a delicate substitute for soap for day-

time use. Many women too, use corn meal in place of soap during the day. A tablespoonful of meal rubbed well into the hands will remove stains and leave the hands soft and white. After drying the hands carefully, use a good hand lotion, no matter how many times a day you wash them. Pour a little of the lotion in the palm of one hand and rub your hands together, smoothing it into the skin.

your half moons. Use a good cuticle oil or cream. If you keep your nails and cuticle always soft and pliable with oils, they will seldom break, split or crack.

The color of your nails, like their length, is also an expression of good or bad taste. A polish with just the faintest pink is smarter, in most cases, than a brilliant polish. If you are the type who can be a bit extreme without being conspicuous, you may wear a deeper shade of polish if your nails are exquisitely manicured.

One of the late improvements in nail polishes is a perfumed liquid polish. This imparts a fine lustre to the nails and leaves them smooth and dainty while imparting the elusive fragrance so pleasing to the woman of refinement. Two coats of this polish will add greatly to its wearing qualities.

There is little we can do to change the actual bone and muscle formation of the hands, but there's one thing you can do, girls. You can be careful about the rings you wear. Some maintain that the woman with badly shaped hands should never wear

rings at all. And nobody, in this day, should wear more than one ring per hand.

If you have well-shaped, well-kept hands, even though large, you may wear a single large ring with a stone oblong in outline to repeat the outline of the hand. The square-set stones are hardest of all to wear perhaps, unless one possesses a very good hand.

Color, too, is important. An emerald looks best on a very white hand. Sapphires make a tanned or brownish hand look yellow, while rubies or garnets might be all right. An opal looks well on a smooth, fair hand. Diamonds vulgarize the short, fat stumpy-fingered hand.

Gloves also are to be considered. In the old days, gloves were standardized and it was hard to go wrong. But in these days of frilly cuffs and heavily embroidered backs, it is easy to go farther and fare worse.

Never wear a glove that is too tight, or one that isn't speckless. Plain beige or a grey suede pull-on are always in good taste. And whether you get the kind that goes to the cleaner or the kind that you wash out in the bathroom and hang on the rack—you will have the consciousness that your hands are smartly dressed.

There are so many things to tell you about the hands that I could not possibly get it all in this space. But if you will write to me, I will send you detailed directions for the home manicure, and exercises for beauty and symmetry of the hands.

I am so glad that my department has pleased you; and I hope all feminine readers will feel free to tell me their problems, so that I may help them!



Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill entertain Director William Beaudine's two daughters when they visit the studio. Papa Beaudine at the right.

Not so long ago, glycerine and rose water was a favorite hand lotion, and lemon or tomato juice was used to remove stains and sunburn. But many skins do not take kindly to glycerine, and lemon or tomato juice are not always conveniently at hand. The hand lotions of the specialists and cosmetic manufacturers of today are kinder to the skin, and you can find among the many excellent hand preparation one just suited to your skin. There are many delightful hand bleaches, too, on the market. Most of these, incidentally, are drying. So if you massage your hands with a bleaching cream, massage again with an oily cream to prevent dryness.

If your hands are often in water, the skin of them may become very dry. Or, it may be naturally dry. Care of your hands, therefore, must aim to replace the oils which keep them soft and smooth. About one night a week, hold them for about ten minutes in a bowl of warm olive oil which should be massaged gently in, as much as can be absorbed. On this night, wear a pair of clean, loose gloves to bed.

Doing things with your hands wreaks particular havoc on your fingernails. If you do your own manicuring, do it with careful attention to tiny details of immaculate perfection in grooming.

In shaping the nails, it is in better taste not to leave the nails too long or pointed. If you curve your nails to follow the curve of your fingertips, you will find this an excellent length both for good looks and convenience. Use great care in pushing and training the cuticle edge back from

Hushing Hollywood—Continued from page 23

able, felt muffling is used on the camera itself.

Wardrobe or costume designers are gradually becoming accustomed to the shocks of hectic hushing. There was the lovely gown designed for Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." This was made with a taffeta lining for the bouffant effect desired but when Miss Shearer entered the scene, the recorder phoned down that her dress made a noise like a boiler factory in action. Back went the offending garment to Mrs. Hallie Piper of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's wardrobe department. A flannelette lining saved the day.

Stiff brocades are out until some way is discovered to deaden their swishing rustle. All beads must be sewn on firmly; if one should fall off and an actor step on it, the resulting slight pop would sound like a gun shot and possibly blow out a valve.

Over at Paramount, they have experienced no difficulty with taffeta. For "Magnolia," twenty girls in taffeta period gowns with double taffeta petticoats danced the minuet without a murmur from the microphone. The chorus girls' tulle skirts in "Backstage Blues" were also lined with taffeta. In this studio, hair cloth is used as a lining to deaden sound. But, alas, Pola's famous dress of pearls hangs discarded in the wardrobe. "We'll never be able to use it again—it clanks and clanks!" they sigh.

"No bracelets or tinkling earrings, no long pearl necklaces or beads, no jeweled trains," shriek the sound experts. A bright clothes' creator out at M-G-M dipped the jingly ornaments in parafin which is not picked up by the cameras but which nevertheless obliterates the jingle. Johanna Mathiesen, head of Universal's wardrobe, tackled the problem in a different way. Six or seven bracelets were added to the delicate afternoon frock designed for Kathryn Crawford who was promptly sent back with a request to remove the clinking jewelry. Miss Mathiesen had duplicates made in amber which doesn't tinkle; she

avers flexible rhinestone may also be used.

"Oh hush, hush, hush!" runs the eternal song of Talkie-land.

The felt industry must have had a boom since all actors are shod with it, most tables are topped with it and all floors are lined with it. A shiny wooden floor that looks like parquet in a picture is composed of masonite which is noiseless.

No paper must rustle and no fire must crackle, for when the heroine crumples the telegram from her false lover it sounds like a storm on a tin roof and kindling on the family hearth may pick up like a forest fire. What to do? Oh, they dampen all paper used and substitute photoflame for the blaze because this is not only practically noiseless but brilliant.

Sound experts are constantly on guard against squeaks. In the "Hollywood Revue of 1929," a platform on wheels had to be moved onto the stage, bearing Marie Dressler, Bessie Love and company. It protested loudly, and the wheels had to be padded heavily.

In this same picture, girls danced on a flight of stairs. The sound of their feet tap-tapping was desired, but the instant any girl stepped from the last stair, she was ordered to stand motionless on the padded floor, as extra footsteps were found to record like the advance of the German army.

It's one thing to snap: "Shut up—YOU!" to human actors and quite another to make the same remark to frogs and fowls.

The other night they were making an outdoor scene at the old Vitagraph Studio, when the frogs set up their evening chorus. "Chunk-a-chunk! Chunk-a-chunk!" they bellowed above the dulcet tones of Alice Joyce.

Before Al Green, the director, went quite mad, a property man had a thought. He turned a bright light on the swamps, automatically turning off the offending singers, who apparently decided that day had arrived.

Turning lights on roosters, however, has a different effect.

Over at Pathé, Benjamin Glazer was directing George Barraud and Lee Patrick in "Strange Cargo," action taking place in the crow's nets of a ship at night. "Lights! Camera!" called Mr. Glazer. Eight sun arcs penetrated the dark.

Simultaneously, flapping of wings came from the other side of a fence. "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!" shrilled a neighbor, under the impression that the 'dawn had come.'

Nothing could quiet him. After wasting the night and running up an expense of \$3,000, the company was dismissed. They bought the rooster for \$3 next day . . . He screams no more.

Anyone who can capture an echo will find a big job open for him on a Hollywood lot. No matter how carefully built a sound stage may be, one of these pesky little creatures may bob up any time. During the making of a Gleason comedy recently, a maddening echo was caught by the mike, although inaudible to the naked ear. When located, Mr. Echo was hiding in a hollow column gracing the entrance to the stairways on the set. Stuffing said column with pillows evicted the unwelcome tenant.

In "The Mysterious Island," the sound of men pounding on boilers was called for in the script. Actually, such a racket



☞ A grateful French parfumeur concocted a delicious new scent especially for Bessie Love in recognition of the pleasure her work in "Broadway Melody" brought him. It's called the 'B'Love' and all Bessie's friends are begging for a bottle.

would wreck the recording outfit. What happened? Robert Barnes, expert in charge of sound, doubled the boiler factory by tapping a knife on an air bottle!

According to Russell Gausman, chief of Universal's property department, hushing Hollywood is nothing to make merry over.

You can get musical instruments that date back to whatever period you desire, but just try to make 'em sound the way they ought to sound! The calliope in "Show Boat" was a real, sure-enough calliope from the "Golden Rod," once the pride of the Ohio River, but the poor old thing had the asthma and developed so many squeaks and discords that it could be used only in silent sequences, and an air calliope had to be substituted for sound.

The piano in this same epic, although authentic so far as looks were concerned, was merely pathetic to the ears of the recorder, so they muffled the strings and let a modern piano double behind the scene.

An outdoor talkie gives a thousand times more grief than one on a sound stage. Over at First National's "Isle of Lost Ships" set, a marvelously realistic lagoon crowded with lost ships, a single scene was shot in one afternoon. First, a train whistled and action was suspended; then came an airplane roaring overhead; by the time the aviator had hummed out of hearing, the second section of the train had come along. The director, after this interruption, ordered: "Interlock!" But the contractors on the lot had confused their signals and began mixing cement instead of stopping, which ruined that take. When the contractors were straightened out, the airplane was back again, and when the airplane zoomed off, along came two mocking birds to hoot and jeer at the perspiring crew that tried to warn them off.

It'll be a great day when they finally hush up Hollywood, or else invent a microphone with brains that will pick up only the noises indicated on the script!



☞ From England comes Jack Buchanan, to play opposite Irene Bordoni in "Paris"—in Hollywood!

On Location with John Gilbert—Continued from page 31

as he puts Lena out of his arms and walks quickly towards Eleanor.

She had come with Claire McDowell, who plays her mother, and Conrad Nagel, who plays her fiance, for the amusement of watching the dances, and while waiting for them had been told by a fortune-teller that she would marry a dark man. Eleanor laughingly points to Conrad saying that she is engaged to marry him, and that if he is dark, so is the sun! And she is very much put out because the gypsy still insists upon the 'dark man.'

Which all goes to show that it is never safe to be sure too soon, no matter what appearances may be. Just look what happened to Jack Gilbert not two weeks after this. And he certainly had no idea that he was going to fall in love the very next evening. Yet he may have had a subconscious idea, because the next afternoon when everyone was freezing someone remarked that his hands were warm. "That means a cold heart," he said quickly, and then added, "Well, perhaps it isn't really cold—just marking time." So you see you never know your luck. In less than six hours after he made that speech Jack's heart had broken into a gallop.

Conrad Nagel and Jack are great friends. Conrad told me that they used to have so much fun with their boats "in the good old days when actors had week-ends. They bought them about the same time and sold them when the talkies came along and when they no longer had the leisure to enjoy them.

It takes forever to 'set up' for one of these sound scenes, and in the open difficulties involved add anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred years to a director's life. There are so many more things to think of. Just listen to a few of them told me by Virginia Kellogg and Jim Brock, the 'mixer.' (Virginia is Mr. Niblo's personal press representative and also does his script work. She is one of the most efficient and conscientious people I have met out here and she is only twenty-one years old.) Here are some of the trouble makers. We will begin with the fires that Jack jumps through. The ten-foot logs were stripped of bark and lighted from beneath by a gas pipe that had been run from the main line to the location. It was controlled, just like a gas stove, by a lever about thirty feet distant. The reason for this was to keep the fire under control. The roar and crackle of such big logs, once they got to burning hard, would sound like thunder and entirely drown the voices of the actors. And in order to have the flames photo-

graphically right a chemical called 'photo-flame' was put into the pipe.

That being taken care of, there were the Santa Monica trolleys which run just outside the fence. They are almost as heavy and noisy as trains and their toot is as loud as a locomotive's. These California trolleys scare the heart out of you when you are on the road. You think you are going to be mown down the way they thunder at you.



© Laura La Plante at the mirror of her modernistic dressing-table in her new dressing room at Universal City.

The trolleys pass the lot at thirty or forty minute intervals and to avoid their interruption a schedule of running time had been made out as accurately as possible and handed to Bill Ryan, production manager for the unit.

Then there were the ditch diggers. And they were hard! Being employed by the city the studio had no control over their activities except such co-operation as the city cared to give. It was arranged that just the minute the company was ready to shoot someone would signal the studio cop who would blow his whistle for the workmen to stop.

Those three details taken care of, there wasn't much to worry about except the English sparrows. In the first place, it seems that English sparrows do not live in Russia and in the second place their chirping wouldn't do at all in this particular sequence. Chasing them away became the steady work of two prop boys and the birds scolded them plenty. Jim Brock said he was perfectly certain those birds would vote against sound pictures in the next election because a few scenes of Cecil De Mille's picture "Dynamite" were taken in the same grove a few weeks ago and the birds had to be chased away from that. Jim who was

'mixer' for "Dynamite," and also "Broadway Melody" said it was all right at first because there was a canary in the picture, but then it was supposed to die, and after this fact had been registered by a closeup of its little feet curled heavenwards it didn't do to have chirpings from a dead bird. So they had to be chased.

Then there was the sun. Just because they didn't want it to, it shone! Aside from these few things all was perfection, except the usual troubles of course. And in case Wall Street wants to know—these are some of the reasons why pictures cost money.

Over on the left of the set there was a barouche in which were seated Eleanor Boardman and Claire McDowell. Conrad Nagel, looking very natty, stood leaning against the side listening to the gypsy woman tell his fiancée's fortune. Under the trees and at the right of the fire sat the rest of the tribe, laughing and singing and joking. A few were playing stringed instruments. Jack Gilbert was not in this scene and he and Irving Thalberg were walking up and down another part of the lot deep in conversation.

The 'mike booms' were adjusted over the actors and the assistants stood below to give the testing formula over the wire. It was picked up by the receiver at the studio and

two buzzers told Jim Brock when it was okay. This is the formula, said over and over again: "Four, eleven, forty-four, fifty-five, Mississippi!" That's the one for testing the quality and a clear line free of static.

"One-one-one-wuff-wuff," he went on.

"What's that? Is he just being funny?" I asked.

"No, that's the formula to test the volume of the voices. It is called peacs (pronounced peaks). The formula for quality is called pecs (pecks)," said Virginia.

"Everything is okay, Mr. Niblo," said Jim Brock.

Mr. Niblo sprang into action. "All right, girls and boys, let's have some chatter, chatter, chatter! And let's hear some giggling." The 'gypsies' snapped into character.

"Button up the dog house, boys, we're all set," said Harry Bucquet, Mr. Niblo's assistant. What he meant was, put the metal sound hood over the cameras and fasten them down. Instead of taking too many unwieldy camera booths on a location these 'dog houses' are being used more and more, so that the grinding of the camera will not register over the sound wire.

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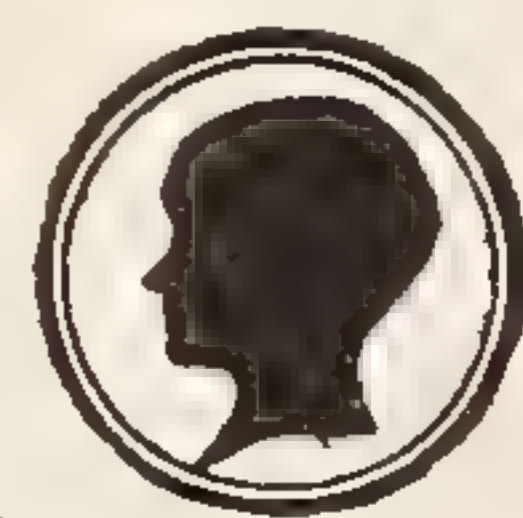
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"Whenever you're mad," said Percy Hilburn, head camera man. And what he meant was, in case you are not up on the latest sound expressions, that he was ready when they were. No one seems to know where the expression came from. It is just one of those things.

"How much time have we, Virginia?" asked Mr. Niblo.

"Twenty-five minutes, Mr. Niblo," Virginia replied, looking at the trolley schedule.

"Fine."

Harry Bucquet gave the signal to the officer to relay it to the ditch diggers and with his other hand gave the boys the high sign to chase the birds. Silence was called. Everything was ready. The 'mixer' started his various buzzers of communication with the studio recording room while every eye was upon Mr. Niblo and all of us held our breath. Just as the signal for action was being given we heard a droning sound which grew louder and louder!

"An airplane overhead, sir!" breathed a property boy.

It is an everlasting credit to Fred Niblo's self control that he did not at this point burst into flames.

Instead, he turned on his heel and took three quick steps, at the same time running the fingers of one hand through his hair. "Hold it, everybody," he called. The droning passed, the buzzers buzzed, the signal for the action was given and the scene progressed smoothly to a close, at last.

Eleanor Boardman was waving to me from her perch in the carriage. "Will you tell Claire McDowell's numbers?" she asked of me. I had told her fortune by numerology a few days before and we had had a lot of fun. I climbed into the barouche and started to work them out. It was too much for Mr. Nagel, evidently, for he walked away. But I didn't get far because in a few minutes they were ready to shoot again. Eleanor leaned over to me and whispered, "Get out, but come back!" as I scrambled hastily out of camera range. The group worked steadily all afternoon so Miss McDowell is still waiting to hear her numbers, but I promised to do them for her when the picture was finished.

When the light turned yellow we listened to the play backs right there under the trees. It was quite thrilling to hear the voices coming from a little black box, and the recording was the best I have ever heard. If it is possible to keep the whole production to that level "Redemption" would beat all sound pictures so far in perfection of tone.

Next day Jack Gilbert was there in costume. He wore a smock of the most gorgeous shade of scarlet—almost a cardinal red—which several members of the outfit had their eye upon. "They're going home with me, all three of them," said Jack. "Oh, you might spare one," said Virginia Kellogg. "Why, what do you want to do, Virginia, go swimming or smocking? You'd swim in this certainly," teased Jack. But Virginia was unconvinced.

Lena Malena was pacing up and down, cramming her lines like a school girl before an examination. I cued her a few times before she was called. Lena is working hard on her English and singing, so that her already clear voice will lose its accent.

John Gilbert had mounted the stunning white horse he was to ride into camp. The gypsies stop singing "Dark Eyes" when they see him and all stand to give him a rousing welcome. Eleanor Boardman looks to see what all the fuss is about. Seeing Jack for the first time she never takes her eyes from his face during the scene that follows. The 'dark man,' although the girl is hardly

aware of it, had stepped into her life.

Lena, who was a little nervous at first, made a mistake in one line, and I expect she was tremendously relieved when Jack made a mistake, too. When he sees Eleanor Boardman he takes a wreath of flowers and walking over to her says, "It is a custom here to give flowers to strange ladies." That was the line. Imagine our amusement when we heard him say, "It is a custom here to give ladies to—oh!" and Jack joined heartily in the laugh against himself.

And I don't want to rob him of a graceful gesture by mentioning it, but I have a sneaking suspicion that Jack spoke the line deliberately, to make Lena feel more comfortable. It would have been like him to do it.

Someone was humming a tune on the side lines. To my astonishment I heard the words, "Interlocking papa, you can't soft wax me!" Virginia came to my rescue. "That's our college song," she said. But even after her explanation it was all too technical for me.

I went over to a wooden horse and draped myself over it to rest my bones. You become so interested in the scenes that you forget you are tired. Very soon, Mr. Gilbert joined me.

I told him I had held something against him for over six years. He wanted to know what it was. Someone told me, I said, that after he made "The Count of Monte Cristo" he had gone on a location to San Francisco and on the hotel register had signed that title instead of his own name.

If I had shot him Jack couldn't have been more startled. "What do you think I am? Do you writers think we are all a bunch of conceited jackdaws?"

That made me mad! My father was a Shakesperian actor, teacher and scholar, and I've been mixed up in the theater one way or another all my life, so I thought I knew something of its people. Jack and I almost knocked each other off the horse, metaphorically speaking, before we remembered that this was a location and not a squared circle! But we ended good friends.

Jack said the talking pictures almost had him licked at first. He didn't think he would ever be able to adjust himself to them. He even thought he would liquidate all his holdings and step out of pictures, forever, and then he decided that was not the thing

to do. "I realized that talking pictures could give me up with much less tragedy than I could give them up, and that the thing for me to do was to battle it out." I have been told that John Gilbert is conceited, but that didn't sound to me like the speech of a conceited man. Does it?

He is dying to play "Journey's End," the play now running in New York with only men in the cast and no love interest. And Metro will buy it for him, too, if Sam Goldwyn doesn't get it for Ronald Colman first. For a talking film I suppose Ronnie would be a better choice because the characters are English and Ronnie is English and Jack isn't, although he doesn't roll his r's the way some American do. He is very much interested in doing "Redemption," too, but he is not giving it just the interpretation he wanted to, because there is always Mr. Thalberg reminding him that this world is filled with box offices and that one has to give the public an interpretation that it will like and understand. And Jack has tried to do this. He never saw John Barrymore do the piece on the stage, so his impression of Fedya is not biased by traditions of any kind, and it is a very definite one.

"All ready, Jack," said Mr. Niblo, whereupon Mr. Gilbert excused himself to me and made for the snappiest dressing-table I ever saw on location. The makeup case stands on a steel tripod and contains brushes and combs and heaven knows what, as well as makeup. It has a little contraption for holding a mirror in place. You could put the whole thing up anywhere with as little trouble as you would have to unfold a card table.

"If this is a good one we can go to lunch," said Mr. Niblo, and all the boys and girls brightened. But there was some line trouble that no one could locate so we went to lunch while they worked on it. We piled into cars and went to the studio because it was so near. Everyone had either conferences or wardrobe to worry about so Virginia and I trotted off by ourselves. The studio commissary was jammed to the doors. There was a big scene on the Marion Davies set that filled the cafe with extras. We then trotted to a little cafe across the street where we dined with the quality. For who should be there but Nils Asther looking very bright and cheerful and



☞ Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are reunited in the Metro-Goldwyn extravaganza, the "Hollywood Revue of 1929."

eating a delicious looking chicken sandwich. They don't slice the chicken, large juicy chunks of white meat are well covered with pepper and salt and make a swell sandwich on rye bread. Nils, you know, is playing with Greta Garbo in "The Single Standard."

The afternoon's work was trying for everyone but me. The sun was shining brightly and because these scenes were supposed to be at night a cloudy day would have been ideal. Night scenes photograph much better on a cloudy day than when taken at night with flares. Percy Hilburn had a face a mile long, so he must have been feeling desperate because he is such a jolly fellow.

"Can't you think of anything funny to say?" asked Nelson MacEdwards, another camera man whom I remembered from the old days. He is the nephew of J. Gordon Edwards, who directed "The Queen of Sheba" and "Salome" with Theda Bara, and any number of William Farnum pictures.

"No, I can't think of anything funny to say," grouched Percy, "and I don't think I ever shall again. This is just slaughter. Look at that sun pick up Nagel's hat. Makes him look like an archangel," and

forthwith he started in to correct the archangel look of all the gentlemen whose straw hats had been targets for the sun's rays.

"What would you do with these?" asked Eleanor Boardman, holding out several thin golden disks, gypsy bangles that could not be used because of their metallic sound. All the jewelry is made of cardboard, gilded and painted. "Well, do you ever go to church?" someone asked wick- edly. Eleanor laughed. "What a mean trick that would be," she exclaimed.

Eleanor's costume was the most heavenly shade of lilac. With her red-gold hair and deep blue eyes she was a picture. Miss Boardman has such a charm of manner and is so straightforward and sincere. And what an intelligent person she is!

Well, it was a swell location. There were times when everyone's nerves were waving about like ferns, but making talkies is hard work. You must be always on the qui vive; always on your tip-toes to see that the thousand and ten things that can go wrong about them don't happen. And by the way—none of the voices in this picture are doubled. They are all the genuine article, and you'll be delighted with the beauty of them.

Why I've Come Back—Continued from page 21

My mother established a home for my two sisters and myself, first on Washington Square, later on Park Avenue, and in between, for vacations and the like, in the country in New Jersey. But since father's work took him to every city in the country, the home had to be broken up from time to time since mother had to divide herself between her husband and her children.

"When I was just past twelve, I went away to boarding school for the first time. For a while I was at Miss Merrill's School in Mamaroneck, in Westchester County, New York. From there I spent two years in a French convent, and completed my education with several years in England.

"At the age of sixteen I returned to America—'finished,' as they call it. But for all I had been educated at good schools, my mother looked on me as a baby. One night I went with father to an Equity dance. Equity, as most fans know, is the association formed by stage people for their mutual protection. Here I met Samuel Goldwyn.

"'Why, you should be in a picture,' he said to me. 'I have a marvelous rôle for you.' Mother didn't like the idea and tried to draw me away. But I was thrilled. And the result was the next day I went up to the Biograph Studio where I began work.

"I had only worked for two weeks, when with one of those sudden changes of plans we were ordered to leave for California to complete the film.

"Mother was wild with anxiety. But father said: 'Oh, let her go. It won't do her a bit of harm.' And so it turned out.

"I hadn't been there a week before I wrote Mother to stop worrying about me. After New York and Paris and London, Hollywood seemed like a sleepy country town.

"For two and a half years I played in different pictures: "Cytherea"; "Sally, Irene and Mary" with Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neil who were just starting out in film work; "In the Net"; "Code of the West"; "Goose Hangs High." There were so many I can't remember them all now.

"Of course I came back to New York on trips to see my mother and two sisters—Joan and Barbara who later started in pictures, too—and it was during one of these

trips that I met Phil Plant. A friend of mine from Miss Merrill's school introduced us. Ten months later we were engaged. But four different times the engagement was broken. Even then we were both stubborn, I'm afraid.

"About four years ago I came east preparatory to going to Florida to make a picture for Oscar Price. Phil and I made plans to be married the following January. But on the afternoon of November 3rd—the day before I was to leave for the south—Phil said: 'We've been separated long enough. We're going to get married now. This afternoon.'

"Piling a few things into a dressing case, we got into his roadster and drove to Greenwich where a civil ceremony was performed. One week later the religious service was held in New York with the family and a few close friends present. The next day we sailed for Europe.

"All that first early happiness is like a dream now. As far behind me as the snow on top of the Pyrennes which I could easily see from the balustrade of our villa at Biarritz.

"'Are you sorry you ever married?' is a question very often asked me now. And I can only answer, 'Not one jot.' Loving and being loved warm the heart and feed the intelligence. Even if disaster overtakes two people who have sincerely tried to turn a deep passion into a companionable permanency, like the aroma which escapes from a newly opened bottle of wine, a fine fragrance remains. And that fragrance remains with me as I start for California to make my first talking picture.

"Despite the trouble and the unhappiness of the past year or two, I am no longer troubled nor unhappy. For I am back in the place where I belong. I am a child of the theater. I've come home!"

Soon after she gave this interview Miss Bennett left for Hollywood, where she reported at the Pathé Studios. Her first story will be a rousing yarn called "The Rack-eteer," and she is fortunate in her choice of supporting players—Robert Armstrong, who will play her leading man, and the title rôle; and Carol Lombard.



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What Inspires the Stars—Continued from page 67

'all washed up' as the Hollywood saying goes, more than once in the last eight years, only to bob up more successfully than ever.

"I think the thing that first inspired me to go into pictures and has kept me sticking at it in spite of several failures, was that I wanted self-expression, and still do. I find it, curiously enough, by trying to express what another girl would do in a given situation. As for inspiration in certain scenes—the scene itself gives that, or it should. I also get inspiration from the people with whom I play, and just from acting. I love it. I love to try harder and harder to put a scene over. There is a glorious feeling of conquest in it.

"I would like to pass on to younger actresses the thing that has helped me so greatly. George Loane Tucker told me that the most important thing to learn was how to relax. Speak from your diaphragm, not your throat. If you are properly relaxed you can do it. Make yourself a channel for the thoughts of the girl you are playing. Listen to her. Get inside of her mind but don't be bowled over by what is happening to her."

He told Betty that if she couldn't learn to be conscious of everything that goes to make a good performance she would never be worth anything as an actress. She should be able to step out of a scene, realize that her hair was not so good and fix it, or that her dress was not doing its stuff as it should and fix that, and still keep her mind within the character.

Achievement inspires Conrad Nagel, too. He often works on two pictures at once because work interests him keenly. In spite of the fact that he loves sports and his yacht, he loves the studio more and whether you like him or whether you don't you certainly have to doff cap and bells to Mr. Nagel as a fine workman. You know he loves it or he could not do it so well.

Evelyn Brent says that as nearly as she can tell, opposition is the thing that inspires her. She feels that her best work is dragged from her by Josef von Sternberg. They are always scrapping. Liking and admiring each other tremendously, their scrapping is without malice or bitterness. "But don't make any mistake that it isn't real," said Evelyn, or Betty, as her friends call her. "There isn't a foot of the Paramount lot that doesn't remind me of a fight I have had with von Sternberg. We argued for half a day about whether I was to sneer with my top lip or bottom lip. Sometimes we start on the set and wind up in my dressing-room, and sometimes we start in my dressing-room and wind up on the set, and between the two places we cover every inch of space in a battle royal.

"But we understand each other perfectly and I often think he does it on purpose just to get me into the mood to 'show him,' and I always rise to do it, in spirit at least," added Betty laughing.

"Jannings was the same. I think I did the best work in 'The Last Command' that I have ever done on the screen, and what I suffered doing it! The picture was one long nightmare. There was a scene, the one where I am trying to make up my mind to shoot him, during which Emil deviled the life out of me. Nothing I did was right. It went on for hours. When he saw I was breaking under it he stopped instantly and became all kindness and sym-

pathy. But he had gone too far! I was in such a state of nerves that I literally could not move from the chair I was in, and two of the boys had to carry me. Emil was terribly upset but I wouldn't let him come near me. How I hated him at that moment! Yet deep inside of me I humbly thanked him, because I knew that he had helped me to a priceless thing—the ability to express the mood I wanted to express.

"When we played the scene he was very



“Lovely Olive Shea plays one of the leading rôles in ‘Glorifying the American Girl.’ She is all set for early stardom.”

pleased. I put into it everything I had myself and everything I had learned. I was going to 'show him!'"

David Belasco has this same method of getting everything there is to get from his people. He galls them for hours, but the moment they break he stops the rehearsal instantly and calls a recess or has lunch served on the stage.

I have always remarked that everyone does better work when they play with Jannings and afterward. He is one to whom the production is just as important as his individual performance. He helps actors to do their best. He told me once that America had helped him very much in his art. He learned to know how other people besides Europeans reacted under certain circumstances and why. "I have made my work simpler, and simplicity is the highest form of art," he said.

With Rosetta Duncan and her sister Vivian—well, they went on the stage just about when they were in the romper period, and they adore it. It is more than life and breathing to them. The whole family have been on, more or less, but 'Hime' and 'Jake' are the old reliables and stick to their work through thick and thin. There have been times when both girls thought they were in love, but when it came right down to choosing between love of a man and love of their work and of each other neither could make up her mind to the break. Rosetta can't imagine what it would be like to carry on without Vivian and Vivian can't imagine what it would be like to do anything professionally without Rosetta.

I asked Rosetta what inspired her to put such feeling into *Topsy's* prayer. She screwed her eyes up in the funny little way she has and said: "Well, I am thinking about *Eva*, of course, and *Eva* is Vivian. I never thought to put it into words before but just as *Topsy* thought she could not live without *Eva*, I suppose I put into the scene as much as I can, what I would feel like if something happened to my sister."

Olive Borden says the work and the studio inspire her. She loves it. She loves everything about a studio including the people. Sometimes she is criticized for being too friendly but she feels that all the studio workers are one family. If the scene is good she tries to think into the character she is playing, getting her inspiration in this way. If it isn't she tries to do it anyhow!

At first Olive never went to see her rushes. She has never yet seen one of her own pictures completed. She saw the rushes once or twice when she first went into pictures because she was told that it would help her to find out her mistakes. Instead of that it depressed her so terribly that she wanted to give up the screen. That was because she didn't know how to correct the faults she knew she had. Now she does, so it helps her to see the rushes.

Music inspires little Sally Blane. "I have only had one emotional scene to do, but music helped me to do it. It takes you out of yourself and gives you the freedom you need. On a sound stage music is impossible so the lines will have to supply the inspiration or it is going to be pretty hard on the actors. And on the audience!"

And then there is Clara. Clara Bow never does a scene half way. When she plays a scene she plays it with her whole heart and soul. Clara went into pictures because she needed money. She remained in them because she loved the work and because she was a wow. She will stay because she has never been trained to do anything else and if she didn't work she would be bored to tears. "What would I do? I could travel around the world in three or four years and see everything in it. I do not like idleness. What would I do then? My work is all the inspiration I have. Sometimes I love the girls I play and then I want other people to really know and love them too, and so I try to make them just as clear as possible. That inspires me to do the best work I am capable of doing."

I remember Elmer Clifton, who directed Clara's first picture "Down to the Sea in Ships," told me that Clara lived her character every moment she was working, but she stepped out of it just as easily. While

Emil Jannings can't shake the character from him after he has left the studio, Clara is able to do this. Their work is so widely different that a comparison is impossible, yet Clara like Emil has the ability to make you believe in the character she is playing.

Mr. Clifton told me that when he tried her out in a scene for his picture she was in a little office that barely gave the girl room enough to swing her arms. Yet when he told her to throw pebbles to imaginary sea gulls she did it with as much intensity as if she were actually the wild, free child of the sea with the whole beach for her playground. Her imagination was remarkable.

Stepping from the sublime to the ridiculous, I was told that a certain actress could only cry one way. There was a sensitive nerve in the roof of her mouth. She had only to touch her tongue to it, the rest was easy!

Technique counts; but the inspiration, the soul has to be there too. They tell a story of Mme. Helena Modjeska that at a dinner some one asked her to recite. She did so in her native tongue, Polish. The English-speaking guests were moved to tears as the great tragedian played upon their emotions as it pleased her. In imagination, though they could not understand what she said, each guest lived a life-time of romance. At the end Madame laughed with her countrymen who had with difficulty restrained their mirth. She had been reciting the multiplication table!

Broadway Invasion

(Continued from page 29)

up in the language.

So with the foreign question settled, the crisis that now confronts Hollywood is the influx of stage dramatists, song writers, dialogue hounds and what not that is now inundating the once silent calm of Movieland. With the usual hysterics of this as yet unstable industry the producers have again gone haywire and are signing up the out-of-works as well as the successes of New York.

But the crisis will soon pass and after the storm is over I think it will be found that many of the invaders have returned to New York's Rialto and Tin Pan Alley. For it must be remembered that the big Hollywood directors—the two De Milles, Fred Niblo, Brenon, Lubitsch, Ford, Borzage, Griffith and a host of others, have come from the stage, and besides knowing stage-craft are masters of motion picture technique.

The same holds true of the actors and writers. Many of them were of the stage before coming into pictures years ago, and this latter training is invaluable in the present change to the talkies. No Broadway dramatist could possibly have better equipment for screen authorship of talking versions of stage plays that is possessed by Hans Kraly, Marion Fairfax or Jane Murfin.

I think when the crisis is passed you will find the old guard still on the job. There will be a few new actors, writers, and directors who will be equal to learning the technique of the cinema, but for the most part your future pictures will be made by the present masters of that difficult craftsmanship.

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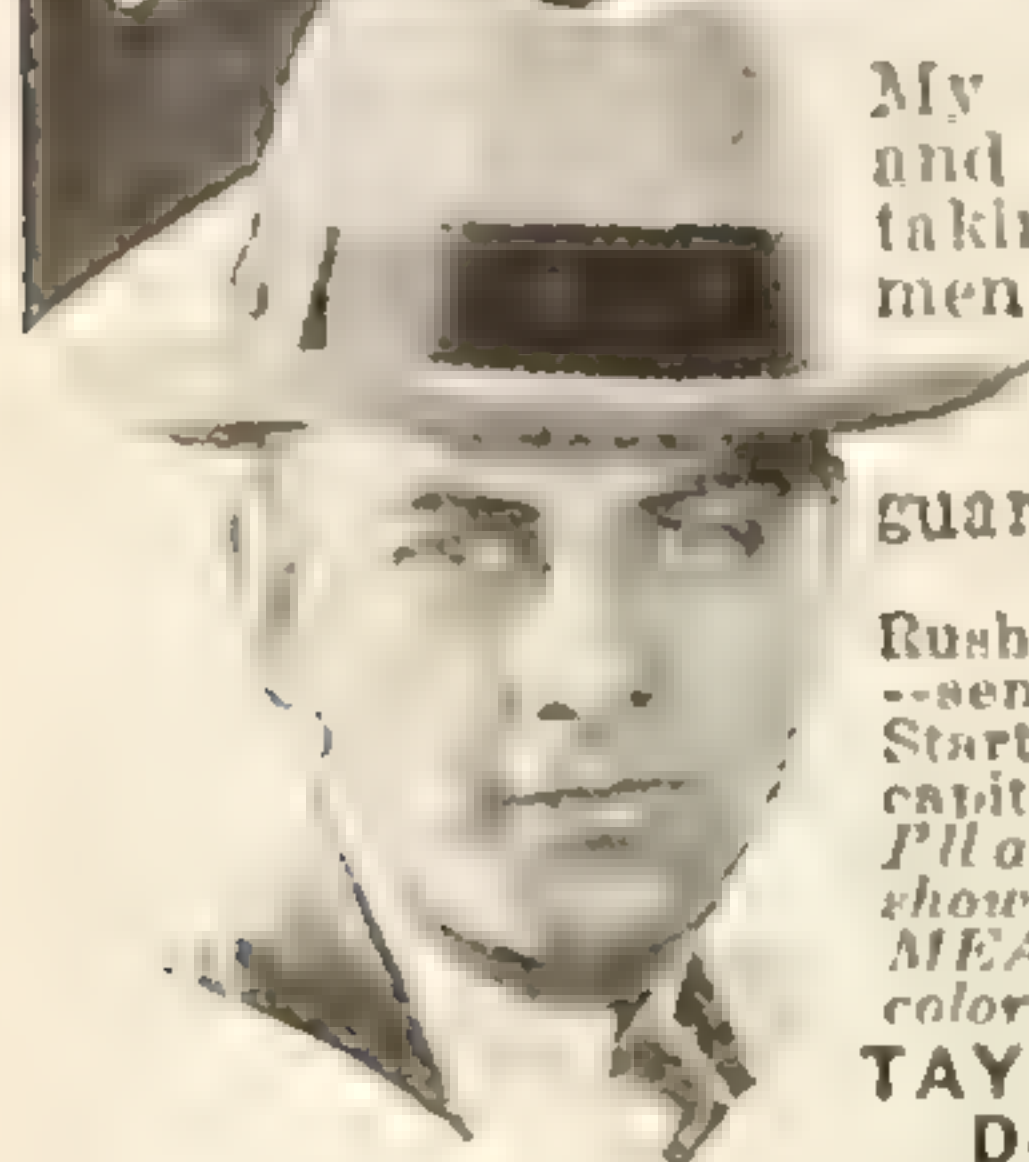
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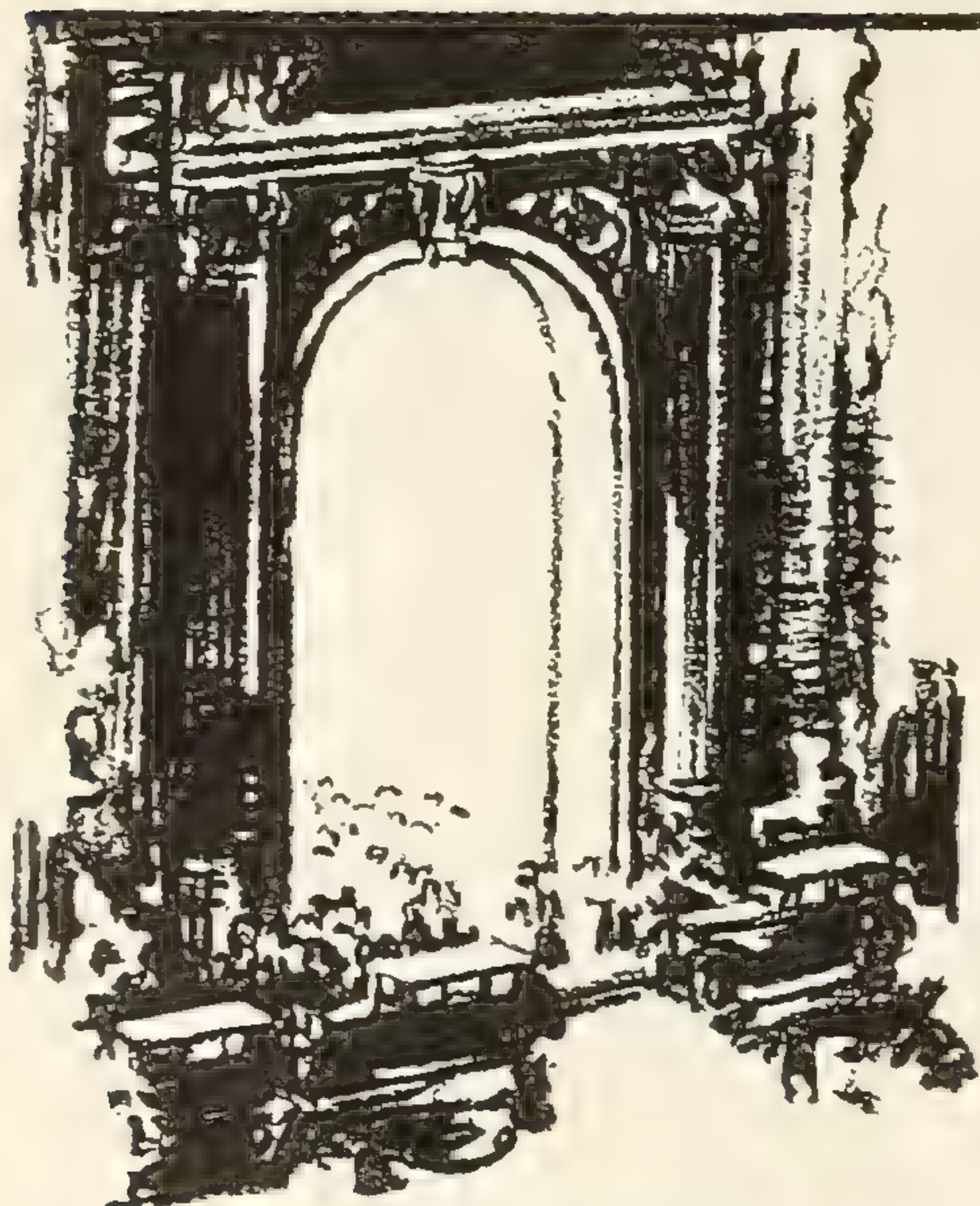
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Warner: H. B. — Continued from page 73

in "The King of Kings" is an impossible rôle to live up to. In a theatrical sense it is also a difficult rôle to live down. Mr. Warner takes his work seriously and he took that assignment seriously and with sincerity and reverence. The result will be remembered as nearly satisfactory as it is possible to make a picture representation of the Man of Sorrows.

Over-zealous enthusiasts in Los Angeles and Hollywood became almost fanatical in their approval of Mr. Warner in the sacred part. He found it nearly impossible to shed the reflected light of sanctity which became him so well in that picture; and serious embarrassments often followed.

For a time he was followed on the street. Women crowded to reach him, to touch his clothes, as though some of the spirituality of the part he had played, must have clung to him. Men became uncomfortable in his presence and in awed silence greeted him when he least desired it.

It took time and the part of Sorrell in "Sorrell and Son" to overcome the handicap that his part in "The King of Kings" had given him. The part of Sorrell was more nearly the natural H. B. Warner than any other. Sorrell was English and a gentleman. Mr. Warner is both.

Long before this, however, Mr. Warner had played heavy rôles. His first great stage success in the minds of the American people was "Alias Jimmy Valentine." There he played first a likeable rogue and later a reformed and beloved ex-convict. He played many other parts on the English and American stage, starring in such productions as "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "Salome Jane," "The Battle," "The Ghost Breaker," "Sleeping Partners," "Danger," "You and I," and "Silence."

Following the success of "Sorrell and Son," a picture which for once at least satisfied the admirers of the novel from which it was adapted, Mr. Warner was called into consultation with Warner Brothers regarding a contract for a number of pictures. Mr. Warner, the actor, thus describes his conversation with J. L. Warner, the vice-president of Warner Brothers.

"Why do you want me to play 'heavy' rôles?" the actor asked.

"Because you don't look like a heavy," the executive answered.

"And when I thought that over," Mr. Warner, the actor adds, "I decided it was a good reason."

"If all villains looked the part, as they once did on the stage, there could be little successful villainy. There would be no successful confidence men. The real-life villain is often enough a peculiarly likeable fellow, popular, genteel, capable. I think sometimes a rascal is more interesting than a respectable citizen, often has more attractive qualities, often is a good fellow."

"I'm interested in this new type of stage and screen villains. When my father played on the English stage and I was with him, there was never any doubt in the audience's mind as to which actor was the villain. We had regulation villain music. His entrance was always accompanied with minor chords, he wore certain distinguishing clothes. It seemed to be necessary to give him the mark of Cain before his first lines were spoken."

"Of course this is not a true nor lifelike characterization. Even a born villain has redeeming qualities as well as attractive angles."

"My present rôle in "The Green Goddess" is not a 'heavy' rôle; unless every man who is unhappy with his wife as is Major Crespin in this story, is to be classed as a villain. The Major was really a good sport, you know, and died game."

There is an interesting background behind this interesting man. He was born in England, the son of Charles Warner, a celebrated English actor. For a brief time he believed he had been weaned away from his father's profession and studied medicine in English colleges. Before completing his courses however, the professional blood in his veins had manifested itself and he left college to join his father in London in the production of "Drink" which was breaking records then. He played minor rôles and understudied parts in his father's company for a number of years and in 1905 came to the United States to play "Merely Mary Ann." About the same time came George Arliss, another English actor of promise. For years the two of them played in different shows in New York and the bigger cities of the country, but it remained for "The Green Goddess," Vitaphone version for Warner Brothers to eventually unite them in one company.

The H. B. Warner family is one of the most delightful to know in all Hollywood, or rather Beverly Hills, for it is there they have their home.

They have a garden, not one in which a landscape architect was turned loose and told to go the limit, but one in which Mr. and Mrs. Warner turned themselves loose and secured highly satisfactory results.

Their house is not a pink palace such as clutter the hills of their town, but neither is it a modest cottage. There are not many Hollywood professional people who rate a higher weekly check than H. B. Warner. He lives comfortably with his family, his hobbies and his profession.

That family is his great pride. Three children, Joan, H. B. Jr., and Lorraine make his house as sunny as his garden and are first in his long list of treasures which are found therein. Like all well educated and much traveled professional people, he has collected many interesting and valuable things and some are strange and different and valuable for their associations only.

Among the former may be mentioned a collection of rare antique carved ivories, bought in Vienna following the war and the collapse of a fortune there which threw them on to the market at a time that H. B. Warner was handy with his check book and his accurate knowledge of values.

Two other items of which he is pardonably proud are a pair of lamps, made from ancient Chinese lamps, hand carved and engraved and known to have graced an oriental temple of Confucius more than a thousand years ago. His radio is encased in an antique Louis XVI cabinet, and so effectively hidden that the program seems to come out of thin air.

Among the items of little intrinsic value, but valued for its association is a framed presidential pardon for a condemned man in whom Mr. Warner interested himself, eventually securing the pardon from President Taft. The actor believes few such documents are out of the hands of the pardoned and consequently not many of them are framed. Naturally a long and successful career has brought to Mr. Warner a wealth of friendship and interesting association. He is a delightful conversationalist, never at a loss for interesting anecdotes and

reminiscences. He is as much at home in the Savoy of London as in the Biltmore of Los Angeles or the Montmartre of Hollywood. He is more familiar with European watering places than with Agua Caliente.

His whole house is filled with artistic pieces which he and his wife have gathered because they liked them and knew their value and beauty. His library is comprehensive and somewhat thumb-worn. By no possible stretch of the imagination can the H. B. Warner home be called a show place—yet few others in the film capital have more to show to a guest.

In pictures H. B. Warner is not a new comer, nor yet is he an old timer. He started once for Thomas Ince and then, after making several altogether successful pictures he returned again to the stage. He remembers making seven pictures at that time. Perhaps the public remembers best "The Beggar of Cawapore."

In New York, while starring in "You and I," he began working simultaneously in pictures in the Long Island studios. His first was with Gloria Swanson in "Zaza." Shortly after that Cecil B. De Mille sent for him to offer him the rôle of Christ in "The King of Kings." This was followed closely by "Whispering Smith," the screen version of "Silence" which won for Warner the rating of one of the ten best performances of 1926.

Next in importance came "Sorrell and

Son" with a characterization that will never be altogether forgotten. For Warner Brothers he has played important rôles in "Conquest," a heavy villain part with a compensating sacrifice at the end; "Stark Mad," "The Gamblers" and "The Argyle Case"; for Paramount "The Doctors Secret"; and the rôle of district attorney in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" for M-G-M; and last, to date, is "The Green Goddess" again for Warner Brothers.

From villainy to divinity and back again. Perhaps the next picture will return H. B. Warner to other types of rôles. Chosen for heavy parts because he does not look like a heavy he has made screen history by taking the villainous rôles still further away from the kerosene circuit days of riding boots and windy music.

Someday he may again play heroic leads because he doesn't resemble an Arrow Colar advertisement, either.

Only one thing more.

I am not sure what H. B. stands for. His friends call him Harry and that is probably his name. He has made his place on stage and screen as "H. B." Warner. His sons is "H. B." junior. It is a part of his personality; a part of his personal reticence that makes him lose his own personality in the part he plays.

He never remakes a rôle to fit H. B. Warner. He works with H. B. Warner until he fits the rôle.

Her Trial Career—Continued from page 41

known slightly at school. At Carol's invitation, Sally visited the Mack Sennett studio for luncheon. There she was introduced to Mack Sennett. He immediately offered her a stock contract with a salary of fifty dollars weekly. She refused to sign it.

Undaunted by her refusal, Sennett telephoned Miss Eilers and asked her to come to his studio to talk business at a higher salary. The outcome of this conference was that Sally signed a contract with a big "If" in it. The "If" was this:

If Sennett decided to use Sally in an untitled picture known as 'Number five-ninety-six,' she would be paid one hundred and fifty dollars weekly.* If not, then her salary would be seventy-five dollars weekly.

During the sixth month of her "trial career," Sally began work in 'Picture number five-ninety-six.' During the filming of the production, it was given a title—"The Goodbye Kiss."

This distinct step toward success convinced her parents. All objections to her career as an actress were withdrawn. Like good sports, papa and mama Eilers shook hands with their daughter and offered co-operation. They have been helping her ever since.

In fact, one of the first things Mr. and Mrs. Eilers said to this writer when he arrived for the interview with Sally was: "We knew our gal would make good."

All parents are like that, you know.

But everything wasn't so rosy for the little Eilers girl. Following completion of "The Goodbye Kiss," Sennett ceased production of feature-length pictures and devoted his activities to two-reel comedies.

Sally did two of them. Matty Kemp, who played opposite her in "The Goodbye Kiss," did three. Johnny Burke, another

member of "The Goodbye Kiss" cast, is still doing them.

Sally's two and Matty's three were punishment. Sennett would say to the cast of "The Goodbye Kiss": "Anyone late on the set will have to do a two-reeler." It was just like the school teacher saying: "Those not getting the arithmetic answers correct must remain after school." Sally was late twice. Matty arrived behind time on three occasions.

Following these pictures, Sally found herself under contract to Sennett with no work to do. Other studios wanted to borrow her. "The Goodbye Kiss" had established her as a real trouper. But Sennett, not then certain whether he would make other feature pictures or continue as a two-reel comedy producer, asked a very high salary for her. Other producers would not pay it.

Only a few months ago, she and Sennett destroyed the contract by mutual agreement. He was making no feature pictures and Sally would do no more two-reelers. The fair thing to do, quite naturally, was for Sennett to release her. This he did.

Her newest pictures, made almost immediately after she parted with Sennett, were "Trial Marriage" (very coincident with the theme of this interview) and "Broadway Babies." Her next assignment will be the leading feminine part in Reginald Denny's picture.

A red-headed go-getter; that's the way she appeals to me. I've heard people who know predict real stardom—not just leading lady parts—for her. I only know that she is a bundle of wit and ambition and pep. She is extremely pretty and has a most attractive personality.

She tells me Sennett never used her in a bathing comedy. That, little boys and girls, was Sennett's biggest mistake as a film producer!



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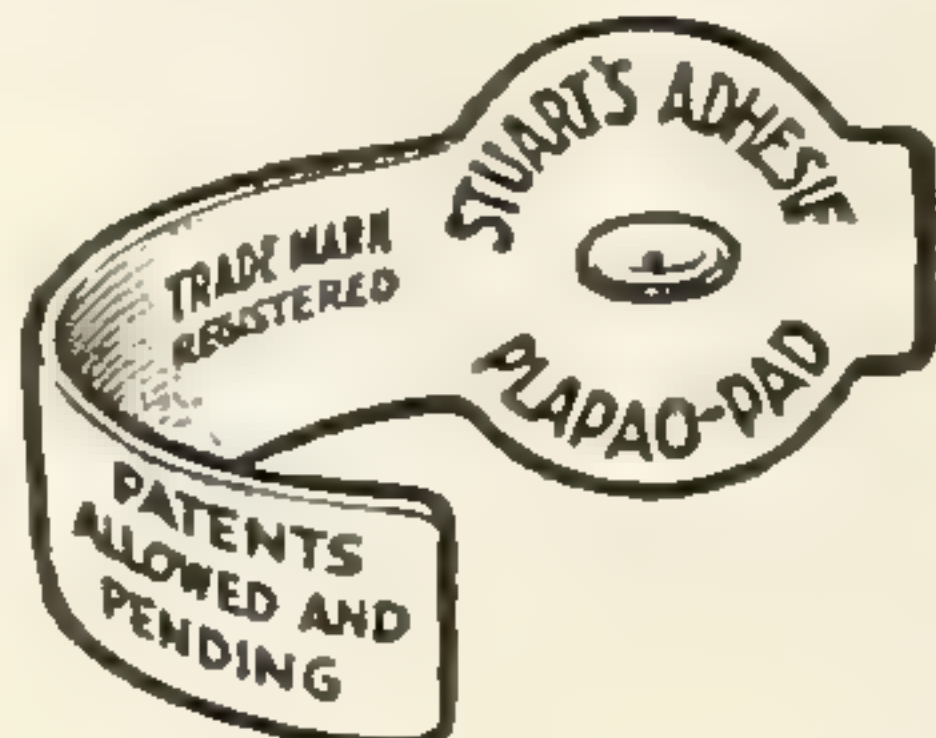
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'Firing' the Stars—Continued from page 45

Being released from a contract after just one picture is very, very bad for one's prestige. Charlie couldn't find a thing to do for many a day. Then at last Mack Sennett put him in a picture. The first day's 'rushes' were shown and then, and there the famous comedy producer went 'way up in the air:

"He's terrible—awful!" he shouted. "Somebody fire him!"

And somebody did. Then somebody—yes, another somebody on the Fox lot took pity on him. They thought he might be valuable some day and so he was invited to sign a contract at a small salary, about one hundred dollars a week. Then came James Cruze's big picture "Old Ironsides." Since then, Charlie has risen to the very top of the ladder. Don Alvarado has fared pretty well, also.

Out on the Universal lot one day, Tod Browning, directing various pictures, received a call from one of the head executives. "You're using one man in your tough mob scenes so much that he's getting to be a regular trademark of your pictures, and of Universal as well. Cut it out." came the order. The 'trademark' was none other than Lon Chaney, then playing small bits and whose make-up was so good that Browning used him in practically all of his tough mob scenes. So Chaney left the Universal studio and when he next returned it was to star in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"You're not worth a cent more than you're getting and never will be," Harry Carey was told when he asked for a raise to seventy-five dollars a week in the old

D. W. Griffith days. "You're—" stuttered the 'big boss.'

"Oh, no, I'm not fired," shouted Harry. "I quit!" And quit he did. And soon he was starring in Westerns and getting several times more than the raise he asked for.

A somewhat different experience was that of John Gilbert, at the time playing a bit for William S. Hart. Hart was so disgusted with one scene that he lost his temper and told Gilbert:

"You'll never make an actor. You're through right now. Go get your check!" But Gilbert kept right on talking and talked so fast and fluently that Hart was persuaded at last to retake the bad scene and also to keep young Gilbert on his payroll.

William Wellman, director of that epic, "Wings"; Joseph Von Sternberg, responsible for "Underworld" and "The Last Command"; the late Mauritz Stiller, who directed "The Way of All Flesh"—all successful at Paramount, failed entirely to click at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and were consequently 'fired.' When Von Sternberg had his contract renewed by Paramount last year, it was for the very first time anywhere in his picture career, he admitted.

Richard Dix was another who failed to make the grade on the old Goldwyn lot and so 'got through,' and now he is one of the biggest stars and box-office attractions of the Paramount organization.

And so it goes. You see, it's all in the game. Stars can be fired—and are fired—just as easily as anyone else. But in some cases, certain producers would give a lot if they hadn't fired certain players just when they did.

The Dancing Doll—Continued from page 56

"The kid's good," Bessie told the director after watching Joyce's nimble grace.

"We'll let her do some bits," agreed the director, and Joyce made her film debut.

"When "Broadway Melody" was being shot, Bessie again saw Joyce among the dancing girls.

"The kid's good," she whispered to Harry Beaumont. "Catch that tap toe-dance routine!"

Beaumont did.

Executives were called in to look it over. The result was a long sound scene written into the story just for Joyce. A long-term contract followed.

Gus Edwards also lent a helping hand to the diminutive Cinderella and gave her specialty numbers in his talkie revues. Then the big new M-G-M revue came along and Joyce landed out front in full glory of a featured artist in the huge all-headliner cast.

Joyce was born in a little mining camp, Coeur D'Alene, Idaho.

Perhaps dancing was born in her. For her mother had been a partner in a sister song-and-dance act before her marriage.

At any rate Joyce seemed to learn to dance before she could walk, bouncing up and down on her crib, hanging on to the sides in wide-eyed glee.

While other children were learning to recite "Twinkle-twinkle little star," Joyce was doing the buck and wing on the kitchen floor. When she was four years old she had a regular dancing routine down pat enough to go on the stage.

"I just seem to dance naturally," she explained. "I never had to learn. I

always wanted to dance and it never has seemed like work to me. When I went to study with Theodore Kosloff he didn't believe that I had never taken lessons. My toes were hard and strong and I needed very little training for ballet numbers.

While I was doing ballet steps I decided to try jazz routines on my toes. I did the buck-and-wing and tap steps and switched into the Charleston and Black Bottom. That's how I happened to go with the Fanchon & Marco and musical comedy shows on the West Coast.

"I still wasn't satisfied and when the adagio craze started I went adagio and was thrown all around the stage for months in those wild acrobatic numbers. No, I didn't know a thing about acrobatics. I just let myself relax and take the falls best I knew how.

"I love to make up difficult dance steps and master the triple-wing, web-foot and fast rattle on my toes. It's mighty strenuous work but I love to do it and get a big kick in springing new steps of my own manufacture.

Joyce, who looks like Viola Dana, by the way, has ambitions to go in for dramatic acting and confides a wish to be another Norma Shearer. She has the bluest eyes you ever saw and a finely-chiseled profile to match a beautifully-moulded figure. She is only five feet tall, slender and trim, with muscular grace.

And why do they call her the Cinderella of the Iron Slippers? She's so light and tiny, you see, they had to nail metal cleats on her dancing shoes so she would make enough noise to suit the 'mike.'

In New York—Continued from page 77

beauty, charm, chic, brains; and, perhaps more than any other movie personage with the exception of Mary and Doug, is the pet of 'society'—and all that sort of thing. But Hedda is not spoiled. She'll tell you all about her handsome young son who is taller than she is, and how she felt when she was cast to play Tony Moreno's mother. She is the most amusing woman in pictures, and when some smart producer gives her a chance in talking pictures, she will create a new type of polite screen charmer; and then—beware, Baclanova!

Broadway welcomed back Charlie King, one of its favorite little boys. Charlie has been a musical comedy and vaudeville favorite around town for a long time; then he went to Hollywood—but not Hollywood, and there's a difference. He's the same Charlie King, as he proved when he made personal appearances at the Capitol. He is absolutely won over to pictures—well, he should be since "Broadway Melody." And to prove he is a real native son now, he left his wife and daughter in California and hurried right back as soon as he could. He attended theaters here with his beautiful blonde sister, Mollie King, and her husband. Mollie, you may remember, used to be a movie star herself.

The George O'Brien company, under the direction of John Ford, played hide-and-seek between New York and Annapolis, Maryland, when they came east on location. George was in town for a few days and looks as big and bronzed and strapping as ever. I'm always afraid that George is some day going to bulge right out of his coat, he's so robust. He's one star, though, who's genuinely 'athletic.' He

always picks a hotel with a swimming pool when he is here, and has a swim every morning before breakfast—yes, sir. In fact, it looks as if George is one of these model young men you read about.

Little Helen Chandler plays his leading lady in the Ford picture. (It's one of the new Fords.) Helen left New York for Hollywood on a Fox talking picture contract, and she has made good. She looks all grown-up and everything now, wearing the smartest clothes imaginable; and she is in love with California, too, where she lives in a house on the beach at Santa Monica.

Marian Nixon is Eddie Dowling's heroine in "The Rainbow Man" and was invited east to make personal appearances during the Broadway run of that singedance. Marian, by the way, is grateful to the talkies, for they have carved a brand-new career for her. Since the Dowling picture she has made "Say It With Songs," with Al Jolson, "General Crack" opposite John Barrymore, a picture opposite Barthelmess and then another with Jolson. In other words, Marian is booked solid!

Gilda Gray's vaudeville act—an impressive and elaborate number with the shimmy queen doing her stuff and then some—has been booked for the middle and far west, and late summer will find Gilda in Hollywood. I know she turned down two or three picture offers before she left here, because she wants to be sure she gets just the right kind of story material and direction in her first talkie. There's some discussion about her doing "The Bird of Paradise" as her talkie debut. I hope it's true, as there's a splendid chance for her in the famous South Sea romance.

Meet the Missus—Continued from page 55

has great possibilities and—well, if it hasn't melody, the Mulhalls will be forced to move from their apartment soon.

"And in five years from now, Jack will be just as enthusiastic about singing! That's the marvelous part about it—his fads don't wear off!"

Jack's son, Jack Jr., lives with his grandmother in Los Angeles and visits frequently with his dad. He's a dead ringer for Jack and despite all the music he is learning, all the baseball he plays and all of his father's preachment against acting, the son, aged eleven, is going to be an actor, or Mrs. Mulhall has missed her guess. Jack's brother, many years his senior,

is an engineer on the railroad, driving a crack train—and he simply dotes on the famous brother.

Mrs. Mulhall says her husband possesses none of the major vices, but he had one failing that she believes will be cured shortly—he always leaves the cap off the toothpaste tube.

And believe it or not, some inventor with a new toothpaste container wants him to finance his putting the product on the market.

"And when Jack does that," said Mrs. Mulhall with finality, "he'll be my idea of a perfect man!"

The Baby Author—Continued from page 32

writing for the screen. My name has appeared in nearly every theater in the United States and in every theater on Broadway. Pictures alone do not satisfy me; I feel the need for black and white words; that is why I do both. They seem to be a scale that balance.

"I love writing best, and am never happy unless I am writing. I love dancing next, because with dance steps I have danced my way into many, many stories. I love the piano third, but my teacher says I am

hopeless since I am always dancing with my feet instead of with my fingers. I love bright colors, bright clothes, bright faces, ten cent stores, harmonicas, watermelon, corn on cob, red shoes, swimming, polo, cooking, my red-haired mother, night-times, my organ, Broadway, the odor of film-cement, a certain young man, vaudeville shows, bright oils of bull fights and fine etchings of boats, midnight movies, a log fire, bon-bons and six pieces of soap in a soap dish!"

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VIOLET PAGE

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Directed by Dorothy Arzner

Continued from page 71

James Cruze again summoned her help on "Old Ironsides." During this production Cruze told Dorothy it was high time she tried her hand at directing, and then slyly let the subject drop. But when the last inch of film had been cut and spliced, Dorothy was called to the offices of B. P. Schulberg, general manager of west coast production for Paramount.

"We have watched your work for several years," Schulberg told her, "and we have all the confidence in the world in your ability to direct. Your first assignment will be Esther Ralston's next production, 'Fashions for Women.'"

That is the story of one girl's break. Now perhaps you would like to go out on the set and watch her work.

A petite woman in charge of a company of several hundred persons with the responsibility of a tremendous production on her shoulders and the popularity of a famous star in the palm of her hand, Dorothy Arzner is as quiet on the set as in the drawing room. Her natural poise is always evident. She dresses in quietly clever tailored suits that blend perfectly with her personality. A vagabond felt hat is usually pulled down to shade her eyes from the glare of the lights. She sits back in that canvas chair lettered *Director*, or walks about slowly talking with the players or the crew. She keeps herself and her personality in the background, for she believes that the players should dominate the set, never the director.

When a scene is about to be 'shot,' Dorothy talks over the work at hand with the players. She never goes through the gestures or repeats the lines for them to illustrate the tempo or the effects desired. Through subtle suggestion she gets the players to feel the mood of the scene so that their work will have the spark of spontaneity and not the woodenness of imitation.

How simple it all appears to the onlooker—all those men and women to assist her with the work! Yet the most simple things

have complicated foundations. Let us delve into the simplicity of Dorothy Arzner's job. Five weeks before a single foot of film is shot on any production she is working in her office at the studio from nine every morning until ten and eleven at night.

Doing what, you ask?

Story conferences, outlining work for sets, making out shooting schedules, okaying wardrobes, selecting casts, and a thousand other unfilmed details that go into the making of our movies.

During actual shooting, Dorothy averages a sixteen-hour working day and uses the intervening Sundays and holidays to help with the cutting and editing. After production is over comes the labor of trimming and finishing the film. Hours in the projection room running the reels over and over again, catching every incorrect detail, revising, rearranging, until the last snip of the scissors is heard and the films packed in their respective cans, and shipped to the exchanges for the date of distribution.

Then a few days of rest and she's off again on another production.

You won't be able to resist asking her about marriage and her future plans.

"Marriage is natural for both men and women, and does not interfere with one's career or ambitions," will be her answer. "Matrimony travels a much less rocky course when both parties are occupied in some sort of work during the day. But then the subject of marriage or careers for women is such a hackneyed one that I try to avoid it. I will probably marry some day, and I hope I will make a success of it when I do."

But there is little need for conjecture as to whether Dorothy Arzner will make a success of marriage or any other job she tackles. Her spirit will ever be restless; she will always be searching for mental stimulation; but she is gifted with the patience and the intelligence to work, struggle, even suffer to attain her ideals. And it follows that she does attain them, and what is more important, retain them.

The Bad Boy of Hollywood

Continued from page 47

When the negatives are developed they usually show Billy sticking his tongue out or making apish grimaces behind the other's back.

Just a few days ago Billy was sitting on Marion Davies' set when Major, the caricaturist, was sketching her. When the drawing was finished Billy looked at it and let out a wild whoop.

"Ah, Lon Chaney!" he chortled.

Marion motioned to the caricaturist to go to work on Billy. A brutal effort resulted.

"Ah," she retaliated, "Bull Montana!"

Frankly, Billy loves to 'rib' people. The madder they get the better he loves it.

For instance, when he was making "Tell It To The Marines," Billy observed the strict attention paid to rank and seniority at the Marine station in San Diego where many of the scenes were shot. He watched the clicking of heels and stiff salutes until he broke under the strain. Then he walked up to the most dignified major he could find, saluted and clicked his heels as smartly as an Annapolis upper classman.

"Morning, sergeant!" he said.

This smart-aleck, wise-cracking practical

joking Billy Haines, however, serves as a mask for humanly fine qualities that rarely are seen outside of his home.

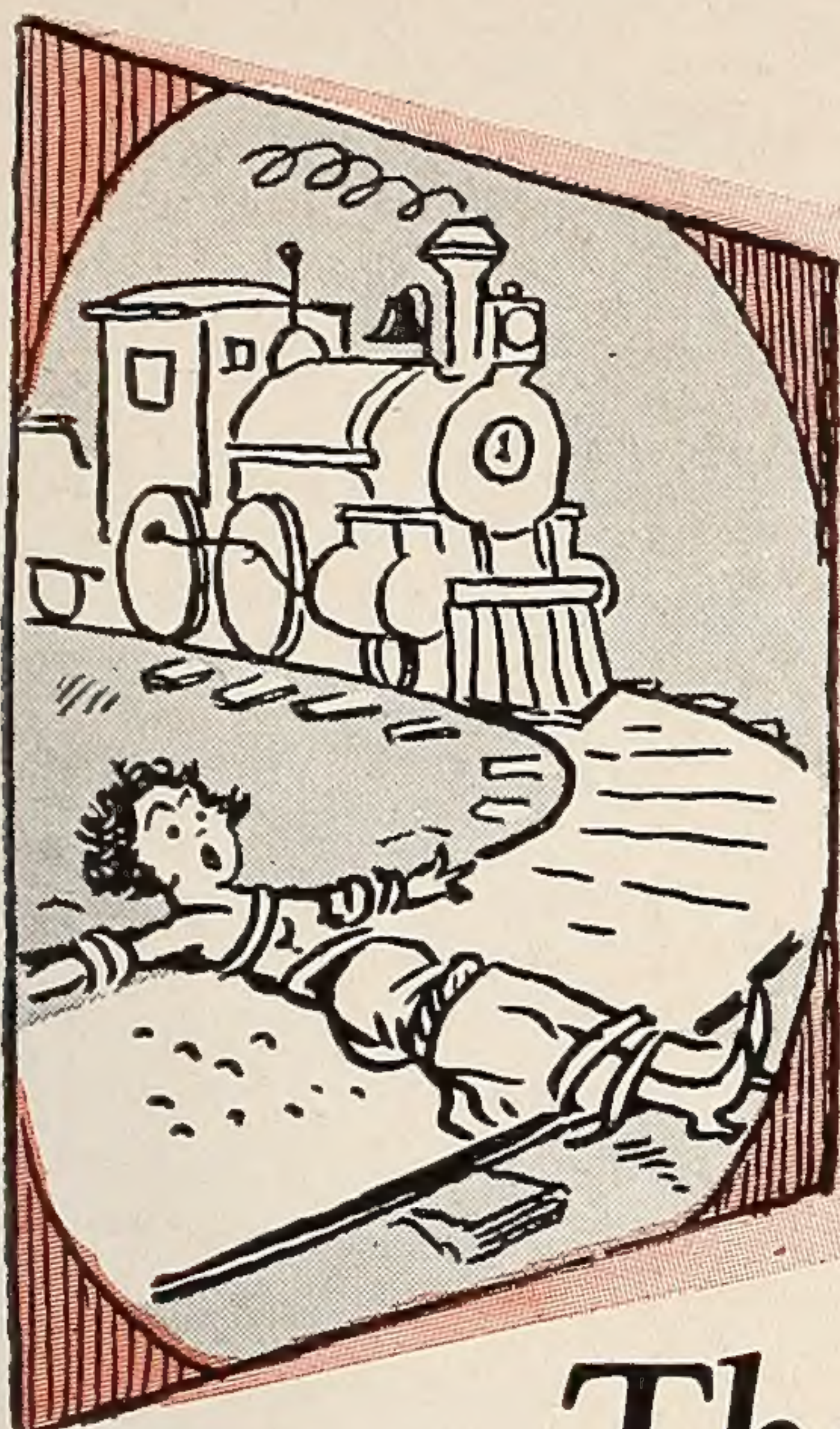
Billy's home is not a Hollywood roadhouse. It is a fine old dwelling such as you might find down in Staunton, Virginia, where he was born and raised.

It is a restful home with a sunlit porch that drips golden cascades of clinging vines from its shingled eaves. There is a dog that barks and scampers away at the approach of strange footsteps. And a charming woman with silver hair who waits to welcome Billy at dinner time.

She is his mother.

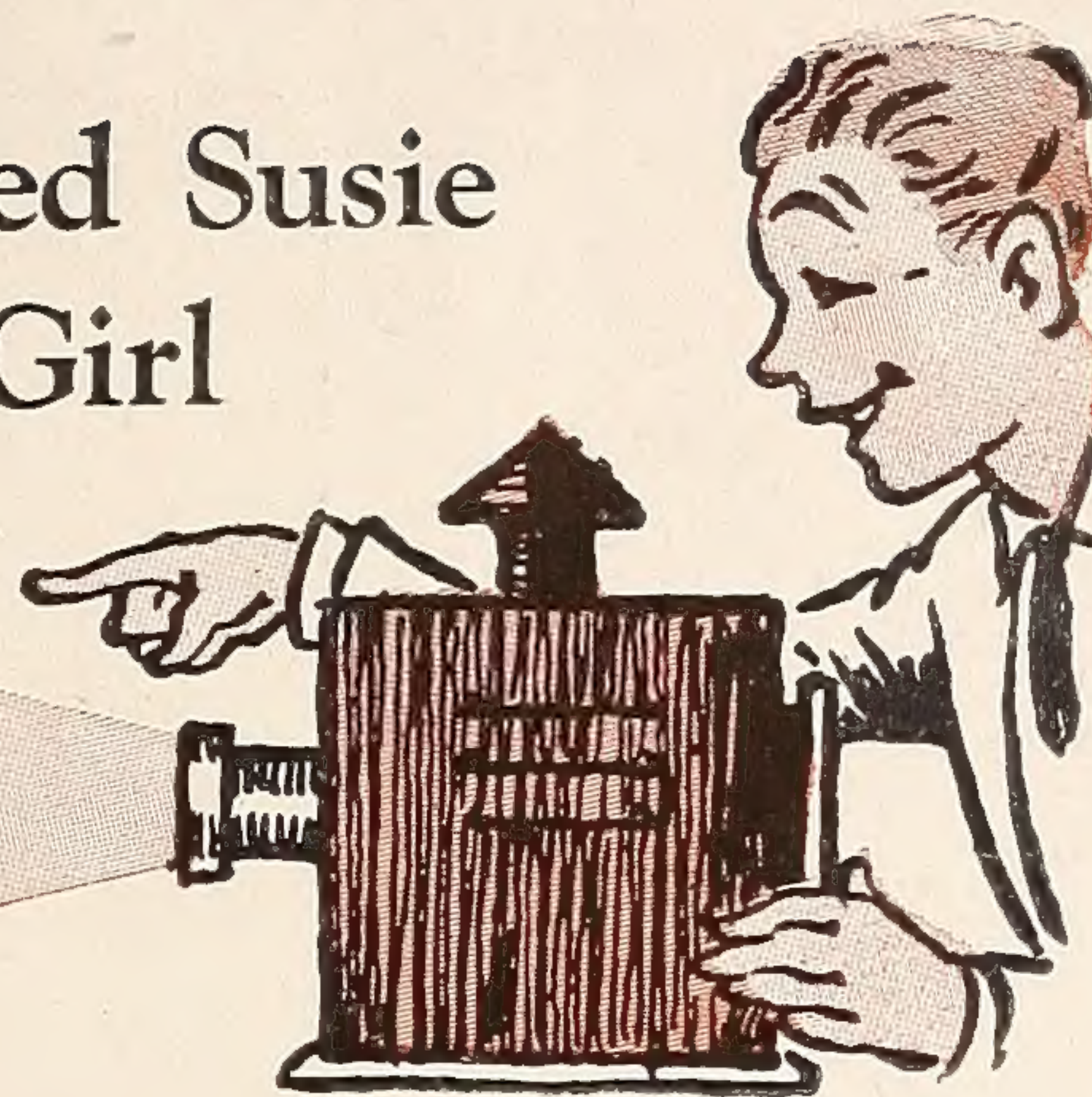
The house is filled with beautiful antiques Billy has somehow collected in his clowning roamings—porcelains, old silver, bronzes, tapestries.

There is no romance in Billy's life—as yet. He is one of the few big stars in pictures who has not been married at least once or engaged a dozen times. But it would not be a particularly amazing thing to see this impossible Haines person fall headlong into love and stay there. It's bound to happen, you know—if he ever grows up!



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